DUPLICATE
OCT 1968

NEW RICHMOND BEFORE THE STORM, DURING THE G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT,
LOOKING NORTH ON MAIN STREET.

A MODERN HERCULANEUM.

STORY OF THE

New Richmond Tornado.

Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home.
—*Moore.*

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
—*Tennyson.*

By ANNA P. EPLEY.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR,
NEW RICHMOND, WIS.:
1900.

F589
.N53 E6

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
MAR 24 1905
Copyright Entry
May 26 1900
CLASS a XXc. No.
13214
COPY B.

Copyrighted 1900.

Pioneer Press Co.
St. Paul.
Printers, Electrotypers and Binders.

DEDICATION.

To the humane and kind who deem it a pleasure to share with the unfortunate, not boasting of charity, but bestowing with brotherly love, and to the true hearted and tender who read between the lines suffering unseen and wounds of the heart unhealed.

PREFACE.

This account of the grievous whirlwind which swept over the little city of New Richmond and adjacent country, June 12, 1899, is given as a record of the event in its many phases of detail, because of the importance of the results to individuals affected by it, and in the hope that some benefit may result from its suggestions.

The sudden and unprecedented loss of life and property, in proportion to the area swept over and size of population, makes the occasion momentous to our people, and marks a sad turning point in their lives. It is to them a milestone set up unexpectedly in the midst of life's journey, which says: "Behind you is the memory of the breaking up of family circles, and the swallowing up of earthly possessions; before you a renewed struggle for existence and livelihood, always a problem in the natural sequence of life, and now doubly complicated by circumstances and environment for which neither the history nor traditions of this locality can furnish instructive precedent." In the diverse ways of any community much account is made of example and mode of procedure likely to prevail under existing conditions;

but here we have to relate the woes of a people altogether disjointed from the even tenor of their way, and thrown into a state of confusion and distraction entirely unchronicled in the legends of the oldest inhabitant. We have read of a fair Acadian village whose people were driven out from their homes and terrified by the soldiery of a superior nation, and made wanderers upon the face of the earth; but the sweet cadence of the poet's song as he follows the individual journeys and disappointments supposed to have resulted from this trying event gives truer insight into the vital consequences of such an exodus than statistics alone could do. The lives and fortunes of individuals make up the many colored mosaic which pictures the history of communities and of nations. In the historical tablet of New Richmond, of the circles which mark the years of its growth, we will note about the fiftieth. It is cloudy and broken. Here is a great ugly blot, and scintillating from it are flashes of fire, the blackness of death, the purple of horror and anguish, the green of hideous fright, and the ashen grey of sorrow. But mingled with the somber hues are the pearly white of sympathy and consolation, and the golden glow of charity. Then among the brightening tessellated shades we hail the blue of hope and the darting rose tints of a new ambition. Fancy predicts ever widening circles in subdued but stable coloring to mark the coming years. The snows of winter and summer's green will many times come and go ere the scars on our fair little city will be healed. Although

to outsiders much of that which remains to suggest those troubled, feverish and unnatural months of experience subsequent to the tornado will be invisible, it is nevertheless just as real as what has been seen.

We offer heartfelt thanks to the friends who came to us in our time of distress, and regarded us worthy of the best they called their own; not as paupers, though we were poor indeed, but, being made so through no fault of our own, an opportunity was thus given others to show what manner of men they were. Hungry and athirst, unclothed and homeless, they found us, and shared with us, not according to their abundance, but according to the loving kindness in their hearts. The great throb of sympathy and love which stirred our sister State of Minnesota entitles her people to the name of kinsmen,—weighed in the balance and not found wanting in tender and appropriate charity. We offer grateful tribute to all those who aided our suffering people in the work of rescue. The daily press, for their sympathetic notices of the disaster, and through whose agency we are much indebted for assistance rendered, placed us under deep obligations. There were organizations, communities and individuals to whom many thanks are due, and yet to whom the expression of them is unequal to our gratitude. Their reward is their inward pleasure in obeying the promptings of their own kind hearts.

The following recitals were collected during the days of what will be known as long as this generation

of inhabitants dwells here as the "cyclone summer," at intervals of the work which we all found to do, before the vividness of these events had faded, and while we could but speak from the fullness of our hearts. It was not permitted me to get them into shape sooner, because of the confusion and general lack of coördination which prevailed, and to which the reader will please attribute a suggestion of such condition in the arrangement of quoted experiences. However, an attempt has been made to classify somewhat according to location along the path of the storm. The pen of a Hugo or the brush of a Titian might find in these scenes facile opportunity for fame, for a little adroit coloring will change the commonplace to the ideal in the page of fiction. But our only hope of approval lies in strict conformity to facts, collected at the expense of persistent work, and in the interest which will be felt in a representation of the state of mind and matter which obtained after the cruel lash of the tornado laid us low. There may perhaps be some reason for thinking, too, that there has heretofore been found something not altogether serious in the "cyclones" of the West. We have heard the complacent query: "Why do you remain in the cyclone belt? We do not have such destructive storms." Look carefully, friends, at all records. Even quiet old New England has had its great gales; not perhaps a counterpart of this in deadliness, according to surface swept, but very destructive. By lending your influence in providing a "National Emergency Fund" for sufferers from such exceptional disaster,

you may supply the fountain from which will flow blessings to you when overtaken by "a lugubrious flash followed by a relapse of horror."

In using the words *tornado* and *cyclone* interchangeably, I have for authority the "Standard Dictionary" and western parlance. It is quite commonly known that the nomenclature is not strictly correct as thus applied, but the rotary motion of such storms as we have experienced (and as readily seen on account of defined limits) has led to the use of the word which most evidently implies a cycle or circle, as a local and specific rather than a general designation of the storm area.

Relying upon the considerate forbearance of the immediate persons concerned, as well as of the public, I send this narrative on its mission. May it please you to ignore its faults and read it with attention and good will.

CHAPTER I.

Dark Shadows Fall.

"A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire."

The occurrence known hereabouts as the "Cyclone of June 12, 1899," might be briefly stated in this wise: A cyclonic cloud was formed at about 5:30 p. m., by the meeting of two portions of cloud above Lake St. Croix. Turning eastward and then northeastward, this whirlwind, growing in size and velocity, devastated an area about three hundred to five hundred yards in width and fifty or sixty miles in length, inflicting unusual destruction and loss of life throughout its course, but more particularly at New Richmond, at which point its force and rapidity was greatest. This, I say, might, in a way, describe the occurrence. But to dismiss the matter with such meager information as the above paragraph contains would be to treat with cruel flippancy an aggregation of important events remarkable in the rapidity of their happening and in the severity of their effect upon the lives of several hundreds of people.

The meeting of the two or more clouds above Lake St. Croix was witnessed by a number of intelligent people, whose well-authenticated statements have furnished reliable information for these pages. An eye witness describes the occurrence as follows:

"A top-shaped cloud came dancing along up the lake; another mass or column of cloud came from the vicinity of Stillwater. These two clouds were merged together in a funnel-shaped column, or a columnar mass, spreading somewhat at the top, and boiling or tumbling rapidly within itself. Thus agitated, it turned eastward, and skirting the hills south of Hudson and hugging the ground closely, it took a northeasterly course toward New Richmond."

The following description of the formation process, as given, at my request, by Dr. O. F. Thomas of Lakeland, is interesting in its minute details, and is stated by him to be the consensus of opinion of several different observers. He occupied a good position for observation, being on the ferry boat, back of the Hudson waterworks.

"It had been warm that afternoon, and many complained of the heat as oppressive. So many scorching days have come and gone since, that one might forget the past while enduring the present. But it was unseasonably warm for a June day. At the noon hour, and up to three or four o'clock, there were no indications of the coming storm. Then the clouds began to gather in the west, and gradually spread over the sky, finally extending to the horizon all

around. But there was nothing alarming in their appearance at that time. About half-past four o'clock it commenced to rain, and rained briskly for about twenty minutes. Hail stones were mixed with the rain, but they were not large, and there were not many of them. When the rain ceased the clouds did not break away, but seemed to indicate that there was something more to follow. The sky cleared somewhat in the southwest, leaving only a thin haze, of the color of the fleecy clouds sometimes seen on a fair day. Upon this white space was a singularly formed cloud. Once seen it riveted the attention of the observer, and he called others to look at the strange thing. It extended about one-third the distance from the south to the west, and was about fifteen degrees from the horizon. Lowering and dark, it had a well defined margin at the base, but with the upper part less distinct, as it had some other dark clouds for a background. It was moving rapidly toward the east, and probably toward the north, though this motion was not apparent to us. But what appeared the most peculiar were two protuberances, or inverted cones, which hung from its eastern end. It is difficult to describe them, but imagine two cones suspended, base upward, say six feet across the base and four feet from base to apex; also imagine them to be suspended about three hundred or four hundred feet away, and they would fill about the same space of cloud surface, i. e., would subtend the same angle. 'That looks very much like a cyclone,' said one of a group standing near me. 'Very much, indeed,' re-

marked a person who had just joined the group,—a stranger, temporarily stopping in town. 'I had both legs broken at Grinnell, Iowa, and I have had experience.' So we were not surprised to see the westward cone suddenly lengthen out to three or four times its original length, and stay in that position six or eight seconds, then suddenly draw back, while the rest of the cloud seemed in violent commotion. This was repeated three or four times, while the whole formation was moving rapidly toward the east. This was about two miles south of the village of Lakeland and one-half mile west of Lake St. Croix.

"The cloud formation did not extend to the earth until it reached the lake, and not for some time after, for the water could plainly be seen rising from the surface before the clouds reached it from above, thus showing that there may be great disturbances on the ground while the cyclone is still in the air. The appearance of the water rising in the air was perfectly white, like a heavy spray or steam, or like a stream of water projected from a nozzle at great pressure. It spread out as it rose, and in a very short time, perhaps half a minute, the cloud reached and enveloped it, and all was black to the surface of the water. At this time the point of cloud resting upon the water seemed to be about two hundred feet across, in shape like a half-opened fan, and moved rapidly toward the north, directly up the lake. Continuing thus for about one mile, it suddenly turned to the east, passing up the bank, and leaving a track of broken and twisted trees. It seemed to us to go about due east

for a distance we could not estimate, and then turning north again passed behind the bluffs east of Lake St. Croix and the city of Hudson, and we could see, by the diminishing angle, that it was also moving eastward. It continued on its frightful journey until it was lost to view on the northeastern horizon. As it went from us we could see that it increased in volume and violence. Occasionally it would bound from the ground and continue its fearful whirling in the air, while great masses of black vapor, left behind, would jump from the ground and join the mass above."

Mr. Harry K. Huntoon, a well-known resident of Hudson, had a very intimate acquaintance with the edge of the cloud after it passed the banks of Lake St. Croix. The treatment which he and his companions received had something of the ludicrous in it, since it did not result in serious harm to any of the party, and their own jocose manner of relating the escapade led to considerable fun at their expense. Mr. Huntoon's account begins from a point of view further down the lake than that of Dr. Thomas, and to the south of the cloud formation, and is drawn in part from his personal observations and in part from stories of others sifted to correctness. The statements correspond, except in the omission of details, with what has been given, and traces the progress of the cloud for some distance beyond the bluffs to the east of Lake St. Croix.

"At about 5:30 p. m. the residents of Afton, Washington county, Minnesota, who, being apprehensive of danger from a storm, stood watching the

skies, saw two large dark clouds coming towards each other, with terrific speed. They met and united at a point commonly known as Catfish Bar, just below St. Mary's Point, and immediately began to revolve and assume the appearance of a huge black balloon, spinning like a top, and gathering force and momentum with which to accomplish its awful mission. The huge mass of destructiveness then started diagonally across the lake, in a north-easterly course, being plainly visible from Hudson, whose people thought their city doomed; but fortunately for them it left the lake about two and one-half miles below the city, and traveled through the farming country.

"As it left the lake it ascended the hill, and crossed the Whitten farm about half way between Prescott road and the county fair buildings. Its first victims were three traveling men, J. E. Lobdell and A. R. Vullmer of St. Paul and Harry K. Huntoon of Hudson, and a driver, Charlie Leavitt, who were on their way from River Falls to Hudson, and were caught by the storm near the Catholic cemetery. The two-seated surrey in which they rode was overturned, and the occupants dragged under it into a field of grain. Although the carriage was a total wreck, and the men minus hats, valises, etc., they were not seriously injured, though much surprised and interrupted in their conversation." (It is related by someone whose name is not given that while the party were hunting themselves up after their flight through the grain fields, one of them, while groping for his spectacles, found a piece of ice about half as large as his head.

Holding it up to the others who stood watching the cloud as it fled across the country, he exclaimed: "My stars, boys! Just look at that hail stone." "That's not hail, man; that's a chunk of ice," they explained. It is said that the farmer who owned the field found a nice mess of fish next day which was not called for.)

"From this point the storm passed near Frank Matteson's farm, tearing down some small buildings, and them proceeded to destroy about six thousand dollars' worth of buildings on the Harry Matteson farm. Mr. Matteson and family saw the storm coming, and took refuge in the cellar, thus escaping any injury. From Mr. Matteson's place on, for nearly four miles, the storm did comparatively little damage, except to blow down a large barn belonging to Mr. Edward Daily and unroof the Graves' barn. Then crossing the railroad just north of Burkhardt's station, destroyed a barn belonging to Julius Beers and demolished all the buildings on the Heffron farm, killing the owner, Mrs. Kate Heffron. From this point it followed the valley of the Willow river to Boardman."

During the passage of the cyclone cloud from Matteson's to Daily's place it was observed by Mrs. George Martin, to whom we are indebted for her impressions, graphically portrayed:

"The cyclone cloud (or clouds; for the clouds on each side were even more wonderful, as they were twisting and turning in every direction, sometimes appearing to touch the earth, and looking like steam mingled with smoke from a great fire) was a very

Courtesy of Haas Bros., St. Paul.—Copyright.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW, LOOKING SOUTHEAST ACROSS POINT WHERE THE STORM ENTERED THE CITY. RELIEF HEADQUARTERS IN THE FOREGROUND, AT THE RIGHT.

large, dark cloud with a point. When I first noticed it it was south of us, and appeared to be going a little north of east. My view was a side view, and I was very thankful I did not have to look it in the face. There was no serious damage done nearer to us than three-quarters of a mile distant. It appeared to be about eighty rods from us, though I know it was farther away than it looked. The funnel-shaped cloud itself did not touch the earth while I watched it, but appeared to rise and fall, still leaving quite a space between it and the ground.

"After passing our house the course of the cloud appeared to be directly northeast, and it traveled rapidly. The first building demolished east of us was the Edward Daily barn."

The roof of a barn was carried over an abruptly steep hill that rises unexpectedly from the level surface of the prairie, the elevation not serving to deflect the whirlwind from its course. Like some wild monster it swept on, uttering a sullen growl as it devoured whatever lay in its path. According to Mr. Edward Hyde, who witnessed the maneuver: "It was joined just below Boardman by a larger and blacker cloud, but without the point, coming from the direction of Stillwater, and from this point on to beyond New Richmond it seemed as if all the demons of hell were turned loose to do their worst. There was a rolling, boiling mass of clouds, filled with constant lightning." The reinforcing cloud which came from the west or northwest was also wind laden and destructive. Mr. Fred Wolf, in the town of Grant, Washington county,

Minnesota, had his barn twisted and six horses killed, and every other building on the place blown to flinders, with the exception of his house, which was so badly damaged as to be practically a wreck. A smokehouse, where considerable meat was in process of curing, was carried completely out of sight, no vestige of its contents ever being found.

The two barns, granaries, chicken house, etc., on the Tozer farm, at Carnelian Lake, were blown to pieces, and scattered over the farm. Buildings were also destroyed on the farm of Thomas Wood, a mile to the northeast of the Tozer farm.

John Schneider, a farmer living in the vicinity of Lake Elmo, was returning from Hudson, and was nearing his home just as the storm came down. He declared that he saw a building sailing through the air; and not only that, but it was on fire, making a rather startling pyrotechnic display, as it passed across the lurid heavens.

Rev. Dr. Degnan, from his home in New Richmond, watched the approaching clouds. He says: "It seemed to me that the big funnel-shaped cloud was struggling with the terrible northwest wind. The struggle lasted but a minute or two. The vortex of the funnel sucked up all the clouds that came near it."

Thus augmented in power, with greater rapidity and with added terror in appearance and sound, now leaping aloft and again darting down to earth to snatch its prey, with resistless fury the monster continued on its way. Groves of trees were caught from the earth and hurled far out on the prairie, bridges

were carried away, water was sucked up from lakes and millponds even to the dregs of mud, and dwellings, barns and granaries were leveled to the ground, leaving men and beasts alike exposed to the drenching rain which followed.

Besides the wholesale destruction of live stock, buildings, wagons and machinery were broken up, and most of the fragments carried away from the farms along the line of the Omaha Railroad track, it being a coincident fact that that railroad runs in a northeasterly direction for several miles, and that the storm traveled for some distance parallel with it.

The Lacey, Dorgan, Beebe, Arthur Spencer, Robinson, Hurd, Toal, Odett and other farms were successively visited by the twisting cloud, the people rushing to their cellars, or not having sufficient warning were overtaken and injured or killed. At the Garrett Lacey farm all the buildings were swept away so clean that "there was not enough stuff left to build a fire with." The Arthur Spencer and the Pat Dorgan places fared the same. At the S. S. Beebe farm the dwelling house alone was left, minus roof, windows and doors. In fixing it up again it had to be newly plastered, like so many other buildings that were left standing in part, the old plaster all coming off from the twisting and subsequent wetting. At the Herbert Robinson, Hiram Toal and Napoleon Odett places the damaged dwelling houses alone were left, barns and granaries were destroyed. In Boardman also the small grist mill was unroofed and the engine house torn away. The depot of the

Omaha Railroad was entirely destroyed. At the Burrowes place, although the buildings were left standing in a damaged condition, the monster reached out a clutching hand and gathered up a grove of fruit trees to scatter along its route. The Granville Hurd homestead was the scene of a terrible experience. A young man by the name of Neitge had driven from New Richmond with a young woman, his intended bride. They came into the yard at about the same time with Mr. W. Wears, who was accompanied by a son and a daughter. Mr. Wears frequently passed the house. He noticed that the cellar bulkhead was open, and also the windows of the house, and thought it a little strange, as Mrs. Hurd, an aged lady, was always very particular to close everything up when a storm was coming. The trees obscured the view so that she had not noticed the clouds. She came out and asked all into the house. Bessie Wears went in with her and sat down in the sitting room. The boy, not wishing to go in without his father, remained with him while he unhitched the horses from the wagon and put them in the barn without removing their harness. Then Mr. Wears and his son had just time to jump into the cellar when everything was leveled to the ground. A rock weighing seventy-five pounds bounded from the cellar wall past Mr. Wears, cutting off his trousers leg below the knee and not touching him. He did not notice at the time that his boy was cut upon his head. Seeing him alive he hastened out to look after the others. When jumping for the cellar Mr. Wears had shouted to Mr. Neitge:

"You had better get in somewhere." But Mr. Neitge had replied: "I guess we'll be all right here," and remained seated in the buggy very near the house. Mr. Wears, on coming up from the cellar, saw the young woman unhurt, but crying that Mr. Neitge had disappeared. There was nothing to be seen of the horse or buggy. Mr. Neitge was discovered under a pile of debris, dead. The young woman related that he had jumped from the buggy, and held out his arms to assist her in alighting. At that very instant a stick was thrust through his head from the back, protruding at the mouth. They fell to the ground together, and were pushed along with a mass of sticks and other things, from which she had extricated herself. Mr. Wears could see nothing of his daughter nor Mrs. Hurd in the ruins of the house, and was still making a dazed search for them when neighbors arrived.* The aged lady, the young girl just entering womanhood, and the young man looking forward to his wedding day had all been called to their last account. Undiscriminating in its rage, the cloud swept on. Mr. Wear's horses were found dead about forty rods to the southeast, one having a collar only left on and the other bare of harness. It is thought the horses must have been carried in a circle, as they were wrapped around with telegraph wires from the line to the north.

Mr. Wm. McShane, a resident of New Richmond, was driving toward home when he saw the storm coming up. He was accompanied by one of his daugh-

*See B. Burrows' account.

ters, and hastened to the Toal place for shelter. Reaching there he drove the horse and buggy into one of the barns, and he and his daughter went into the house. Mrs. Toal and her daughter and Miss Doty, a seamstress, were there. In a few moments Miss Toal looked out at the storm and returning spoke quietly to Mr. McShane, not wishing to alarm her mother needlessly, and asked him to look out and see what he thought about the approaching cloud. Stepping out upon the porch they saw a grand but awful spectacle. This was about the instant that the wind-laden cloud from the northwest rushed into the whirling funnel. There was a confused mountain of cloud tumbling violently within itself, dropping to the ground and lifting again with a churning motion. Realizing that they would in all probability be directly in its course, they rushed to the cellar. The ladies supposing that Mr. Toal was out on the road coming from Bass Lake, Mr. McShane went upstairs again, and looked out at the door. He noticed then that the cloud had the funnel-shape; at least, that he could see that the cloud bore somewhat the shape of a funnel, which had the previous moment been obscured by the intervening mass of cloud now forming a part of it. The base or tail was now elongated and slender, and furiously lashing the ground. It was probably at about this moment that Mrs. R. G. Wears, while busied with the preparations for supper, noticed the early darkness and the roaring of the tornado still some little distance away from her place. She called her little son, and said: "Dickey, I wish

you would go to the door, and see if you think it is going to rain." She had thought that if there were a rain storm coming up the milking had better be done before supper. The little fellow came back quickly, and said: "How can it rain when there's a big umbrella up in the sky?" "An umbrella!" said his mother. "What do you mean?" "Well," replied the boy, "if you don't believe me, you can go and see it yourself. There's a big umbrella up in the sky, with the handle hanging way down." The mother looked out, and was convinced that the child had well described the object moving along the heavens. She hastened to go to the cellar with her children. Fortunately her home was not struck, but after coming up from the cellar they experienced the effects of the wind that followed and which threw their windmill down.

To return to Mr. McShane, whom we left standing at the door of the Toal residence. He had been there but a moment, had glanced at the storm, and looked down the road for Mr. Toal. Not seeing him, he had turned to go back, when Mr. Toal drove rapidly into the yard, left his team and wagon standing there, and came into the house. Grasping his arm Mr. McShane told him that the others were in the cellar, where both men went at once. Only a moment or two they waited; as the weird rumbling came nearer, it seemed to deafen their ears, then rolled past the house, taking up two barns and a woodshed, carrying them away clean, and demolishing the barn into which Mr. McShane had driven the horse and buggy.

So completely were these covered with a mass of broken timber that it was useless to try to uncover them. It was a foregone conclusion that the horse was dead. The team and wagon which Mr. Toal had left standing in the yard were found about forty rods away, across the railroad track, the horses stripped of harness and separated from the wagon, but still alive. A large tree fell upon the house from the south, breaking the roof.

Miss Doty had been at work upon a black silk dress, but on account of the darkness had drawn near the window, and still being unable to see to sew went to the kitchen for an iron to do some pressing. Seeing there was no fire, she said to Mrs. Toal that she had thought she would do some pressing, to put in her time before supper. Mrs. Toal replied to her, saying she had not built the fire for preparing supper, as she feared there was a storm coming up, and she didn't like to be about the stove when there was lightning. Miss Doty went back to her work, and decided that she might do some cutting out, but just then Miss Toal came in and said all must go to the cellar. Miss Doty looked at her watch, she says, and found the time to be five minutes to six.

While in the cellar Miss Doty tried to comfort little "Dot" McShane by saying: "You can see out through the cellar window that there is no wind. There seems to be nothing stirring." Mr. McShane remarked: "We shall see something stirring pretty quick." Then in about a half a minute Miss Doty noticed that the trees were bent to the ground and

twisting about. There was a shower of something wet and sharp, and she threw her apron over her head, thinking it was hail. Then a big crash came, as something hit the dining room door overhead, and threw it across the room in a heap, with table and chairs, which were heard moving across the floor. She took her apron from her head, and saw that the shower which she had taken for hail was a shower of dirt and mud. She distinctly remembers the first crash, then all other sounds were lost in the general noise. They afterwards watched the cloud rolling, "like a cart wheel," across the prairie.

A host of difficulties confronted all who wished to get from this locality to New Richmond. It was soon evident that much damage had been done. Coming up from the cellar, looking about to see that all were there, and taking a hasty inventory of the ruins in sight, were mutual experiences of the many, but just as important to each individual as though his were the only case.

When the storm was approaching ten head of horses on the Burrows' place had been seen going toward the barnyard. After it had passed Mr. McShane, on his way to get a horse and rig to come home with, saw the sole survivor of the ten limping toward home on three legs, the fourth one broken and dangling. The others were found in a heap several rods away, in a small ravine, either dead or dying. Among them was a horse belonging to John Merrihew, who worked half the night trying to get him out of the barbed wire which was wrapped around him. Finally

the horse had to be killed because so badly injured. Securing a cart and the old family carriage horse from Mrs. Burrows, who begged him not to kill the horse in his anxiety, father and daughter set out in the pouring rain and heavy wind to learn the fate of the family at home. The rain and wind, bad as they were, held only a secondary place in mind, but the annoyance of being repeatedly forced from the road and horse and buggy becoming mixed up with wire and fallen trees served the purpose of obliging consideration of present difficulties. The Hurd place lay beside the way, razed to the ground, and the numerous trees in the yard twisted and broken in fantastic shapes, while across the field to the southeast could other broken trees be seen marking the path of destruction. Near Gloverdale all looked undisturbed. Perhaps New Richmond had escaped! But ascending the hill east of the Russell place, brought the fires to view. Further along was the place where the Taft buildings had stood. Now there was nothing on either side of the road, and a general flatness was about the only impression made by the landscape. Is it to be wondered that this man was overtaken momentarily by a sensation similar to that which he might have experienced at being swung out over a chasm, with only the sky above and deep darkness beneath? He had one little daughter by his side, but a tumult of uncertain conjectures arose within him as to the fate of the remainder of his family. There seemed small hope of their being unhurt. He saw some men, hatless and coatless, run-

ning toward the center of town, as if for dear life. Anxious to learn something definite, if possible, he shouted, "How is it with New Richmond?" again and again; but the men ran on, not answering a word. Their actions seemed so extravagant, and the surroundings so weird, that a strangely excited feeling took possession of Mr. McShane as he picked his way along streets, that morning so familiar, now so obscured and disordered. And as he met or fell in with other men he found that this feeling had taken possession of all. Some appeared almost beside themselves; perhaps not with fear of anything to come, but with horror at what had transpired. Answers were irrelevant and unsatisfactory, as all were studying up on the whereabouts of their own family or friends.

CHAPTER II.

One Beautiful, Awful Summer Day.

"Oh beautiful, awful summer day!
What hast thou given, what taken away?
Life and death and love and hate,
Homes made happy or desolate,
Hearts made sad or gay."

—*Longfellow.*

"And I looked, and behold a whirlwind * * * a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself."

"Haec ubi dicta, cavum conversa cuspide montem.
Impulit in latus; ac venti velut agmine facto
Ina data poeta, ruunt et terras turbine perfluant."

—*Vergil.*

On the day which brought its downfall New Richmond was a place of pretty homes, prosperous business, and happy people. Situated on both sides of the picturesque Willow river at the junction of the Wisconsin Central and northwestern branch of the Omaha Railroad, surrounded by an undulating prairie country, dotted with fruitful farms, the place

was noticeably attractive. Reposing among its groves of oak, maple and elm, when the rising sun gilded its roofs and steeples and brought out iridescent sparkles upon the dewy grass, it looked the picture of an ideal western city. Though still somewhat in embryo, it was rapidly taking on metropolitan improvements and manners. No doubt many country boys and girls, too soon awakened from their morning nap to begin the labor of the day, thought they would willingly leave the fragrance of clover and growing grain, with its accompanying toil and uncertainty, and try the neighborliness and rest which the clustering chimneys of the town, not spouting smoke too early, seemed to indicate. Perhaps they looked forward with impatience to the drive and good time there, long set down on the day's program. No doubt the drowsy passengers on the morning trains, raising the windows and spying the neat outskirts and the high and level site, made the mental, if not audible, comment, "This is one of the prettiest places along the line," and their inclinations were to leave the close atmosphere of the car and stroll along the pleasant, shady streets. Beautiful trees, filled with an unusual number of nesting birds, gently waved their foliage banners, as if waving a welcome to country friends who were expected that day. Clean lawns and yards well kept testified to the recent spring cleaning, in the doing of which every householder had exhibited a commendable spirit of rivalry in trying to out-do his neighbor. Stately rows of painted poles supported the wires which brought the water-power

generated electric current from Somerset, eight miles away, to set the water-works pump humming at the city station, and the New Richmond Roller Mills to grinding its famous flour. Business houses, opening up for the day, wore an air of prosperity and expectancy for the brisk trade in view. Milk and bakers' carts went on their early rounds, and market men and grocers delivered an unusual number of supplies. The housekeepers "looking well to the ways of their households," had sent in early telephone orders to supply the Sunday-depleted refrigerators. This was Monday, too, and according to the custom of New England, from whence many of us came, it was wash day. Maids, astir while the birds were still singing their morning songs, had made great progress on the day's labor. Snowy linen spread to dry, lithe and graceful workers, bare arms, and blowing tresses are themes to delight the artist and true art lover, but too often unnoticed because commonplace! Do not the frequently repeated, the every-day, scenes of home life make the sweetest recollections of after years? The gathering together of friends in some favorite nook of the old homestead to read some fascinating story, to sing, or to frolic, furnishes a fund of reminiscences whenever we return there. Some familiar article of furniture will recall scores of good times and start many pleasant stories.

As well settled and peaceful as any place of its size was New Richmond, its inhabitants numbering about twenty-five hundred, were composed largely of people removed hither from eastern states, of all na-

tionalities and creeds, dwelling together in unusual harmony.

"Such is the patriot's boast, where e'er we roam,
Man's first, best, country ever is at home."

The intellectual enjoyed opportunities for study; the enterprising found time in the intervals of business occupation to carry out ambitious schemes. The merchant, smiling and suave, won his way to the palms and purses of those of moderate means or patriotic sentiment who "trade at home," even denying themselves the pleasure of going with the merchants' wives to St. Paul on their shopping excursions. Milliners, who copied the French creations in the windows of the metropolis and sold them to us for half the price, and dressmakers who tripped gaily to their work of concocting designs in a style that put vain wishes in the hearts of women, held each their respected place. Lawyers who found out from mysterious volumes the proper antidote for an overdose of wickedness; doctors who patiently went their rounds, and impatiently rounded up their monthly accounts; dentists and druggists, photographers, undertakers, shrewd financiers, and rotund and rosy bankers waxing great on interest and mortgage diet, and all their clientele exchanged nods and smiles. Mechanics and laborers supported cozy establishments, and undisturbed by the troubles that rack large manufacturing centers, labored by day and slept by night, taking such sweet rest as only tired muscles know. Ministers of

the several churches, and the white-haired sunny-faced priest toiled for the salvation of souls, more mindful of the sins of omission than commission among this people, somewhat tolerant of their own shortcomings, as often happens where there are few really great matters to arouse to action. The lady of leisure would sometimes retail gossip, though the faithful few did whatever the hands found to do.

Social distinctions as to wealth or lineage were not so closely drawn as to interfere with general good comradeship. The world looked rosy, and there were no forebodings of disaster. Though the place was not in all respects phenomenal, it was in truth fair and dear to many. The country fields stretch near, and walks and drives keep town people in touch with the country folk, whose simpler, and therefore more perfect, ideals of life and living are refreshing and refining.

The young, the old, the grave and the gay were alike glad of the return of summer, after the somewhat tedious winter and spring, and aware how quickly it would pass were planning how to make the most of it. Only Thursday last the children were released from school. Fond parents listened with approval to the creditable exercises of graduation, and were proud of the sons and daughters who were fast making into respectable, helpful citizens. Already hunting, fishing and camping were talked of, for however pleasant the home may be, there is an element of the savage in us still, and pathless wood and prairie, and the music of the far-off stream attract us

Courtesy of Haas Bros., St. Paul. Copyright.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW, LOOKING SOUTHEAST ACROSS THE STORM-SWEPT BUSINESS CENTER OF THE CITY.

Courtesy of Haas Bros., St. Paul.—Copyright.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW, LOOKING EAST FROM TOP OF FLOUR-MILL ACROSS POINT WHERE

when the summer days come and nature unfolds her beauty. Those who were not counted in with the outing parties were busily putting their heads together to make things as lively as possible at home. Like most places of its size, this possessed a share of well-to-do, and some who were termed wealthy, but of the very poor we may say none at all, since the productiveness of the surrounding country places the price of food products within the reach of all who are able to work, and cases of destitution in the matter of fuel and clothing have always been speedily provided for. Most of the people, then, were neither rich nor poor, being upon that middle and most comfortable round in the ladder of fortune which enabled them to look with social toleration upon those who occupied the places lately vacated by themselves, and to cast an unenvying glance upward toward those who always hang with precarious and worrisome footing to the topmost rounds.

We can imagine these citizens, on this pleasant summer morning, complacently looking forward to the work of the day, and sitting down to their wholesome breakfasts with their families about them, feeling well established in business and very well satisfied with the world. And, of course, basing all plans for the future upon the past, each was no doubt counting his own particular basket of eggs with hopeful speculation. Their families, too, the pride of every well-balanced man, entered largely into their thoughts. The bright sons who were to make places for themselves in the world, and were perhaps giving evidence

of ability that would soon attract attention of people outside of the family; the lovely daughters, taking on the graces of womanhood, and cheering life's pathway with helpful hands and gentle ministrations; the younger children, playful and inexperienced in hardships, and delighting with their pranks; and the tender infants, whose kisses, soft as rose leaves, sooth the care-full day,—all claimed a share of the parent's thoughts as he looked forward to the future. Perhaps, too, a dear old grandparent, who had a warm corner and filial love for his portion in declining years, was appealed to for the word of wisdom drawn from experience. Each member of the household, his likes and dislikes, his peculiarities, his caprices, his hobbies, even, however uninteresting to the rest, must all receive consideration in the management of the home. For only by the coöperation of individuals is the great science of home-making brought to perfection. Each went forth to his daily task all unsuspecting of the tragic happenings which a few hours would bring. Rejoicing in the cheerful promises of the morning, in the encouraging companionship of friends and dear ones, each bade the other "good day," with no cause for apprehension to mar the outlook. Day by day for nearly half a century the lines of life had run out as smoothly as could be expected in this jostling, hustling world, and nothing had suggested the probability of a hopeless tangle. The diversity of duty and pleasure, with only such mishaps as are the common lot of mortals, had marked the passing years. And in looking back it seems that the happy mo-

ments stood out most clearly while little troubles were but trifles to shade the back-ground. Retouched by the high lights of memory, times past and associations severed stand out more boldly when the heart longs for them to fill the vacancy left by their departure. But sentiment rarely comes much to the surface when the mind is intent upon labor or business.

This day was somewhat a gala day. The city was soon lively with teams and turnouts, and a number of outsiders had come to town. People took time to chat with their friends, to remark the good appearance of the city, its prospects for further development, and the plans of its people. Much of this was discussed by groups on street corners, while waiting for the circus parade. The average American loves a show, although the small boy generally gets the most credit for it. A line of youngsters with flags and tin horns or a magnificent pageant usually has its attractions for the older folks as well. In fact, it might truthfully be asserted that none except the bed-ridden would miss going to the window, at least, and remaining until the last of the line disappeared from view.

As this eventful day wore on the air became warm and sultry. A few floating clouds gave weather prophets and idlers a chance to predict rain early in the afternoon, but it was not until half-past five that there were indications of an immediate shower. Then a little flurry of rain accompanied by some thunder and

lightning drove people indoors. This shower was followed by a fall of hail, that came down rather sluggishly than otherwise. Then after a short calm the gathering darkness threw a shade of gloom over the city. This was about the time when men were directing their steps toward home and the evening meal. Many people were on the streets, and all along by the sidewalks were horses and vehicles that would soon be starting home. Clouds were seen to roll together in the southwest, and after the maneuvers that have been described the funnel-shaped mass of blackness took up its deadly line of march across the prairies, bearing down with steady aim upon New Richmond, and portending as certain overthrow as did the rain of fire and brimstone to the ancient cities of the plain. There were scenes of wild confusion and terror. People ran through the streets, fleeing to places of shelter. Some shouted "We are doomed!" "A cyclone is coming!" "Flee to your cellars!" The funnel-shaped cloud was moving at greater linear velocity than at any previous moment, and ragged arms, dark and horrible in their gyrations, reached down from either side. With a noise as dreadful as if all the caves of Æolus belched forth contending winds, steadily grinding, twisting, turning, hurling, howling, it moved upon the ill-fated city. The farm dwellings just outside, upon the Douglas Ried place, were taken up and brought to our very doors. The buildings on the J. R. Henderson place were twisted about and one tipped partly over the hill. Mr. Cul-

len, who lived there, was in the yard holding to a tree, and the bricks from the chimney came down on him through the branches, having been thrown southward; and a herd of seventeen fine bred Holstein cattle, property of M. S. Bell, which had been seen but a short time previously contentedly grazing in the pasture were hurled eighty rods to the southeastward and piled in a dead heap. By the strong upward draft the pretty home of Mrs. Dayton was carried up into the air, different persons saw it, and then fled for their lives. Mothers gathered their little ones together, with a prayer for their deliverance; friends were locked in each other's embrace; nurses and companions showed devotion to their disabled ones, even unto death; men sought to shield the weaker ones, but were utterly powerless and puny in the face of such fury. A few, some of them women, had the presence of mind to run toward the west. The noise increased, and the darkness became deeper and denser. One after another each building was wrenched and twisted, lifted from its foundation, crushed and scattered by a resistless and venomous force. The roar was so deafening that to one directly under the vortex, into whose capacious maw a mighty stream of air and objects rushed, the cracking and crashing of buildings, the banging of tin roofs, the falling thud of masonry, and the bombardment of the earth with timbers, trees, iron machinery and every movable object, were not distinguishable, but were lost in the greater roar of the

elements. It is stated by some who witnessed the destruction from a safe distance, that to them the additional noise when the city was going down was audible, and was like rapid detonations of thunder, or the cracking of many rifles in battle, heard in the midst of the deeper, constant roaring.

These were moments fraught with rapid, vivid and frightful experience—moments that can come but seldom in the lives of men and women and let reason remain. The brevity of the time alone was its saving feature. No mind would bear such strain for a long period and remain secure in the possession of its faculties.

A gloomy blackness of cloud swept over us, mingled with instant flashes of light. A chilling dampness struck us; showers of sand and debris fell about us; many received their death blow; many felt the grinding of their bones, the crushing of their flesh, and the great weight of fragments, beams, trees or animals hurled upon them; some felt their dear ones snatched from their embrace by the howling demon in his mad dance of death; some felt the hand or cheek of the loved one become cold against their own. Then the din passed on, and a few moments of silence ensued, as intense as that which broods over the uninhabited prairies. A weird, uncanny light, green and hideous, it seemed to us, fell upon a scene of desolation. People crouching in cellars from which the buildings had been lifted and carried away slowly awakened to the fact that they still lived. Dazed and

bewildered, they gazed upon the confused heaps of ruins, not understanding the sudden transition from a happy, comfortable day to this night of sorrow and indescribable horror. On to the northeast swept the death-dealing cloud, taking up volumes of water from the mill pond and scattering fragments of our homes far into the adjoining country. After the space of deathly silence following the deafening noise of the tornado people awoke from their stupor, and those that were able climbed out of the cellars and places of refuge, their faces blackened and hair, eyes and clothing filled with slimy mud, and many streaming with blood. They looked about them, and saw their homes and places of business a mass of splintered ruins; acres of ground once occupied by business and residence blocks now presented a confusion of timbers, trees, broken machinery and dead and dying animals. For the width of about half a mile, extending the greatest length of the city, not a building was left standing. Wood, stone, iron and brick had all been served the same,—no form of building material appearing to have any power of resistance whatever. Main street had been lined with substantial brick buildings, of which not one remained, and frame buildings were taken up and floated off like castles of straw, then dashed to the ground, carrying with them all the inmates who were above the sills and leaving others stunned and wounded in the cellars. All articles of household goods were broken up or swept away, and the fragments flung into a filthy and chaotic mixture. The iron bridge on the

main street, spanning Willow river, had been tossed in a broken and twisted heap on the bank to the southeast, leaving no connection between the north and south portion of town, except the railroad bridges. Still further on, more to the eastward, the Methodist church was flung across the street in a northwesterly direction; the city power station, above which were the council and firemen's rooms and the city library, was crumbled to the ground floor, the water tower carried off, and rows of pretty cottages on North Arch and North Green streets twisted, both northeast and northwest and south by crossing whirls, and their disintegrated portions, with hundreds of feet of lumber from the mill yard were dropped into the river or strewn over the fields for miles. The cloud crossed the stream wide-spread, like a great black wall, as seen from the rear.

CHAPTER III.

The Roll Call.

Hark to the hurried question of despair:
"Where is my child?" Echo answers, "Where?"
—*Byron.*

Abide with me when night is nigh
For without Thee I dare not die.
—*Keble.*

The first thought of everyone was, naturally, for the members of his own family. "Are we all here?" was the first eager question, and happy indeed was the householder who could look for an answer in the faces of those most dear to him, and could feel the warm grasp of their hands. A prayer of thanksgiving seemed to rise spontaneously to the lips when any were discovered alive in the midst of such devastation. Everything else save human life seemed at that time paltry and worthless. People hurried to and fro asking: "Have you seen my son?" "Have you seen my daughter?" "Do you know where father is?" Or one from the business street hastened toward home asking of those he met: "Is my home

gone?" "Do you know anything about my wife or mother?" but rarely receiving coherent answer. Who can say how many, too, sought for the one not yet his own, with the question he longed to ask fading upon his lips when he learned the horrible fate of his beloved. Pale and silent, with the heart full of bitter sorrow, these sought and grieved through the exciting hours.

It was soon realized that there must be scores, perhaps hundreds, of people buried under those ragged heaps that were but a few moments ago dwellings and business places, thronged with light-hearted people out for a holiday. Slowly, and for the most part, silently, a few crawled out to the surface. Some were in sight who were unable to extricate themselves; many were covered so deeply that they could not see out,—could not hear nor make themselves heard. To those thus imprisoned and yet retaining consciousness sufficient to realize the situation the experience was one that will never be forgotten; and besides bodily injuries, the effects of the nervous strain of those slowly passing moments or hours will never be effaced. Fires broke out in several places among the ruins almost at the moment the buildings fell, causing a thrill of fright and terror when we thought of the living treasures buried there. The smell of smoke and the sound of crackling flames drawing nearer added the last extreme of exquisite torture to the minds of those pinioned and suffering victims. A few, by efforts almost superhuman, suc-

ceeded in tearing themselves free and working their way out, the act only made possible by fear of death by fire.

It did not take long to determine that a number of people had been killed. Naturally, many of those living in the extreme east and west of the town, where some homes were left standing, ran first to Main street. One glance revealed such sights of mutilation and death of those who had been on the streets or had been thrown there that it could not be thought otherwise than that many were buried out of sight. To those first reaching Main street the silence was oppressive. Dead and mangled human forms were lying about. A few people who seemed to be alive stood like statues, staring helplessly about them. At what seemed lengthy intervals one and then another person began to move. Some of these started and ran as if wild; some wept as they ran, giving utterance to their fright like children; some moved about slowly as if little strength remained. But most of them were quiet, like the great waste into which they gazed. Then they began to stumble over the objects in their path. Mechanically they stooped down and touched them. What were they? "Oh, God pity us! This was my friend! That my neighbor!"

Miss Lottie Johns was seen creeping through an amazingly small aperture in the ruins of her father's store, where she had been clerking during the supper hour. Her father was seen hurrying along the street, looking for her. It was a happy moment for him when she flew to his side. Mr. Willard Wells,

buried and dying, could be seen in the piles of rock and timbers over the W. S. Williams basement. In the Bank of New Richmond building were found Mr. Wm. Hughes, city clerk, caught in the stairway, and though bruised and bleeding, thought not of himself, but of his little son Willie, who had been snatched from his protecting arms by the resistless force. Mr. Hawkins and son were also in this building; and Mr. McCoy, cashier, was soon dragged out from the rear of the Bixby store. Mr. Hagan and other inmates of his building were soon discovered. This building had been a large frame, containing an entertainment hall in the rear and stores and shops in the front. The floor was left, but partitions and contents went off with the roof. Mr. Arthur Thompson, who had worked at one of the shops, came out serenely, even his hair nicely parted and linen as immaculate as if he had just stepped out of the proverbial band box. He had gone to the basement in good season. But Mr. Hagan and his son had lingered too long observing the cloud, and did not escape the flying mass of timbers in their tardy flight below. Mr. Hagan received painful bruises.

In the Denneen, McCarty and Alliance stores there had been a number of people. Mr. McCarty and his son had been almost baffled in their efforts to open the cellar door, so strong was the draught that had already set in when they tried to go down. They felt as if they were doomed, but finally got down, walked through the cellar and out the hatchway. The storm had passed, leveling the building to the

ground. Mr. A. Denneen had dodged under his counter and when the store was demolished was hit in such a way that he was bent double until the weights could be lifted from him. His bruises were on the head and back.

W. S. Williams and his wife, who had taken refuge in the basement of their double stone store, made their way out with great difficulty over the piles of rock and brick, and went to the ruins of Dr. Epley's office. Here they found their daughter, who had been saved with the doctor's family, in the cellar under the dining-room, that part of the house not going down. They were glad to find that Miss Williams had not attempted to reach home, as she would no doubt have been caught on the way. But thinking of the clerks and others whom they knew to be in the basement with them, they were greatly distressed at the small number seen stirring. Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Miss Scott had stood against the south wall. Mr. Williams had not thought it necessary to go to the basement at first, as he said the building was a very strong one, and would withstand a good deal of a storm, but yielded to the urgent request of Miss Scott that he seek safety below. Mr. Williams' limbs being partially paralyzed, Mrs. Williams and Miss Scott assisted him.

The blocks of dwellings in the southwest part of town were all gone except on the extreme west. Beginning with the business places, where it was supposed the greatest number of people were, search

was immediately made, while the friends of different families were searching the ruined dwellings. The Farmers' Hotel, Omaha Depot, Merchants' Hotel, A. Tobin's implement store and the Rosebrook residence, on the south of the W. S. Williams' corner, were all leveled, as well as about fifty business buildings on the north as far as the river. The questions arose at once: "How many inmates did these buildings contain?" "Where are they now?" It was estimated that there must have been a thousand people in these buildings and along the street lying between them, and it was feared that many had been swept into the river. It was soon ascertained that Mr. Tobin and his clerks had left the store and had run toward the east, the clerks to the barn on the Wm. Stout place. Miss Minnie Doty, bookkeeper, closed her books and put them in the safe. Mr. Tobin saw houses flying up, and called: "Minnie, come! Aren't you coming?" Miss Doty closed the door of the safe and turned the combination, then ran with Mr. Tobin to Dr. Epley's place, diagonally across the street, going into the cellar with the family. Mr. Tobin ran to the north side of the house and let himself down into an old cistern, holding on to the pipe projecting a foot or two inwards until the darkness cleared away. Mr. Tobin had not known previously of the existence of this cistern, but as soon as he saw it decided at once that it would suit his purpose. There was no time to deliberate, and he knew it from previous experience in Kansas, but he says he felt as if he couldn't go in-

side of a house. Hanging here between the confusion of the elements above and water beneath, he tried to look up and see what was passing, but it was impossible to see anything. The air was simply whirling, stifling darkness.

There were a number under the Farmers' Hotel, one dead and several seriously hurt. One lady relates how she was in the dining room when suddenly the chairs and tables flew at her and covered her in such a way that she was not much hurt, although unable to get out. The chairs had clustered around her and prevented other things from hitting her. This lady's husband was just outside when the storm struck, but was found two blocks away.

The Rosebrooks residence had been thrown to the north or northwest. Mr. Rosebrooks was found dead, and Mrs. Rosebrooks nearly so. Misses Josephine and Cora were injured, the latter fatally, being found lying on the terrace toward the north, head downward.

Of a large old-fashioned house, occupied by the Lewis family, nothing remained but the cellar stairs. Sitting in the yard, on a broken tree, near the lifeless form of her little brother, was Minnie, the only daughter, her arm hanging limp at her side. Mrs. Lewis was literally pinned down by the broken end of a timber. Mr. Lewis had been thrown into the ruins of the Hagan building. The cellarway of the Lewis house was a trap-door, and seldom used. Minnie said that several things had to be moved off the door, and

then they could not open it—"something seemed to hold it down." A part of them started to go out doors and into the cellar by the hatchway on the north side of the house. None of them succeeded, however. The Hagan building, in the ruins of which Mr. Lewis was found, was north of this house, Mr. Lewis' blacksmith shop having stood between. He had apparently been blown through or with the shop. He was in a bad condition, with his head cut and bruises all over his body.

Mr. Hicks was one of the first ones seen, and the word was quickly passed that he was fatally injured. Mr. O. J. Williams and Mr. Constance, coming out at the back end of the O. J. Williams store, removed him from the position in which he had been thrown.* On seeing Mr. Hicks Mr. Fink was greatly overcome, exclaiming, "Oh, my poor neighbor!" and staggered as if he had been struck. Mr. Fink's daughters, Ida and Agnes, had been with him in the store, and had gone to the basement with him. They must have remained there several minutes, as it was raining when they came out and the second wind was fanning up the fires. Miss Ida says her father spoke in German. Although a long residence in this country had rendered the use of English habitual to him, he now lifted up his voice to the God of his Fatherland in many expressions of despair. Seeing Mr. Hicks, one of the young ladies cried excitedly: "Who is it? Who is it?" Feebly he replied, "Hicks." Mr.

*See account of Mr. Constance.

LOOKING EAST FROM CORNER OF MAIN AND THIRD STREETS. PORTIONS OF LEWIS' RESIDENCE.

Hicks' family were soon out, making anxious search. Only a half hour before the fatal blow was struck he had bade a laughing good-bye to his wife and a friend, in his usual happy way.

Several fell with the Bell & Smith market. Mr. Arthur Smith found himself in the basement, supporting the bricks of a disrupted chimney with his shoulders, and was so deeply covered that he could not see out. His arms were free, or sufficiently so to permit him to free them. He was bent nearly double. There was very little space to work, and he did not know at what moment the pile of bricks might settle down over him. But he set his teeth together until they broke, and carefully working and feeling his way, he drew out bricks and piled them under his feet until he succeeded in getting out. He turned his efforts at once to the freeing of others, until the smoke became so dense that he was obliged to leave. The bruises on his own back and shoulders would have been sufficient burden for him to bear at any other time, but men noticed only great things that night. Obliged to abandon the task the thought of the ones who were undoubtedly in there yet was like an unspeakable nightmare.

Mr. Leigh Prentice, superintendent of the local telephone exchange, and Miss Florence McShane (now Mrs. Prentice), day operator, had been in the basement of the Patton & Carey drug store. They were able to account for several who had escaped with them, but of others known to have been in the

store nothing could be seen. Among these was Mr. John Patton, one of the proprietors. The McNally brothers, who had occupied rooms in the second story as a law office, were seen lying in the street toward the north, covered with brick, excepting head and shoulders. Mr. E. J. Thompson emerged from billowy heaps of ruins, a solitary figure against the sky, his head illumined by the strange light that followed the passage of the cloud, reminding one of the pictures of the translation of Enoch portrayed in Holy Writ. Indeed, he said that it seemed to him as if he had been translated to another world, so impossible did it seem that this could be the same street that he beheld just before he had plunged under his counter. To the McNallys, who could see no other movable objects from where they lay, he appeared like a rising savior coming to their deliverance.

Across the street, among the bricks from her two story store, was Mrs. Belle Aldrich, and near by was Mr. H. H. Smith, of the firm of Smith & Oaks, who had a law office in the upper story. They were saturated with kerosene from a bursted tank, and the leaping flames thrust red tongues menacingly toward them while they struggled to get away. Mrs. Aldrich, with heroic determination, tried to extricate herself, tearing off sleeves and skirts which could not be pulled free. Men came and helped her out. Like Persephone returning from Hades, she fled to her friends away from that horrible place. Mr. Smith was unable to get out, but soon received assistance.*

*See account of H. H. Smith.

At the north end of Main street, above the shreds of the Nicollet house, and above all the surrounding rubbish, standing on a heavy board that projected diagonally into space, stood little Alice McKinnon, daughter of the proprietor. A few traveling men and others, who were in the basement, came up and spoke to the wondering child. "Where is papa?" "Where is mamma?" "They are in there," she said, pointing down. "Down in a hole."

Mr. E. A. Glover, holding his little son by the hand, might have been seen coming along the floor of his store, unhurt, and thankful.* Mrs. Brockbank and her three children, Mr. Bigelow, a photographer, Mr. Martin, a barber, Mr. Legard, a tailor, and many others, could not be seen. They must all be in there somewhere. The ruins of the postoffice did not show Mr. W. T. Lambdin. Where was he? Where were the dozens of others who must have been at their places? Where was "Uncle William" Bixby, whose figure had long been familiar to our streets? Where were Miss Lambdin and Miss Butler, whose friends were anxiously seeking them? Should we ever see them again?

Several occupants of the Gillen building were found dead or dying, and after some search a portion of the youngest child of Mrs. Sheady. Oh, what horrors to relate in black and white! Mrs. Sheady was killed with her three children; but in just such way came such experiences to mothers, who were wild-

*See account of E. A. Glover.

eyed and tearless, and seemingly bereft of feeling. One of the children was picked up and carried to the church, where she was afterwards found by an uncle. She could not open her eyes, and made but feeble response to inquiries, and soon expired. Her little body could not withstand the rough treatment it had received from the tornado. The Gillen family lived upstairs in a brick building, and Mrs. Sheady and children were visiting there.

It would take long to enumerate all who were the subjects of anxious inquiry. On all the streets, throughout their length and breadth, many sought for those nearest to them in kin or friendship. The instances related are but types of a varied number. A few moments after the darkness cleared away a threatening wind cloud rolled up from the northwest, causing a small panic and another flight to cellars among the terror-stricken people. They cried "Its coming back." Sticks and fragments were blown about, and people were taken off their feet. This wind brought with it the heaviest downpour of rain that has ever visited this section of country. Only for a few moments did the wretched people desist from their wanderings. There was work for them to do, and they stoically smothered their own feelings, or perhaps they did not think of them, and kept at work. Though for an hour and a quarter the rain never ceased and the wind blew a gale, there was the same search and earnest inquiry in the residence portion. As one after another reports came in, it was proved

that pale death with equal strides had spared neither the homes of wealth nor the humble roofs of the poor. No partial hand had culled the cherished *lares* and *penates* which every household contains, endeared by a thousand memories of sentiment and love. But the loss of home received at the time little consideration compared with the greater questions of life and death. Men were looking up the members of their family and getting track of those who had been their neighbors. Women were looking for husbands and children, scarcely aware of their surroundings, so intent were their minds upon the one most important to them. "How's my boy—my boy? Tell me of him, and no other."

The temperature had fallen several degrees, and people who had been thinly clad because of the heat of the afternoon became chilled through; the rain came down as if the flood gates of the heavens were opened, yet women were seen to kneel in the streets, in a sea of mud, and offer thanks to Almighty God when a member of their family was found. Still the fires burned and crept along from heap to heap, ever finding something to feed on underneath, and sending up bright torches of flames as if to furnish light to the workers, and casting uncanny shadows, which, as they moved with the flickering of the flames, made one fancy that there were spirits hovering about. It seemed indeed as if a spell hung over us, and as if strange apparitions might appear to us from the dark and irregular recesses where now and then a sign of struggling life was seen. Frightened children were

crying, and occasionally some one became hysterical, and ran wildly about. Horses struggling from their entanglements, stood trembling and gloomily waiting to be led away. And as the awful loss of human life was realized, the sound of weeping and lamentation was mingled with the groans and prayers of the dying. Seeking shelter on the leeward side of wrecked buildings, giving such protection as they were able to the injured, eagerly groups of the surviving women waited and listened for news from other parts of the city. No wonder they stared at each other almost insanely, and were unable to speak their sorrow as one after another the stories were told.

Of well-known families, it seemed that that of Mr. S. N. Hawkins suffered most severely in its sad depletion. Two beautiful daughters, a little son and their sweet and gentle mother were taken in a most dreadful way,—if anything could be most dreadful where all was so bad. The McGrath and Early families in the southwestern and the Legard and Engstrom families in the northeastern part had lost several members each. Mr. W. S. Gould was fatally injured, and the aged mother of Mrs. Gould could not be found. Mr. Powell, Mr. Lanphear, Mrs. Brockbank and family, Mr. Thomas Martin, Mrs. Hawkins, Walter Hawkins, Lester Wallen, Miss Kate McKinnon, Archie Hollenbeck, Mr. Goheen and Mr. Patrick Early could not be accounted for during the first exciting hours. None of the Stack family were spared,—of father, mother and child, not one was

left to give a word of information. It was known that they had celebrated a wedding anniversary that day, and that their friends had brought gifts to them with their congratulations. Alas! how nearly do pleasure and pain touch each other in this world. From life to death; and then, if we believe the divine teachings, we may say from death to life, for we might almost fancy that the weeping of friends is heard mingling with the songs of the redeemed on the other shore, so quickly do they sometimes pass from one side to the other. To each, according to his relations with the missing, came messages full of sadness and uncertainty. Each was everybody's friend, and there was a tie of honest, unassuming sympathy between all. There was no need of saying it, because it was read in the glance, in the touch of the hand, that all sorrowed with the sorrowing or rejoiced with those who rejoiced in deliverance. Oh! our hearts were heavy and our heads were crazed, before the long roll call was ended, and yet there was a deep feeling of thankfulness pervading the solemn atmosphere—thankfulness that any had escaped. People who had been but casual acquaintances now hailed each other with a quiet pleasure, as one who meets a familiar face in a strange land, and the salutation, "I am glad to see you alive," became common. Passing and repassing each other, the same questions were asked over and over again, often more than once of the same individual, as the mind of each searcher seemed so much absorbed in the one object of his own par-

ticular solicitude that he noted not even the difference in the personal appearance of others. Each one was addressed as perhaps another source of information,—perhaps one who could furnish a forlorn hope to the searcher. No one could comfort himself with the thought that his search would be rewarded when he came to the place where shelter would most naturally have been sought. These places, too, were gone, and all was blank, uncertain and confusing.

CHAPTER IV.

Rescue and Relief.

Oh, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights of ghastly dreams
That, as I am a Christian, faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though t'were to buy a world of happy days.

—*Shakespeare.*

The state of mind among the survivors of the disaster was peculiar. The deafening noise had thrown them into a transport of fear and uncertainty. The sudden cessation of the din left the overwrought organs of hearing strained to catch some sound from the silence as vast and incomprehensible as the noise had been. The murmur of business and pleasure which lately arose from lively thoroughfares was hushed, and no sign of life or activity for a few moments appeared. No familiar or homelike sounds suggested the old order of things. Not even the rustle of leaves or the flitting of birds broke the silence, for bird, leaf and branch were gone. Even

the bark was stripped from broken stumps, leaving them gray and ghostly, and bearing great clods of earth, the roots of many were upturned to the sky. The darkness which had obscured our vision may be likened to a curtain let fall between the acts of life's fretful drama, hiding from us forever the scenes of the past. Then a new and puzzling environment, unsuggested by anything gone before, is shifted to our view. All the perceptive faculties seemed to have been left groping for a landmark. It was impossible to think of locations coherently, or to imagine where the inhabitants had been thrown, and as they slowly appeared they seemed unreal and strange. The eyes sought long for a familiar object. Instead of houses were meaningless mounds of refuse, no one distinguishable from another; instead of streets were stretches of ground covered deeply with pieces of everything, animate and inanimate, which once had been a useful part of the life and belongings of the stricken city; instead of the friends we knew so well, were wretchedly bedraggled, wet and wounded refugees, whom we scarcely recognized, so changed were they.

Suppose A's house to be discovered on fire. We are startled by the alarm, and with others hasten to the place. We see the firemen rushing by with clang and clamor, and streams of water soon shoot into the midst of the flames. Perhaps they do not suffice to stay the work of destruction. Now the pulse runs high and the excitement seems to have a tonic in-

fluence that causes men to do and dare in saving life and property. But when nothing more can be done, we stand and watch the progress of the fire. We even fall to discussing loss and insurance, and before the frame-work totters for its final slump, by some process known only to crowds in small places, the financial condition of the family is all figured out. It is too bad, indeed, for a family to lose the home! Another may be built with the proceeds of insurance, but it is not the old home, endeared by its many little treasures and friendly nooks, party to past experiences.

In some such way we condole with the burned-out family. But if not only A's, but B's and C's homes have been burned, the matter becomes a more serious one, and the three homeless families are the objects of much sympathy and interest. Severe as such an occurrence would be to a small community, it would not be so unusual as to interfere with the natural play of the sympathies, or the ordinary routine of every-day affairs outside of the families immediately concerned. If even one inmate of these homes burned had been overtaken and unable to escape, how saddened would all the community have been, and how keenly would the horror of such a taking-off have been felt!

A hundred times multiplied, this sad event would not represent the horror and anguish of the people of New Richmond at this awful time. Here were more than one hundred homes destroyed; more than one hundred people snatched from life in one dreadful

moment; two or three times as many wounded; many in an utterly helpless condition; many dazed and wandering; many to be extricated; many whose whereabouts were unknown for hours. Besides this, the entire business portion was laid flat, an unknown number of non-residents and strangers engulfed in its debris, and scarcely a house left entire outside the vortex of the whirl, where destruction had been complete. The expression of faces seemed to settle into a sort of stare—a look of inquiry and yet of uncertainty, as of one searching for something which he would hardly know if he found it. Then when the cries for help arose each able-bodied one found himself confronted with such herculean tasks that the situation was appalling. During the tumultuous oncoming of the cloud the instinct of self-preservation had been aroused. When I say "self-preservation," I do not mean the *animal* self, but the *human* self, which is incomplete without the beloved ones of the family and the true-hearted friend. Even the stranger within the gates is part and parcel of the human self. When these many human selves went about our streets that night, they were not Mr. This or Mr. That, or Mrs. or Miss Someone. They were simply human selves, thrown in touch with each other by a cruel destiny, actuated by a common impulse, and aiming at a common object—to do whatever could be done to seek and save the suffering.

"Lord help us!" was the prayer on every hand, and there was a desperation in the prayer, arising as it did from the conviction that there were not enough

people alive to take care of the dead and injured. And not expecting that help would come as did the heavenly manna to the Israelitish children in the wilderness of Sin, or as did the water from Horeb's rock, by a special miracle, each felt a great task personally allotted to him for an indefinite length of time. It was not known what the fate of Hudson had been, though it seemed quite probable that she had not been spared, and just what had been the case it was impossible to ascertain. Some hope was inspired by the consideration of the reports that the clouds had met near Boardman, and the supposition therefore gained ground at first that Hudson had escaped. Then this was contradicted, and it was reported that Hudson was certainly all gone, as someone who had watched the storm from its beginning was sure that, when he first saw it, it had just left Hudson, and it was a murderous looking thing. He had probably first seen it after it had skirted the hills south of Hudson. At any rate, there seemed no doubt but that the additional reinforcements that struck in near Boardman had greatly accelerated and increased the furious demonstration for the benefit of New Richmond. It was thought that Star Prairie and Jewett Mills were sufficiently aside from the northeast line to be secure. This could easily be determined, as the distance was not great. All telephonic and telegraphic communication had been cut off between this and surrounding places, so nothing could be learned definitely in regard to the extent of damage for several hours.

It must not be imagined that the surviving people were too badly dazed to be able to work, for although the minds of many were for a time confused, they seemed to be very little conscious of the body unless it had sustained some disabling injury. A great many went to work at once in a sort of mechanical, even trance-like, way, using the muscles to an almost incredible extent, and enduring as the hours went on far beyond accustomed endurance. But so absolute and general was the blotting out of every convenience, and of every place where they could be obtained, and not only that, but of so many of the people who would under ordinary circumstances have been on hand to render assistance, that outside help was a necessity. There was abundant and urgent opportunity for every effort put forth by those already here, and for such systematic assistance as afterwards came.

Men went to work immediately, clearing away debris for some poor soul crying for assistance or known to be covered in the ruins. Half crazed with pain, some kept calling for help, and impatiently urged on the workers; but the greater number only called out occasionally, to make known their whereabouts. There was often much difficulty in locating the victims, on account of the depth of the mass of brick, stone, broken plaster, lumber, etc., and several different places would be dug into, thus losing time in the search, perhaps giving additional pain to the imprisoned ones. But with such haste as was possible, the labor went on. As fast as the injured

could be taken out they were placed on doors, shutters, or other improvised litters, and carried to the churches or schoolhouse, or other place of shelter. As a rule, no questions were asked of householders when carrying people in. It was taken for granted that anyone who was fortunate enough to have a roof over his head was willing to share it with less fortunate fellow beings. It is quite probable that some who were taken out died from exposure, the darkness and general confusion rendering it impossible to secure means for making them comfortable, while the rain poured relentlessly upon their scantily-clad bodies. Night settled down early into pitchy darkness,—such a night of wandering and searching, of waiting and watching!

The electric light plant was demolished, and great difficulty was experienced in getting lanterns. Heaps of rubbish filled the streets, pitfalls and dark holes gouged in the earth impeded progress. Singly or in groups the searchers groped their way, lighted mostly by the flames that eagerly devoured the relics of our homes, the evidences of human life. The city water-works plant was demolished, hydrants and pumps twisted off, and wells filled up. No one knew where to look for pails, and the river banks were lined with a promiscuous pile of debris, making it difficult to get water there.

But everything available was quickly put into use. Lines of men pulled at the ropes that raised some heavy timber or portion of a wall, and, silhouetted against the sky, they made an impressive picture,

which will long remain in our minds, as we look back in contemplation of their heroic work. We saw the men surging to and fro, keeping time to the weird refrain of "Heav-o! Heav-o!" through the desperate and solemn hours of the night, and knew that underneath that which they were trying to move there was some one whose friends were waiting, hoping or despairing; some one whose fate would soon be known.

As soon as relatives and friends were located, as far as possible, every man, with but few exceptions, turned to the general work of rescue. Hour after hour they toiled, eagerly, desperately, where the fires were burning, throwing scraps of timber, brick or stone, or scraping away with the fingers the piles of plaster and finer dirt. "Carefully, carefully, there; you know not what comes next!" To unearth such sights, and to witness the grief of waiting women, tried the strongest heart. Bravery on fields of battle is a matter of business. Nerves and muscles are keyed to the point of tension necessary to make blood and carnage the object desired. "Win or die!" is the watchword, and personal feelings are largely laid aside. The wives, mothers and sisters are not there to wake the tender side of man's nature. But on this sad night, women, wild with apprehension or hopeless grief, roamed the streets, and waited eagerly for those multiform graves to give up their dear ones. Maimed and mutilated forms, scarcely recognizable, were uncovered one by one. Some staggered to their feet, only to fall again, overcome by the suffering of the body or by the shock to the mind. Some walked out, looked around a few moments, and although, as

would be supposed, nearly all were wounded and bruised in several places, they would manage to get somewhere, and without help, even if they succumbed to their pain as soon as they reached a resting place. Many were cold in death, and some by the pitiless fire were bereft of clothing, and perhaps of all semblance of their former appearance. How can we say what soul inhabited this perishable clay? There is perhaps a ring, a watch, or some trinket lying near. This is wistfully examined, in the hope of establishing identity. Perhaps it is not possible to determine. There were several such instances. Circumstantial evidences in some cases were the only ones.

What wonder that, after the strain was in some degree lessened, men and boys who had worked steadily as long as strength held out fought desperately with the recollection of every imaginable attitude of torture indelibly fixed upon the mind! What wonder that they tossed on sleepless pillows for many dreary nights!

One doctor, having ascertained that his own family were uninjured, without giving a single thought as to what they should eat, or drink, or wherewithal they should be clothed on the morrow, deeming it sufficient cause for thankfulness that they could all use their feet and their tongues, left the ruins of his buildings and started out to see what he could do for others. Doctors become accustomed to harrowing sights, taken individually. But to see the beloved city which had been the object of so many hours of labor, so many ambitious plans, such earnest hopes,—the dearest place on earth to him,—razed to

the ground; to see those who had been fellows and companions in the ups and downs of business, of pleasure, and of friendship for twenty years so sorely needing aid which could not be properly rendered, and for which they would naturally look to him, made him heart-sick. To see the bleeding faces, shattered limbs and ragged wounds, and to realize the impossibility of even going through the form of the duties which would devolve upon him, was overwhelming. There was not one drug store of the four of which a timber or brick was left in place, and of as many doctors' offices not one remained entire. Two were utterly demolished, and two, though left standing in part, contained nothing but dirt and jumbled fragments. To find even a clean bed upon which to place one-half the injured was not to be expected, to say nothing of medical and surgical appliances.

Together with Mr. S. S. Beebe, who was saying, "My poor Bertha is buried over there," he stopped to help take a piece of sidewalk off of Mr. Patrick Callahan, who had a compound fracture of the left leg and the right leg dislocated from the hip, and help to carry him to a place of shelter. Mr. Beebe did not know at that time whether or not his daughter was alive, but she was afterwards found, considerably bruised, in the ruins of Patton & Carey's building.

Coming a second time to a span of horses, disemboweled and struggling, the doctor looked around for some heavy object with which to put an end to their misery. As if thrown there for the purpose, he found a blacksmith's sledge, with a new handle, un-

broken. He examined it particularly, to make sure that the "instrument" was in good condition, and used it with the desired result. Going the length of Main street the doctor saw D. H. Minier standing upon the ruins of Mrs. Brockbank's store. His eyes looked wild, and he showed his intense excitement, but he spoke sanely enough when he said: "Mrs. Brockbank and her children are in here. Get someone to help dig them out." The doctor tried to get men to go there and work—spoke to several about it, but felt that his own work should be confined to doing for the wounded; and yet the thought of this poor family caused him to return there to see the work under way. Demands began to be made upon him professionally, and dejected at the outlook, he now left this street with the idea that he would formulate some plan for the care of the wounded. He went toward his shattered office, full of the one idea that a place must be found to put the injured under cover, at least. As he went along he saw a lap-robe which seemed so familiar in appearance that he picked it up, dragged it a little ways, and then dropped it, thinking: "Why do I give any attention to a thing like this? There is no barn to put it in, anyway." He says that he actually did not notice for thirty-six hours after this any other article lying about with any definiteness. One would suppose that out of the accumulations of home, barn and office, where he had dwelt continuously for two decades, there would have appeared to him the suggestion of several familiar articles; but his mind was absorbed wholly with the injured, and the difficulties which stood in the way of

properly ministering to them. This thought seemed to stand out and eclipse his view as to all else.

Some men came along carrying one whom they had picked up, but were at a loss where to put him. "What shall we do with him, doctor?" they asked. Looking about, he noticed that the Congregational church was still standing. "Take the injured to the Congregational church," he said. "Will that be all right?" they asked. "Yes," said the doctor. "You get in there some way, and we will put them there. We must have some place, and that seems to be the best we can do."

So the Congregational church was turned into a hospital for a time. Rev. Mr. Adams was on hand from first to last, rendering every possible aid; moving seats, carrying people, and preparing as comfortable a resting place as conveniences, or, rather, the lack of them, permitted. At first some dead had been brought to the Congregational church, so there were injured lying along the aisles until the seats were taken up, and just beside them were dead or dying. Later the dead were removed into the prayer room, and it was then thought best to have other bodies recovered taken to the Catholic church, and kept there to be identified and prepared for burial, though no set plan was exactly followed.

The Catholic church was the only one of the five churches on the south side of the river left entire. This was the rendezvous to which many flocked for shelter, and here later there were throngs of people searching among that array of blackened and distorted forms, trying, often in vain, to find one familiar fea-

ture. Here Father Degnan was ever active and alert to assist and advise, and perform the sacred rites of his office.

As the Congregational church filled up, the schoolhouse was opened to receive the injured, and from this time throughout the entire summer vacation this building was in use, first as a hospital, and afterwards as a relief storehouse and distributing station.

Dr. Epley dispatched two young men, Mr. Wm. Lambdin and Mr. Mert. Frizzell, to Hudson, with instructions to bring doctors and medical supplies and appliances, making a list of most necessary articles. Messengers were also sent to Stillwater. Then with the sole object in view to stop the bleeding of wounds and to try to save life, Dr. Epley made a house to house tour, giving attention only to severe and dangerous injuries, not taking the time to attend to those of a less serious nature. He rummaged about in the filthy chaos of his office, and found a grip with a few bandages in it, an Esmarch's tourniquet, a pair of scissors and a few antiseptic tablets. This was all that he could find. There wasn't a store where he could get cloth for bandages, in lieu of his own aseptic ones, which were ruined or covered up. He felt that, in the course which he had marked out for himself, although it might not in all cases prove satisfactory to the parties visited, his efforts would be productive of good to a greater number, and he adhered to it, locating the nature and degree of all injuries discovered, and making note of them with a view to sending a surgeon equal to such cases when he arrived. The

other physicians of the place, Doctors Knapp, McKeon and Wade, were each working untiringly, but it was impossible to formulate any plans in concert. The general disjointedness would inevitably overtake every effort, unless a course once marked out was strictly adhered to. He must set a mark, and aim at it steadily, who was not distracted from his way that night. "Oh, come with me, doctor! My husband has his head and his back hurt. Oh, do come!" "Where is he?" "Oh, we have him home now." "How did he get there?" "Oh, he managed to walk, though I don't know how he ever did it." "Well, you must try to do for him yourself until I can come or send some one." "Oh, doctor; Minnie wants you to see her arm. It is broken, and she is crying for you." "Tell her I will come as soon as I can. Where is she?" "At B. C. Blancher's." "Doctor, won't you go to Justin Hicks?" "Yes, I will." But before he can get there his long-time friend has passed away. The sympathies of the man at times almost get the upper hand of the professionalism of the doctor, and he longs for a quiet spot where he can give vent to his pent-up feelings. But on every hand there is work, work; and of so many different kinds, although all point to the same desired object—rescue and relief. Does he hear a call by the way: "Won't you help me find my boy?" Does he see a man stolidly toiling in the ruins of a home, and saying: "I have not found my child. He may be in this pile?" Unswerving fidelity to his purpose prevents his turning aside. The hands may not answer to the call, although the heart's impulse is to do so.

The tour made by this doctor in visiting places where refugees were huddled together took several hours. In the twenty or more houses where he ascertained the nature of serious injuries, and sought to give temporary relief to the most urgent cases, there were upwards of two hundred people. Some of these deserving pity were simply homeless. To say "simply" homeless seems cruel, as if to be homeless were a matter to be lightly passed over. It is not the purpose of this sketch to make light of the homesick wanderings of our people throughout the trying days that followed their dire calamity. But at that immediate moment I doubt if a bare half dozen could be found who were lamenting loss of home. They came along the streets in frightened flocks, and went in at the first open door, where the room had not been taken. Some had sustained injuries that were comparatively trifling, but even these, other times and circumstances would make of some importance.

In the little home of Wm. Brickley were fourteen refugees. Among these were a young lady whose head was so badly injured that it was necessary to cut off her abundant chignon in order to locate the wound (to which procedure she greatly objected, but as she was bleeding profusely the object seemed to justify the means), a woman with a frightful gash in the hip and an injured arm, a man with an arm broken and his nose crushed, and a young man with both legs injured, one broken. Of those unable to walk, either because of injuries or shock, there were three lying in the pantry, five in the kitchen, and others in the little sitting room. Here the doctor stopped the bleeding,

and noted the nature of serious injuries, and then passed on to others.

At the house of Evan Kaye were a number of people, one or two badly injured. At Mrs. Allen's and E. A. Glover's there were found no flesh wounds at that time, though Mr. and Mrs. Dawley and others came in afterwards. At William Densmore's was Patrick Newell, badly injured. At A. W. Bosworth's was Mr. Gould, who seemed to be literally broken to pieces, but finally a fracture of the skull and of an arm were definitely located. Mrs. Gould was also there, hurt about the head. Mrs. Patton, with her child, was there, anxiously awaiting some news of her husband. Many long hours passed before he was uncovered from the ruins.

Somewhere on his rounds the doctor was taken in hand by M. P. McNally, who said: "Doc, I want you to go to Walshe's to see Tom." It made no difference whether the doctor had other plans or not just at that particular time, for "Doc" is a small man and "Miles" a large one, with a strong grip, which he used on the doctor's arm to further his purpose. Arriving at Mr. Walshe's, a number of people were seen lying about with different degrees of injuries. Thomas McNally sat on a lounge, his head dropped on his breast, and covered with blood. His face was wounded about the nose and eyes. He had also a severe wound in the left breast. The doctor placed his ear against the man's chest, and listened to the heart. The conditions he found there made him quail. He could feel the heart beat against his face with noth-

ing but the skin between, and he could hear at every beat the swashing of blood. Calling for a sheet the doctor made a wide bandage to support the chest, and left word for this patient to have what he wanted, as he could not possibly last long.

At Mrs. Barrett's residence were several badly injured,—a Hopkins boy and a man named Stevens (injured on the head), a man with a broken ankle, and John Barrett, in a serious condition. Mrs. Lewis lay on the floor, comatose, a piece of two-by-four impaled in her chest, and with a fractured skull, from which the substance of the brain oozed out. She soon passed away. At B. C. Blancher's lay this woman's only daughter, her arm broken, crushed and twisted, and a circus man with a fractured skull. Here, as in other places, there were minor injuries, but note was made of the worst only.

At Thomas Hughes' and other places were women prostrated by shock, and at B. F. Powell's the Rosebrooks family, excepting Mr. Rosebrooks. Mrs. Rosebrooks lay in the front room, still feebly breathing. Miss Josephine was trying to bear her own bruises without complaint, in view of the greater affliction of her sister. Miss Cora expressed herself thankful that her parents did not linger to suffer, as she felt she herself might do, but bore her mortal injuries with fortitude.

At W. T. Lambdin's house there were a number of the injured. Mr. Lambdin had but lately been extricated from the ruins, considerably battered up; but neither he nor his family thought as much of his

injuries as they would if their minds had been relieved of the weight of anxiety for the beloved eldest daughter. "Where is she? Oh, where is Vinnie?" was their agonized cry.

At the house of John Hagan lay old Mr. Earley longing and praying to be taken out of his misery, and at Timothy Donohue's a number of people, shockingly mutilated. One young woman had an indescribable wound of the scalp, and an arm broken many times and torn, and one (a child) had a compound fracture of the leg, the bones protruding.

All the places mentioned, and several others, were visited by one doctor before the Hudson contingent arrived.

I have detailed in part the work of one physician, simply for the purpose of giving an idea of what there was to do. I should have been pleased to have given as exact information regarding the work of other physicians that night, but have been unable to secure it. What I have stated was told me in fragments by parties other than the physician himself, except in the case of Mr. Thomas McNally. I am happy to state that Mr. McNally made a marvelous recovery.

CHAPTER V.

"Come and Help Us!"

"Am I not man and a brother?"

About fifteen minutes after the storm, having got out of the Kaye drug store, Mr. Walter Beebe says that he was asked if his team was all right. He supposed they were. "Then, for God's sake," said his questioner, "go somewhere and telegraph for help." "Where shall I go?" asked Mr. Beebe. "Anywhere, where you can telegraph," was the rejoinder. So Mr. Beebe hitched up his team, and making his way over fallen trees and a mixture of things in the yard, he saw that the road leading directly south appeared the freest from obstruction, and judged from the axis of the storm that Roberts would be the most readily accessible of any of the neighboring places. So he drove directly to the telegraph station at Roberts, and from there sent out the messages which first informed the eastern part of our state of what had taken place, and thus, via Marshfield and Stevens Point, they received the news which led to sending the first relief train on the Wisconsin Central Railroad.

Messrs. Lambdin and Frissell reached Hudson about ten o'clock, driving by way of Bass lake, on account of the Lewis bridge having been carried away. Such a drive as theirs would of itself make a thrilling tale. They braved discomforts and dangers the more distracting because the exact conditions could not be ascertained beforehand. Fallen trees, washouts, swollen streams, torrents of rain, hampering wind and stygian darkness, with every nerve strained to its uttermost by the horror of the situation, made a combination calling for courage and determination. But they were equal to the task, and when they drove up to the sidewalk in front of the drug store where Dr. King was standing (having returned from Matteson's place but a short time before), their appearance, as they presented themselves to him, pale and trembling with excitement and fatigue, showed plainly that they had fought a great battle with odds that were against them.

About this time, also, arrived Mr. Byron Burrows of Boardman, who had braved the perils of the trip alone. He says: "We were just ready to sit down to supper when my brother looked out and said: 'Just look at those clouds! That's a cyclone.' We watched it for a minute or two, and seeing that it was coming straight for us, we all started for the cellar. In about two or three minutes from the time we went into the cellar the storm had passed, leaving the house still standing, though badly damaged. When we came out and looked around, we saw that Spencer's place, just above us, was all swept away,

and thought, of course, they were all hurt or killed. My brother and I each took a horse and hurried up there, and found that the family of six had miraculously escaped. The Hurd place, just above Spencer's, had been destroyed, so we rode up there. I reached there first, and asked William Wears, who was standing in the yard, if anyone was hurt there, and he said: 'My God! there's a man dead under that pile of stuff, and my little girl is gone, I don't know where.' I jumped off the horse, and looked under the pile of wood and trees, and saw a man with his head all mashed and cut. I started to pull the wood off him, when, looking around, I saw Mr. Wears' little boy standing there with his head cut and bleeding, so I said: 'I had better go to New Richmond for a doctor.' So I jumped on the horse again, and started for New Richmond. About this time it commenced to rain and blow so hard that I could hardly sit on the horse's back. When I got to New Richmond I found the city in ruins. The first person I saw was Mr. T. Rowe. I asked him if any of his people were hurt, and he said: 'My wife lies there dead.' He said I could be of no assistance to him, so I went to the cellar of Mr. Phillips, as I saw some women going in that direction. When I got there I found two women and a man there. The man's head was hurt, but not badly, and the two women were very much frightened, though not hurt. They wanted me to take them out of the cellar and into the house. They didn't seem to know that their house, as

well as all the houses around them, had been destroyed. As they were not hurt, and were in a safe place, I got them some blankets, and then went to see if I could help elsewhere.

"I went to the home of A. R. Kibbe, which was left standing, though in bad shape. I was just going away when someone commenced calling for help from the cellar of Mr. Casey's house, which had stood opposite Kibbe's. Two or three men and myself ran over there, and asked who it was, and if they were hurt. They said they were not hurt, and their names were Mrs. Cullen and Mrs. Casey. A couple of men said they would help them out of the cellar, and for the rest of us to go and help others who might need assistance. A young man by the name of Early said he didn't know where his mother was, but thought perhaps she was at the home of Grant Boardman, which is only a short distance from Early's. We went to Boardman's, and the first person I saw was my aunt, Mrs. A. W. Brown. She said her husband had gone down town just a few minutes before the storm, and had not come back since. She wanted me to go and see if I could find him, so I started down town. When I got there a horrible sight met my eyes. Men, women and children were there. Some were looking for friends who might be hurt; others were carrying those who were hurt and not able to walk to places of safety. Horses were lying all about, many horribly mangled. Dr. Epley was doing all he could for those who were hurt.

"Seeing someone going through a window into the basement of Bell & Smith's meat market, I went over there. Mr. Bell was standing by the window. He told me to go in and see if I could find anyone in there that was hurt, so I went in. Irvin Frissell was there, with a lantern. I asked who he was looking for. He said for Sam Horn. I told him I had seen him, and he was not hurt. We then looked around, and not seeing or hearing anyone in there, went out again. We went up to where Mrs. Aldrich's drug store had been. We saw a man lying in the street dead. I think it was Charles Berce. We heard some one talking and went towards the sound. Someone said: 'For God's sake, give us the lantern. Harry Smith is in here with his arm pinned down.' We gave them the lantern, and commenced to help dig him out. The ruins of the building were on fire, and it kept creeping nearer and nearer to where Mr. Smith lay. But by hard work he was gotten out before the fire reached him. After he had been taken out I heard Mr. Baker say he wished that they could send word to Hudson and St. Paul for help. I told him I thought word could be sent from Boardman. He said to take any horse I could get, and go to Boardman as quick as I could. As my own horse had been ridden five miles already, I thought I could make better time by taking another horse. I saw a pair of broncos standing in the street, so caught one of them, got on its back and started. But it couldn't or wouldn't go off a walk, so I jumped off and ran to

where I had left my own horse, got on his back, and started for Boardman as fast as the horse could go. When I got there I found that the depot had been destroyed by the cyclone. I got another horse, as mine was completely played out, and started for Burkhardt, about seven miles from Boardman. About two miles below Boardman the road was obstructed by fallen trees and wires, but by jumping the horse over some and leading him around others of the trees and wires I got to the Lewis bridge only to find that the cyclone had swept it away. I tied the horse, crawled out on a tree that had fallen over into the river, got hold of one of the spans of the bridge, and crossed, hand over hand, to the other side. I then ran to the Lewis house to see if I could get a horse there; but their horses had been hurt, so I could get none. They said Mrs. Heffron was there, dead. She was the cyclone's first victim, and was killed at her home a short distance from Lewis'. I ran to Tobin's, about a half mile from Lewis', where I found Scott Tobin, with a horse hitched up. I told him I wanted to get to Burkhardt as quick as possible, and he said he would take me.

"When we got to Burkhardt the operator was not at the depot, so we had to look him up. We found him after about an hour's search, at the home of Julius Beers, about a mile from the depot. Beers' barn was destroyed by the storm. When the operator tried the wires he found that all were down but one to St. Paul. I had him send a message to that city, asking that a

COTTONWOOD SHADE TREES DENUDED OF BARK.

RESCUE WORK.

special train with all the medical aid and medical supplies possible be sent to New Richmond immediately, and for the train to stop at Hudson to get more help there. The message was sent to St. Paul at 9:10.

"I asked if there was anyone who would give me a horse, or take me to Hudson. A gentleman by the name of McDermott said he would hitch up and take me down. While he was hitching up, his wife got me a dry coat and shirt. The clothes I had on were soaked, as I had been out in all the rain since the cyclone, and I had begun to get pretty well chilled.

"When Mr. McDermott and I got to Hudson we went to Johnson's livery barn. The first person I saw there was Will Thompson, who had just heard of the terrible storm at New Richmond, news of the storm having been telegraphed back to Hudson from St. Paul. Will Lambdin and Mert Frissell got to Hudson just about the same time I did. They had driven down, coming around by Bass lake. Several rigs were got ready at once to take doctors and medicines to New Richmond. I returned with the teams. When we got to my home I stopped, and my father went on to New Richmond in my place."

We will now return to Messrs. Lambdin and Frissell.

Briefly they told the story of the destruction of New Richmond; of the death and suffering and homelessness of the people; of the need of medical and surgical supplies and appliances, and physicians. None knew better than the doctors what the ride had

been for these young men, for the fire bells had rung at Hudson to call together relief for the people of Hudson Prairie, and several teams had been out in the country, but finding no injured had returned with an uncomfortable recollection of the bucketfuls (some even declared barrelfuls) of water that were dashed into the carriages when going through the "coulee."

Doctors and druggists began active preparations for the journey by team, as it was reported impossible to make the trip by rail, on account of washouts along the line. Five carriages, headed by Otis King on horseback, carrying a bull's-eye lantern, set forth into the night and darkness. Having a good horse under him, and a sister at New Richmond, from whom he had not heard definitely since the tornado, it will not be doubted when I say that Otis showed the spirit of a man who dared whenever and wherever to dare was to traverse the way before him, whether a muddy road or a brawling stream, up to the saddle's girth; now standing with light turned on the dangerous spot until the cavalcade filed past, then pushing ahead, on the lookout for the next washout or obstructing tree. All were impatient for the journey's end, wishing, yet dreading, to prove the startling reports which had been brought to them. The reddened sky guided them above, but splashing mud, varied only in places by being more deep than the general deepness, retarded their wheels and vexed their spirits.

Reaching Webster's Corner, they were obliged to leave the carriages and proceed on foot, on account of the impassability of the streets. In the words of one of the party: "Pushing our way through scenes of

amazing ruin and destruction to the churches and schoolhouses, we joined the work of relief. The experiences of this night were so shocking, the sights that greeted us so sad, that I am sure many of our little party will carry the remembrance of them through life." These physicians were among the first to report for duty from out of town, preceded perhaps only by Dr. Melby of Roberts and Dr. Boothby of Hammond. Dr. Melby was here at six o'clock. Dr. Boothby had learned of the disaster by telegram from Roberts, and had hastened hither as rapidly as possible by team. Dr. Watson also drove from Roberts, and was probably the first physician from out of town to reach New Richmond. A consultation was held at the Congregational church, in regard to the disposition of the injured gathered there. They were lying about for the most part upon the floor. Some mattresses and bedding had been sent in by Mr. John E. Glover, from his country home at Gloverdale, and some also from the county asylum; but little besides this was procurable. Dr. Johnson's plan,—to put the church in shape for a hospital,—would under ordinary circumstances have been an excellent one. But there were objections urged by the doctor who had, in his rounds, seen the awful magnitude of the calamity, and the extremely dirty condition of everything, on account of the filthy mud, which had been plastered upon every surface and forced into every crevice. He believed that any building which had stood so near the line of destruction, or even partially in it, would be unsanitary to the last degree. This the relief party had not seen, having gone directly to the church.

The wounds were in every conceivable part of the body, being most complex and characteristic, having been made by missiles of every size and description, from huge timbers and rocks to infinitesimal grains of sand hurled with such force as to be driven into polished glass. They were in almost every case bruised and lacerated, and driven full of foreign substances and filth of every kind, making them unavoidably complicated and suppurating. It was this feature that caused the decision that so large a number of injured could not receive proper care outside the wards of a well-appointed hospital. What, then, should be done? It was taken for granted that the hospitals of St. Paul would be open for us in this emergency, even before the invitation came urging us to send our injured there. Mattresses and cots could not be obtained in New Richmond. There were neither materials nor workmen, nor any building where such articles could be made. Dr. Johnson, having had some experience in railroad wrecks, suggested that someone should go to the proper railroad officials, and secure cots and mattresses from them. Then the question arose: "What number shall we ask for?" Dr. Johnson thought fifty, and Dr. Epley thought twice as many. Then they decided to send for seventy-five, and more, if necessary. And the next question: "Who will go?" found as quick a solution. Mr. O. W. Masher agreed to undertake the commission, in response to the doctors' request, and he was also furnished with a list of necessary appliances to be obtained from Noyes Bros. & Cutler.

Immediately after the cyclone had passed telegrams to be sent began to pour into the Wisconsin Central depot—the only telegraph station, as that at the Omaha depot had been destroyed. As has been stated, there was no telegraphic communication with the outside world, the lines being utterly demoralized. Fred Cummer and others boarded a hand car and ran out toward St. Paul, to meet the Wisconsin Central train, due here at five minutes past nine in the evening. They signaled the train, and it stopped for them about seven miles west of New Richmond station. Train officials were informed of the state of the tracks and the condition of things at New Richmond. It is said that these usually fastidious young men had not seen a place where they could wash and fix up since the cyclone, even if they had thought of doing so. First trailing over the ruins looking for their relatives, and then thinking of the obstructions on the track, they made arrangements to set out. The first person Fred met on the train was "Jim" O'Brien, the whilom big policeman of our city. "What's the matter?" was his question, as he judged from their stopping the train, as well as by the wild light in their eyes, and generally disheveled appearance that they were the bearers of important news. "We've had a big cyclone," they answered. Then Mr. O'Brien asked: "Is any of my property destroyed?" "Well, I should say!" was Fred's laconic but expressive reply. Half an hour later, as Mr. O'Brien traversed his premises, he was thinking not of property, but of people.

It was hoped that this train would run back to St. Paul for relief. But it was a regular passenger train, and continued on its way, after a delay of an hour or two to clear the track, carrying information gathered up to points east and south. Mr. Kuhn, agent of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railroad, boarded this train to go to Jewett Mills, or as far as necessary to send dispatches. Mr. Kuhn's depot being gone, it seemed that he could better be spared just then than Mr. Cummer, agent of the Wisconsin Central. The telegraph line was available at Jewett Mills, and the dispatches were sent, containing such brief details of disaster as it had been possible to learn. Later Division Superintendent Horn of the Wisconsin Central, sent the following telegram to Milwaukee:

"Stevens Point, Wis., June 12.—It commenced to rain on St. Paul division about *7 this evening, and the wires went down west of Jewett Mills about *7:30 p. m. At 8:45 we got a message from Roberts, on the Omaha, via Marshfield, that a cyclone had struck New Richmond about *7:30, killing and wounding from 250 to 500 people. We have started a special out from Ervine, leaving at 10 o'clock, with surgeons, and to pick up what other surgeons they can between there and New Richmond; also sent section men from Jewett Mills with what help they can carry on their cars. I will leave here on a special as soon as I can get a crew out, and will take all assistance I can get in the way of surgeons. Am trying to get St. Paul to start a special from there."

*Note the error in time.

A later message contained the information that Dr. Epley had had both legs broken, and that Dr. Wade was killed. Thus it appeared that we had been deprived of the services of two of our physicians at a time when their services were greatly needed. This proved incorrect, but gained considerable currency before it was contradicted. I have not been able to find out how the mistake occurred. Neither of these doctors sustained any injuries, but were able to attend to the many duties devolving upon them. Dr. Wade was out of town at the time of the disaster, driving in shortly afterwards. Dr. Epley was at his place of residence, in the cellar with his family, and started out immediately to care for the injured. So there was no foundation whatever for the report. This is, however, the only instance which has come to my notice where the rumor was worse than the reality. The special from Ervine took Mr. Kuhn back to New Richmond, arriving at half-past one, and brought the first relay of surgeons and nurses from Eau Claire, Chippewa Falls and Glenwood. Another special arrived on this line at half-past two, bringing additional helpers. About this time, also, Mr. Kuhn went down to the place where his depot had been, to meet a special train from St. Paul, having on board surgeons and nurses in charge of Dr. Knox Bacon, reporters, and others interested in New Richmond's fate and people, and such supplies as could be hastily collected. General Superintendent J. C. Stuart was in charge, having just come in from a round-trip to Mankato

when the special was being made up. The passengers left the train on the west side of the washout, between Hudson and North Wisconsin Junction, crossed the ditch on a plank, and took a train which was on the main line at the junction, unable to proceed further west, and which brought the passengers through to New Richmond.

Mr. Mosher left the church, expecting to take a train on the Wisconsin Central, but as he neared the Omaha track he saw the headlight of an engine coming towards him, and waited until it stopped. He saw Mr. Stuart get off, went to him, and spoke with him about the proposed trip for aid. Mr. Stuart wrote a letter which was addressed to any conducter on the line, telling them to carry Mr. Mosher on any train to and from St. Paul, as needed. Mr. Mosher got off at Hudson, and telegraphed Mayor Kiefer and Chief of Police Goss of St. Paul that New Richmond had been blown down and the ruins were burning, and asked that fire engines and a detachment of policemen be sent. He also telegraphed Noyes Bros. & Cutler to open their stores. He arrived at St. Paul at five o'clock in the morning, going first to the places which he expected to find open. Not finding them open, with vigorous raps and kicks he waked the echoes along the streets of the city until he aroused a policeman. He then drove to the residence of Mr. Noyes, and aroused a young man, a nephew of Mr. Noyes. Mr. Noyes was then awakened, and together with another gentleman, they went to the store and

selected and sent out on the earliest train a quantity of medical and surgical appliances. Mr. Mosher then went to the Union Mattress Factory, where he secured seventy-five each of mattresses and cots. The fire engines and hose carts were loaded on flat cars when he reached the station, and at eight o'clock arrived in New Richmond. It semed quite as natural for St. Paul to respond to our requests as for us to make them. Her great heart seemed to thrill with sympathy, and the warm impulse of generosity tingled to the finger tips, causing the citizens to open their purse strings and deal out munificently. With St. Paul as with near cities in our own state, proximity seemed to promote interest, though all were not equally well able to consummate what their hearts might prompt them to do. But very early in the morning of the 13th, mention was made of cities eager to add their share to help the suffering and destitute. And as the extreme need became known later, in our own more distant communities there was great activity manifested in our behalf. It had at first been thought that reports were exaggerated, but this soon gave way to a realization of the true nature of the calamity.

Meanwhile the work of attending to the injured was going on, and as the surgeons, from Eau Claire, Chippewa Falls, St. Paul, Stillwater and other places, reported for duty, men and boys, who held themselves in readiness at the churches for this service, conducted them to the various places where there was work for

them to do. Another tour was also necessary to inform and prepare, and in many cases to urge upon, patients the advisability of their going, or being taken, to the hospitals in the near cities, out of the confusion and unwholesomeness which prevailed here. Some shed tears at the thought of going to a strange place; some objected on account of the supposed expense knowing they had lost all their property. One little girl was heard to say: "But, mamma; you know I haven't a single thing to wear except these dirty clothes that I have had on all the time. Everything else went off with the house." Borrowed garments here and there were put to use, and some degree of fitness secured, but most of these poor creatures were obliged to keep on the same, torn, soiled and soaked garments which they had worn the night before. One poor lady (Mrs. McClure) was not discovered until some time in the forenoon of Tuesday, and had been subjected both to the rain and the sun (which shone at intervals), and being unable to move, could do nothing but wait for the rescuers to get to her.

The majority of those able to understand were finally convinced that the plan to remove the injured to the city hospitals was the best, under the circumstances, though it was a sad going away for all, and there was still much uncertainty as to the fate of many related to them. They were, however, spared the harrowing sights that would otherwise have come somewhat to their notice. The stories of our experiences came so naturally to our lips that it was won-

dered at, and indeed we wonder at it ourselves in looking back. But we seemed not to be talking about ourselves, but of some horrible panorama which we had seen.

CHAPTER VI.

The Days After the Tornado.

"Confusion now hath made his masterpiece."
—*Shakespeare.*

Few people in New Richmond had slept during Monday night, and many were weary with toil, fright and anxiety. Then, as the morning dawned, the great havoc of the night before showed more plainly. It was no dream to vanish when the light came on. There lay the gray heaps, stretching out drearily before us. Here fires were still burning, and spreading in places, notwithstanding the abundance of rain which had fallen; there men were still working, still wearily timing the haul on the ropes with, "Heave-o! Heave-o!" anxiously watched by those whose only knowledge of the fate of some loved one was summed up in the one word "Missing." Along the rim of the totally destroyed portion were the hulks of buildings plainly marking the limit of the deadly wheels in their course, all showing the same gray, muddy color, and offering an uninviting shelter, promising but little more comfort than the soggy sky

overhead. All degrees of minor damages were revealed in the outskirts, where in some cases ells or entire buildings had been moved several inches on their foundations and set down awry by the violent suction of the whirling clouds. Chimneys were thrown down, shingles torn off, and roofs and windows broken by heavy timbers thrown off from the boiling mass with great force.

Mrs. F. J. Smith relates how she was so occupied in various ways,—moving her household goods into the front part of her house, in the endeavor to keep them from the water that came in through the broken roof; attending to her son, who had come home bruised and exhausted; providing resting places for an elderly man and woman, and the Goheen girls, whose parents had not been found, and answering various inquiries during the night,—that she was not aware that the roof to her kitchen and a new barn back of the house had been destroyed until morning, when she went to prepare breakfast. Along the streets were seen different articles of household goods in various stages of disintegration; masses of branches broken from trees, tangled up with electric and telephone wire; bed springs, wagons, pillows, clothing and snarles of hair from mattresses and furniture. The ground was covered deeply with carloads of slivers, so small that one might hold a dozen of them in the hand, and mingled with these were timbers of every imaginable size and shape, up to twelve by twelve pieces, twenty feet long, the sup-

ports of the water tank, poles fifty feet long, lifted from a depth of seven feet in the ground, and entire trees torn up by the roots and tossed aside. Occasional jagged, broken and barkless stumps flaunted strips of quilts or garments, or bore wads of tin-roofing, lodged there in their flight through the air. Closer examination revealed numberless bits of iron and wood, and, more marvelous yet, bits of grass and straw thrust into wooden surfaces with such force as to be inextricable. A sulphurous odor still filled the air. The gray horizon, unrelieved by the outlines of various objects which we were wont to see, joined the gray of the landscape. "Blank and strange," one felt like saying. Even the faces of the people, wearing still the strained expression of the night before, looked gray and unnatural, and of them, too, one felt like saying: "Blank and strange." To those, also whose families had been so rudely taken from them, whose homes had been broken up, and whose business prospects had been ruined, life wore a somber hue, and the outlook was "blank and strange."

Early in the morning a number of well-dressed strangers, who had come in during the night, were strolling about, their appearance in marked contrast to that of the disheveled, soiled and ragged inhabitants, who had not the wherewith to make themselves presentable. Later in the day the number of these strangers increased to hundreds. A stream of wagons began to arrive early from the surrounding country. A lady who came from Hammond states that the

procession extended as far ahead of her as she could see. The occupants of these wagons were full of anxiety and conjecture for the friends of whose hospitality they had recently partaken. Some of them had been aroused from their slumbers by white-faced messengers, who brought the news that neighbors were among the missing. Coming to the disorderly mass of materials strewn about, they could hardly believe that this was the site of the prosperous little city of yesterday. Women stood up in their carriages to search for homes which had been familiar to them, and some fell back screaming or fainting at the sights they saw. If they met an acquaintance with a thankful cry of greeting, they spoke as if to one returned from the other world. The wonder expressed was that any had survived in the midst of such destruction. Then the most natural questions ensued: "Were any of your family injured?" Alas! "Yes," was too often the reply. "In a moment,—in the twinkling of an eye,—all was changed. We were seated around our table, a happy, unbroken family, or were only waiting for the belated ones to complete the circle, when, alarmed by the noise, we had but time to get below when darkness came and it seemed as if all our past lives had vanished just as a puff of steam melts away mysteriously, and is gone. When again restored to the light of day, it seemed as if we saw a new heaven and a new earth, and that all we once knew had passed away." "Your home was destroyed." "Yes. It was the result of years of labor.

Some things money can replace, but others no money can restore. These are the pictures of my children when they were small, and those of my old friends now gone. They cannot be replaced. The picture gallery is destroyed, so I cannot hope that the plates are preserved. Business is gone, and it does not seem probable that the place will ever be built up again. My first impulse was to run away from here. It seemed as if the place would always look desolate. But I could not go. I knew no other place where I could make a living. Now I don't want to go. There are so many old friends in trouble. It would not be right to leave them. So I am picking up trying to find out what I have." There was little time for repining. If one had nothing to do for himself, he could see something to do for others all about him. The early St. Paul trains brought, besides the fire engines, hosecarts and crews, policemen and supplies asked for, a quantity of dry goods and bedding from the Jobbers' Union; also groceries, food supplies and hardware. It made my tears flow freely enough when I read, many weeks afterward, in the columns of a paper published the morning following the disaster, how these merchants and jobbers had loaded carts with everything their houses afforded, and piled supplies into the waiting cabooses, while people with anxious and grief-stricken faces repeated to each other: "Is it for our Wisconsin neighbors. They are in great trouble." Once, indeed, we can say, we belonged to the great army of the poor, although

SECOND STREET—PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET DURING THE SUMMER OF 1899.

FRANK HARDING, CENTER FOREGROUND, CAPTAIN OF COFFEE BRIGADE.

when these friends came to us and wept for us we did not exactly realize it. While they, in the midst of their plenty opened a supply house, to which came men, women and children, each adding a share, which was sorted and cleaned and repaired for New Richmond tornado sufferers, we were sitting here in our ruins, horrified and dejected. They came and clothed us, and bade us look up again and hope..

There came also on the early train a number of public and railroad officials, Chief of Police Goss, Dr. J. W. McDonald, surgeon Wisconsin Central Railroad, other physicians and nurses from Minneapolis, and those interested people who were able to secure passage. Owing to the crowds which seemed determined to visit the ruined city, it had seemed important to the railroad officials to guard against too great a number of curious and adventurous sightseers. Some ladies offered their services as nurses in order to get a chance to look after relatives.

A caboose was attached at Hudson containing a number of friends bent on errands of mercy and relief. Evidences of the destructive force of the storm were visible along the track, from Hudson across the prairie, and were commented upon with interest by the passengers. In places could be seen lines of trees, bent and twisted or uprooted, buildings demolished, dead horses and wrecked machinery. But when the train pulled into the southern limit of New Richmond a silence fell upon all; then, in subdued tones, questions now and then were asked: "What place was that?" "Where is Main street?" There was so little

left to indicate familiar localities that all felt lost and filled with dismay.

After mattresses and cots had been distributed little companies of friends were seen carrying their unfortunate ones to the cars, and turning them over to the care of our good neighboring state. There were many pathetic partings, but to those who were able to understand the condition of things it was reassuring to know that friends and sympathetic strangers were willing and ready to look out for them and provide them with a much needed resting place, where there was no lack of conveniences to aid them in their recovery. For those who were too painfully hurt to notice, every means obtainable were used to make them comfortable. The first train carried thirty-two injured; the second one the same day carried eight; and on succeeding days others to the number of seventy were carried either to the hospitals of St. Paul and Minneapolis or to Stillwater, Hudson and other near places. These were not one-half the injured. Many remained here to make a slow recovery or to yield to their inevitable fate. The lesser injured were at work about the streets, many with bandaged heads, hands, etc. As the hospital trains pulled into the Union Depot at St. Paul they were met by a quiet yet eager crowd. Many were expecting friends and relatives. City officials, physicians and the whole corps of janitors from the city and county buildings were on hand to render all possible assistance. Patrol wagons and ambulances were in readiness, and hospi-

tal attendants in waiting, that there might be great expedition in getting the patients into the various hospitals. A solemn hush fell on the crowd as the cots were taken off, and hats were lifted as they were carried by. One boy died before the train reached North Wisconsin Junction, and he was taken back. One young man passed away just as he was taken from the train,—just as his father who accompanied him had said to the attendants: "Handle him gently; he is my son." It was a hard blow, coming after the journey that had been undertaken with some hope. Although heartbroken and comfortless, in the midst of a crowd of weeping strangers, may it not be that, in years to come, it will afford some solace to that father to reflect upon the manifestation of the sympathy which showed how strong is the great tie of humanity.

There were left in New Richmond, after the train had departed carrying the injured, those who turned and went to the place where home had once been; where they had once rejoiced to come in sight of the many familiar objects that made it home to them, where happy faces were wont to smile them greeting. But, now, why did they return there? It was from habit, perhaps; certainly not for comfort. They began to peer and pick about with the forlorn hope of finding some memento of their former life. What a far-away time that now appeared, and what a dark barrier seemed to separate them from it! They noticed others peering and picking about like themselves. Perhaps they recognized a neighbor; perhaps

L. of C.

they noticed that some of them were people they had never seen before. There was little to be found to aid in reëstablishing a home. They saw a few articles; some were familiar, others were not. "What can be done with them, anyway? They are badly damaged, and so soiled we could not take them to our friend's house where we are stopping," one was heard to say. It was but a fruitless and half-hearted task. The appearance of everything was sickening. And yet, hour after hour, people were seen swarming over the ruins, peering and picking. Some were the rightful owners; some were not.

While the doctors were occupied with the care of the injured, adopting temporary measures for those who were to be taken away, and giving systematic attention to all as fast as possible, other citizens were discussing ways and means of securing and distributing relief. A local committee was named by a few citizens in an informal meeting. Assemblyman Mosher was made chairman of a local finance committee, further consisting of Messrs. M. S. Bell, B. J. Price of Hudson, and T. Wears, mayor. All money contributions were to be deposited in the First National Bank of Hudson, both banks in this place having been destroyed. This committee chose such assistants as seemed to be necessary.

Congressman John J. Jenkins of the Tenth district, who had come up from Chippewa Falls, sent the following telegram:

"New Richmond, Wis., June 13.—To Gov. Scofield, Madison, Wis.: New Richmond practically

wiped out by storm. Every business building and contents, over half of the dwelling houses and contents total loss; many other dwelling houses and contents badly injured; 100 wounded; 40 dead bodies; many missing; ruins burning; local people making heroic efforts, and giving freely what little they have left. They can be sheltered short time, but with few exceptions have no food or clothing; not an article of goods, wares or merchandise left. By noon there will not be a mouthful to eat. Must have immediate relief. Will require aid for some time. Not a coffin or article to bury the dead. Practically destitution prevails. Will you notify the public, and ask that some aid be forwarded as soon as possible?

"JOHN J. JENKINS."

Later, the following, by Assemblyman O. W. Mosher, was sent:

"Hudson, Wis., June 13.—Gov. Scofield, Madison, Wis.: Last evening the entire business portion of New Richmond was destroyed by a cyclone. We have absolutely not a store or business house of any kind standing, except the grain elevator and one steel hotel on the north side of town. The water tower is blown down, the power house for electric light and water-works station leveled to the ground. Probably 100 people are killed and many more are seriously injured. Our merchants' stocks of goods are all destroyed, and the most of them financially ruined; immediate necessities are supplied, but there is a need for a contribution of money to aid many who have

lost their all. Personally, my family are uninjured, and I have a roof, but hundreds are wrecked.

"O. W. MOSHER."

Cooked food had been sent up from Hudson early in the morning, and L. A. Baker, cashier of the Manufacturers Bank, having turned his residence over to the relief committee for their use as headquarters, a commissary department was set up, under the able management of Mr. F. D. Harding of Hudson, who, with his assistants, dispensed coffee and sandwiches to the hungry crowd which gathered about. Now some began to realize what they had not thought much of before; namely, that they had no home, no place where they could go and get a meal except through charity, which, from this time forth, for many weeks, furnished the only ray of light to illumine their passage over a tossing sea of troubles. Supplies of food and clothing began at once to come in from many neighboring places, and many telegrams were received saying, "Draw on us," for certain sums.

The earliest contributions were from the places nearest, as would naturally be expected. In Hudson business of all kinds was suspended, except the getting together of every imaginable necessity for the suffering neighbors at New Richmond. Ladies accompanied the men who came in the forenoon, ready to do anything and everything that could afford comfort and relief. River Falls, also, sent delegations of ladies, who were acquainted, and who, like the Hudson friends, distributed necessary articles of every

description, "not tied with red tape," as they cheeringly stated, and placed with an idea of the "eternal fitness of things." Stillwater's promptness in sending aid by team and by train was early in evidence, and with untiring energy its citizens and ladies canvassed their city, street by street, vying with each other for the greatest amount of money and supplies. They drew on their business, manufacturing and milling companies, societies and churches, giving enthusiastic entertainments, and their laborers came by the scores to work. Cumberland and other cities turned in their Fourth of July funds, and from the head of the lakes came interested delegations by earliest trains, to see what their communities could do. At Eau Claire a relief meeting was held, and by noon Mayor Douglas, a corps of physicians, and other citizens with supplies left for New Richmond. They came organized and equipped to aid in the search for bodies. They brought their own food supply and boarding cars for their men. This was a thoughtful provision, for it was soon apparent that it was taking as much food, perhaps more, to feed the people who came from other places than the real inhabitants. This led to charging strangers for lunches, and turning the proceeds over to the relief fund.

The Red Cross societies of the Twin Cities and representatives of civic bodies and commercial clubs soon arrived to ascertain where and how they could do the most service. The Masons, in grand session at Milwaukee, took up the matter of relief, and made ar-

rangements to give all Masons in the state a chance to assist their members, also sending a sum for immediate distribution. It would be impossible to even refer to all the offers of help and materials sent, except in general to say that we seemed to be surrounded by waves of charity at high tide. There were examples of lavish generosity, of tender and sympathetic giving, and of self-denying benevolence, all helping to relieve distress.

During the day the governors of Minnesota and Wisconsin corresponded each with the other, the telegrams reading as follows:

"Hon. Edward Scofield, Governor of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.:

"Our people are doing everything in their power to alleviate the distress and suffering at New Richmond. Have you anything to suggest that I might do to further relieve the situation?

"JOHN LIND,
"Governor."

"Hon. John Lind, Governor of Minnesota, St. Paul, Minn.:

"I thank you and the people of Minnesota, on behalf of people of Wisconsin, for your efforts to alleviate distress at New Richmond. I think we have now on the way help sufficient to meet the immediate necessities of the occasion.

"EDWARD SCOFIELD,
"Governor of Wisconsin."

Major M. R. Doyon, as a representative of Governor Scofield, arrived in the afternoon, bringing the information that an appeal had been made to the people of the state. The following is the governor's proclamation:

"Madison, Wis., June 13.—A terrible calamity has overtaken the city of New Richmond, in St. Croix county. Practically all of the business portion of the city and more than half of the residence portion has been wiped out by a cyclone. It is reported that 100 people are dead and as many more are seriously injured, and assistance is greatly needed. The merchants have no stocks left, and food and shelter for the injured is the first necessity. I appeal to the generous spirit of the people of Wisconsin to meet promptly the demand thus made upon their sympathy. Already surgeons have been sent to assist the local physicians, and help to bury the dead will be supplied, but in every city in the state a relief committee should be organized, and all supplies or money collected should be sent as promptly as possible to Maj. M. R. Doyon, at New Richmond, whom I have appointed to take charge of receiving and disbursing the relief until such time as the local committees are able to do it.

"EDWARD SCOFIELD,
"Governor of Wisconsin."

At New Richmond crowds of people filing along through the open spaces, regardless of the location of streets, viewed the curious effects which had been produced upon objects and residents, noting also the

strange expressions of features which we ourselves remarked. They asked eager questions, and sought explanations in regard to the situation "before the cyclone." They reflected afterwards upon the singular fact that so few of the inhabitants had been seen to weep. Once in a while a wail or a groan was heard; sometimes a too-burdened heart would give way; but the rule was to speak of everything quietly and in a rather subdued manner. It is related that, when one woman fell to weeping at the church, another equally afflicted said: "We must not cry. We must work now. There will be a long time for us to cry afterwards."

Crews of men were constantly tossing over the heaps of debris in search for bodies, and gradually the list of missing ones diminished. Not as many strangers were found as had been feared would be the case. Mr. Patton, Mr. W. Bixby, Mrs. Hawkins, Walter Hawkins, Patrick Goheen, Mr. Nicholas Parden, Mr. John Prior, Mr. Carl Larsen of Baldwin and the infant child of Mrs. McGrath were among the later ones recovered. At the close of the third day the number of known dead, including those who had died in hospital, was one hundred and seven. There were four unidentified still lying at the churches, and some known almost certainly to be in the ruins had not been found. The water was drawn off from the mill-pond, and a careful investigation made, but though there were numerous articles imbedded in the mud, no bodies were brought to light.

It was announced that services would be held at the remaining churches on the Sabbath. The Catholic church was in fair condition, considering all that had taken place there during the week; but the Congregational church showed very plainly its shaking up and the damage sustained on account of being broken and twisted by the storm. Its cupola and bell lay in the street. Its benches and floor dismantled of cushions and carpets, its defaced ceilings and its damp and death-suggesting atmosphere were a contrast to its usually cozy and attractive interior. This was the only Protestant American church left in the city, and here a goodly number of people assembled, forgetting fine differences in doctrine, and in thankful mood for life and limb.

We were all too somber of spirit to smile at the nondescript uniforms in which many were obliged to appear; still, in the retrospective view of ourselves, we cannot help including in the list of things for which we should be devoutly thankful the non-existence of a snap-shot of the congregation. There was a noticeable absence of gloves and finery of all kinds. Perchance a warm jacket hid a too grotesquely fitting waist, alongside a more suitable cotton outfit. But the nixie of feminine criticism crept shamefaced to the wall. A few men properly attired gave dignity to the assemblage, and others in wammuses and overalls, contented themselves with such crumbs from the tables of the sanctuary as reached the region of the outer doors, and retired from sight previous to the

benediction. The words of the preacher were good, not overfraught with the lessons to be drawn from the experiences which had come to us, but rather of a soothing and sustaining nature. We came out into the bright sunshine and faced again the blankness of life, the cluttered streets, the curious sightseers and the disquieting thought of our future temporal life. The good Father provides for us the "heavenly mansions." This life, with all its requirements for our frail bodies, and the super-imposed burdens of a refined civilization, gives ample opportunity for the sufficient perfection of our spiritual natures to make us fit to dwell therein. The simple path of duty is not always quite plain.

To-day, in spite of the out-cry of the conservative ones, men and teams were at work. One plain-spoken man was told he should take time to be grateful for mercies vouchsafed to him. "True," he said, "I have my family, and I am thankful, but what on earth I am going to do with them is more than I can tell. We can live outdoors this summer, but winter gets around pretty soon again in this country, and I must clean up and get a roof of some kind over us. I have no money, and must do most of the work myself." The majority, however, made some recognition of the day.

CHAPTER VII.

Stories of the Participants.

The story has been told and retold, yet it has not been half told. It was a slice of the day of judgment.

—*W. F. McNally.*

Oh, did the angels in Heaven, then
Hide their faces and turn away—
Fold their white wings and crouch in fear—
Turn away and forget to pray?
Surely the hearts of the angels then
Shivered and quivered to hear those cries
Wailing up from the desolate earth,—
Crying for mercy from God's black skies!

—*Chas. J. Phillips.*

Douglas Reid says: "The storm came along Paper Jack creek, running toward the northeast. It struck us from the southwest, somewhat west of south. Our house was eighty rods south and a little west of Mrs. Dayton's. I watched the cloud until it got to Alex. Russell's red house, one-half mile from us, and in a direction west of south. It was then a dense cloud, near the earth, and rolling toward the earth,

under and backward, taking up everything. I watched it until my wife called me to come into the cellar. It was densely dark where it came in contact with the earth and lighter above. I did not observe the funnel shape. My family were all in the cellar except James. He was on his way home from business, and went into a cellar in town.

"Our house went off altogether. The first indication that it was going was the bricks falling into the cellar onto the children. The house went entirely to pieces. Parts were found in Mr. Beebe's yard, about half a mile away, though for fifty yards or more toward the northeast a considerable number of pieces were found. Some articles of silverware were found east. It seemed as if the house had burst to pieces in the air. Parts of it were found a mile distant. Our barns were destroyed, one Jersey cow killed and one injured, and one horse killed. Chickens were picked clean of feathers. I picked up six or eight dead chickens to bury them. The rest were carried off with the chicken house. Near the house were nine boxelders, three large elms, nine maples, several balm of Gileads, in height averaging twenty-five or thirty feet. None were left standing."

As Mr. Reid was stooping over his children a large rock, weighing over one hundred pounds (weighed afterwards), rolled swiftly across his shoulders and back. He was lame for weeks afterward, and his nerves in a shattered condition, although he sustained no serious flesh wounds.

Mrs. Dayton called her daughter and Miss Howe of Amery, who was visiting there, to hasten to the cellar. The young ladies were engaged in making candy, and a tempting supper was spread, which they did not wish to leave; but the call was imperative, and probably saved their lives, as the next moment the house appeared sailing up in the air, and then burst like a sky rocket. It was a modern house, three stories high, and built compactly; this is, without ells or additions.

Practically everything was destroyed, including a fine library belonging to Hon. Jas. Johnston, Mrs. Dayton's brother. Mrs. Dayton and her daughter were not injured, but Miss Howe was so badly hurt upon the knee by a falling rock that she could not walk. Mrs. Dayton carried the young lady across the fields to Mrs. Webster's. Others from that vicinity met her, among them Mrs. Willard Wells, whose husband was even then dying in the ruins of the W. S. Williams' store. She did not learn of his fate until morning, so great was the difficulty of locating people to give information.

A sorry and bedraggled little band, these people fled from the ruins of their homes, a counterpart of the many neighborhood groups that flocked together and made their way to homes whose doors were open to them, there to find an aggregation of troubles which made each feel the unimportance of his own.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster had seen the cloud approaching. Mr. A. B. Clifton, Mrs. Webster's father,

was in the next yard, milking his cow. Mr. Webster called to him to go inside, but he was anxious to finish milking, and did finish, and drove his cow into the yard. He did not appear to be frightened. Mrs. Webster called again: "Father, I wish you would go in." Then Mr. Webster shouted, as the cloud came nearer and the roar grew louder: "Get into the cellar!" They got in just in time to be there when the cloud passed over. After coming up Mrs. Webster went first to see if her father and mother had been injured. She found their home in ruins, but themselves practically unhurt. Then hearing a scream she ran toward Mrs. Cosgriff's home, and saw Mrs. Cosgriff lying on the ground apparently in great agony. "Oh, I'm killed! I'm killed!" she kept saying. Mrs. Webster spoke some words of pity to her, but felt helpless to do anything for her, as she was too large to be easily lifted. Mrs. Webster placed her white apron over Mrs. Cosgriff's head, and Mr. Clifton and Mr. Webster took her into the kitchen and laid her on the floor, upon a feather bed. Mrs. Cosgriff said: "Oh, Mrs. Webster, put me right into your own bed. I will pay you big." But it was impossible to get her into the bedroom. As soon as it could be done, a bed was made for her in the parlor, and her son and his wife from Warren, and her nephew, from Chippewa Falls, came in the early morning and helped lift her. She handed Mrs. Webster a little bag which she had tied around her neck, in which she said there was $550. Mrs. Cosgriff was badly bruised all over her

MAIN STREET IN NEW RICHMOND, WIS., LOOKING NORTH FROM THIRD STREET, JUNE 15, 1899.

VIEW SHOWING THE ASSEMBLAGE OF THE THRONG OF SPECTATORS AS ONE OF THE DEAD BODIES WAS RECOVERED AND BROUGHT TO THE GUARD LINES.

body, and a piece of flesh was taken out of her leg below the knee. Mrs. Gross, her daughter and granddaughter were among the first to come in. Mrs. Gross found it difficult to breathe. It seemed as if the rain and wind had taken her breath away, or made her weak. She said she had eaten her supper after the storm came up, and would have had plenty of time to pack her best things in a trunk and take them down cellar if she had known what was going to happen.

Mr. and Mrs. Macartney and daughter went to Mr. Webster's, and Mrs. Hollenback was brought in there shortly afterwards by Mr. Knowles, hurt about the eyes, and with other bruises. She had sent her youngest son, about nine years of age, to the market, and he had not yet been found. The market where he was supposed to be was burning, but she did not know this then.

These are Mrs. Webster's words: "Mrs. Hollenbeck was laid on the sitting-room floor, on a rug, until I could get my own bed ready. Then we put her there. Frank, her eldest son, was with her. Mason was not found until morning. He had been at home, sick. Lillie Henessey, about five years of age, was brought in and laid on the couch. She was a sweet little girl, and very patient. She said, 'Take me up.' I would gladly have done so, but was busy waiting upon all. Afterwards she said, 'Carry me'; but I thought she was too badly hurt to be taken up. She spoke once more, asking for water. I brought

her some water, but she could not drink. She died in about three hours. Her father came in before she died. After she had been taken away we put Nellie Padden on the couch. Then we arranged to put Miss Padden in the bed with Mrs. Hollenbeck and put Freddie Early on the couch. The doctors operated on him in the morning, removing a piece of steel from his head about a finger long. He lived but a short time afterwards."

The Clifton home stood in the next row of houses north of Mrs. Dayton's, but there was considerable intervening space. The grove of trees about the house was noticeable, having been set out by one of the earliest settlers. As Mr. and Mrs. Clifton heard the noise of the storm and saw their house wrenched and twisted above their heads, they had, after a long residence in this county, their first experience with a so-called "cyclone." In the southwest corner where they stood there was less damage than elsewhere, although next to the storm. The kitchen, a large pantry on the east, and a porch, extending the entire length of the north side of the house, were torn off, with other portions. The floor dropped eight inches on the side where the porch had been, and lay in waves on account of being warped by the rain. The house was unroofed and the walls and the contents of the upper part destroyed by water. The barn and carriage house were blown down, and a sleigh and top buggy broken to pieces. The horse was carried about forty rods to the southeast, and

found dead, and partly buried in the mud in a small ravine. He had apparently struck feet first, as his hind legs were driven into the ground up to his gambles, and he was still hitched to his post. The Cliftons considered themselves fortunate in having any portion of their house left, damaged as it was, and were thankful for their lives, as on each side of them buildings had been entirely destroyed. That part of Mr. Webster's barn which went down was directly west of them, the Scott and Cosgriff homes were directly east, and the Simcox home directly north. The cost of repairing a home wrecked as this was is about as much as the value of the house, and it is not, when repaired, as good as before. Then there is the total loss of barn and outbuildings, household goods, horse and vehicles, and, what is irreparable, the destruction of shade trees of many years growth. Following is a list of trees destroyed on the Clifton place, as stated by Mr. Clifton: Eleven pines, of which six were thirty-five feet high, and five twenty feet high; four apples, fifteen feet high; ten plums, twelve feet high; ten soft maples, twenty feet high; eight box elders, twenty feet high; one butternut, twelve feet high and three black ash, six feet high.

Mrs. Maggie McDermott, a daughter of Mrs. Ellen Stevens, made an anxious search for her mother. Mrs. Stevens was a widow, and lived next door to Mrs. Cosgriff. After a long and fruitless search, Mrs. McDermott came to Mrs. Webster's for a suit of dry

clothing, saying that she thought she would be obliged to put on a man's suit, because it was so difficult to make her way along in a woman's dress. She was given dry clothing, and again went out. In the meantime Mr. Webster and Mr. Lotz had found Mrs. Stevens, lying about half a block southeast of where her home had been. She called several times: "Maggie! Maggie!" as the men approached. They lifted her up gently, but she at once expired, before "Maggie" came. It is supposed that the mother had made the tea ready, and was expecting her daughter to come to tea at about the moment the house was taken away.

The situation of the Gross home was such that it was possible to see across the prairie some distance toward Boardman. Mr. Gross was not at home. The other inmates of the household, consisting of Mrs. Gross, her daughter and granddaughter, saw clouds in the sky before sitting down to supper. The cloud then seemed to be some distance away, and was apparently higher than the tree tops across the street. It rained some, and then hailed, and as the air was becoming heavy and dark, Mrs. Gross said she expected a heavy hail storm. The granddaughter said: "Oh, grandma; I want some hailstones. Can't I get some out here?" "No," said Mrs. Gross. "Don't open that south door, because I think the wind will blow from that direction. After awhile we can get some." All had left the table and were looking out. Mrs. Gross then returned to the table

and finished her supper, the girls remaining at the windows. Then Miss Gross remarked: "Why, this is queer hail." Upon examination the hail stones were discovered to be sharp cornered, instead of spherical. They were like pieces of cut ice. Mrs. Gross then thought there might be a severe hail storm, and advised the young people to keep away from the windows, as they might be broken on the south side. She advised them to go to the other side of the house. Then a rumbling sound was heard, and some one at first remarked that it was a train, but they soon decided otherwise, and went to the cellar, first placing some valuable papers and other articles in a hand satchel and taking it with them. After placing the girls as safely as possible, close to the southwest side of the cellar, Mrs. Gross went back up stairs twice; first, to take some bread from the oven, and carry it down cellar; then again to lock the front door. The last time, as she passed the south window on her way back to the cellar, she stopped and looked out. The cloud was then close behind Mr. Clifton's house, rolling and tumbling violently. In color it was like a dense, dark smoke. It was near the ground, and spread far to the east, and was approaching rapidly.

"I saw Mr. Clifton," says Mrs. Gross, "west of his house, on his way in with the pail of milk, and was afraid he would not get in. I felt the pressure of the wind through the glass, and amid the roaring I heard a wild, shrill, whistling sound, like the scream

of a steam whistle. I ran down cellar, and dodged under a box. The girls put their heads behind a heavy barrel."

The house was taken up bodily, carried to the southeast, and broken into splinters. The young people climbing nimbly out of the cellar, one saying, "Let's get out of this." Mrs. Gross climbed out, and walked along, and not making out just where she was, narrowly escaped falling into the well, from which the top had been taken, level with the little piece of walk next to it. A quick warning from her daughter saved her from taking the next step, which might have proved a fatal one. They picked up some comforters, and just as they had them in their arms the cold wave of wind and rain literally took them off their feet, and made them gasp for breath. Cuddling down on the ground together, and covering up with the comforters, they waited for the rain to cease; but it kept on so long that they at last got up and waded across the street to Mr. Webster's.

There were two organs standing in the west room of the Gross residence,—one belonging to Mrs. Simcox, of which the mirror and two or three spindles were found a block away; of the other only a little strip, on which were the stops, was ever seen. One carpet from this house was found two blocks to the northeast. All dishes were broken, but a glass vinegar cruet came out whole, with the vinegar in it.

Mr. Gross was at Rice Lake during these occurrences. The proprietor of the hotel where he was

stopping heard of the cyclone on Monday evening, but kept the news from Mr. Gross until next morning, knowing that he could not get to his family until Tuesday. What a sight met his eyes when he arrived! The anxiety of people who heard the news of havoc and death and were delayed in getting here was something hardly to be imagined. When Mr. Gross arrived, Bernard Webster also got off the train. There was little use in asking questions of the crowds at the improvised station. Both ran at their greatest speed to their homes. Fortunately for them, none of their immediate families had received bodily injuries.

Mrs. Anthony Early was visiting at her father's house, near the cemetery, which is in the southeastern part of the city. Her mother was not well, and Mrs. Early had busied herself attending to affairs about the house and waiting upon her mother until it was too late to reach home. Mr. Hennesy and his son, whose daughter Alice or Lillie was at Mrs. Early's home, came into the yard in his buggy when it was seen that the storm was right at hand. After a few moments of suspense and anxiety, enhanced by the separation from their families, Mr. Hennesy and Mrs. Early started out in the buggy to look for their children. When they picked their way along and saw some people lying on the ground, Mrs. Early says she seemed to lose her feeling. Her brother became confused, and they could not tell where her house had been. They drove over to the E. J. Thompson house, then decided to go back to their father's.

The elder Mr. Hennesy went on to locate the house. There were found sights too dreadful for a wife and mother to behold, but she soon followed to attend to the survivors of her family. Mr. Early was not there; that was all she knew about him. But women could not give way to their feelings. There were so few to care for the wounded that they had to strain every nerve to keep up and keep at work. The Early home was a large new one, situated about two blocks south and two blocks west of the business portion. The cellar had been partitioned off into different rooms by board partitions. Those who were in the cellar were Lizzie, Rosella, Alice and Fred Early, Miss Nellie Padden and Lillie Hennesy, nieces of Mrs. Early. The house all went, and the matched board partitions were ripped to pieces and taken out of the cellar. Even the chimney was moved from its foundation, and the bricks deposited outside the foundation wall. Along here the upward suction was immense. Fred Early, Lillie Hennesy, Miss Padden and Rosella Early were severely hurt. Fred's wound (upon the head) was the most serious. Miss Padden's arm was broken. Mr. Beal, Mr. Farrell, Mr. Hathaway and Mr. Irving Lotz were soon on the ground to help. The three first mentioned gentlemen had lived in the vicinity of the Early home. The last, Mr. Lotz, lived on Second street, near the Catholic church, and west of the destroyed portion, but had taken his family into the cellar for safety. He had ventured out in time to see the house of John Clark go up. He called to his

wife that they could come up, as the cyclone had passed. He saw the cloud tearing along toward the northeast, black and rolling, while behind it he saw the light shining on the ruins it had left. In his shirt sleeves, without vest or hat, he started and ran to John Clark's. There he saw them just taking out Mrs. Clark. Seeing that men were already at work there, he ran on to the Early place. Lizzie was out of the cellar, and had little Alice in her arms. Fred was lying on the foundation. He could not see. Mr. Lotz said: "Do you know me?" and he thought Fred knew him after awhile. Miss Padden seemed the most overcome. Presently the second wind sent the light fragments flying again, and the rain began to pour down upon this wounded and dying group. By kneeling above them Mr. Lotz tried to shelter them. Amid the gloom, the voice of prayer was heard from childish lips in the words they had been taught to use, in the home now shattered by the winds of heaven. Could anything be more pitiful? The father missing, the mother ranging the streets distracted and unnerved, and unable to find the spot where home had been! Presently Mrs. Farrell came and took Rosella and Alice Early with her to the shelter of a lilac bush which remained in Miss Clapp's yard. There she had collected a mattress and some pieces of bedding, to cover the little band of waifs whom she had found in different places, and was trying to keep them as well as she could from being chilled through by the rain. Lizzie Early recalls the

sight of the row of homeless little ones, holding hands, and happening to be arranged "like steps," each one shorter to the end of the line. She remembers how they went along stumbling over the timbers and fallen trees, now up, now down, still clinging to each other, poor little frightened creatures, until they were all gathered together by the lilac bush. "Things seemed so queer; as if we were not ourselves," Lizzie said, "but as if we were acting in some story, and did not know what was coming next."

Mr. Lotz thought it would be best for all to try to go somewhere to get under cover. But Lizzie did not want to leave the place until her father was found. She thought he must still be in the cellar. Mr. Lotz made a careful search, but did not find Mr. Early. By this time Miss Padden had fainted. Mr. Lotz carried her and Fred, with the assistance of Mr. Roberts and Judge Hough, and Lizzie carried Lillie. The way was rough and the little burden so heavy for her that many times Lizzie almost sank by the way. But the little girl cheered her on, and directed where they should go. The wounds of Fred seemed bad from the first, but Lillie's did not appear to be so serious, though she was the first to succumb. It is thought that her death was largely the result of fright and shock.

When they had all reached Mr. Webster's place, the next important thing was to secure the services of a physician. Eddie Desmond, who was one of Fred's friends, came as soon as he heard of his mis-

fortune, and made it his business to assist by watching for the trains and securing the first aid available. So Eddie watched and waited until he was successful in bringing some one to attend his friend. All that dreary night Mrs. Early longed for tidings of her husband. Would he never come? Could not some one bring some word? Meanwhile her time was occupied in waiting upon the other members of her family.*

In the morning, when the inmates of the dwellings left standing west of town could see far out across the lots lying to the eastward, a lady, looking from her door, saw a young woman wandering about the streets, weeping bitterly. Half timidly, and with apparent uncertainty which way to turn, she went first in one direction and then in another. Moved at the sight of her grief, the lady went to her, and asked if she could render any assistance. "Oh," moaned the girl, "I want to find my father! My brother is dying. Oh, if I could only find my father!" Not being able to offer any consolation, so overcome was she by the knowledge that the girl's father had been found dead, the lady said little, but her heart ached for the bereaved girl as she went down the street to where lay the ruins of her home. For a long time she sought, looking under and around every heap; then slowly returned and went to where lay her injured brother. In a short time she was seen following a couch, carried by two men. They were taking the

*See account of Mrs. Webster.

boy to the hospital train, after the operation, which it had been hoped would save his life. But fate had decreed that he should be another victim of the cruel storm. The feeble hand of man was powerless to save. He was placed on the car and even started on the way to St. Paul, but it was soon realized that he would not live to reach the end of his journey, and he was brought back. As he was being carried from the train for the last time he said "Mother!" and passed away.

After Mr. Lotz had helped the Early family, he went on toward the southeast, and helped others.* Returning toward the north, he found the bodies of three young ladies whom he supposed to be the Misses Hawkins and Miss Ring, in different places. One was in the street, under a timber, which he moved with the assistance of another man, whose name I have not learned. Another was further towards the Omaha depot, only her face being visible before he moved what had fallen upon her body, and the last was lying across the railroad track. They placed these bodies near together. Mr. Lotz then went on toward the north, and assisted various persons. He heard nothing said about down town, as every one was finding all he could do, and not talking much; but on asking the question, "How are things down town?" received as answer, "Everything is flat." As he neared Mr. Brass' cellar he heard a woman's voice from there calling: "Mr. Bell! Mr. Bell!" This

*See the finding of Mrs. Ellen Stevens.

proved to be Mrs. Germain of Somerset. She had recognized Mr. Lotz as being the man she had seen driving the Bell market wagon. She was badly injured, and it hurt her to be moved. She and Mr. Stone's boy, who appeared to be stunned, were carried to Mr. E. J. Thompson's house. Mrs. McGrath was also there, having her wounds dressed. Thence Mr. Lotz went down to the W. S. Williams store, and assisted there. Here he found a coat, which afforded him welcome covering.

So far as learned only the family of Mr. Richards had any special provision for a place of refuge in case of wind storms. Mr. Richards says that he had read of people being saved by going into cyclone cellars, and had made a sort of cave in the side of his cellar to be used in case of need. His wife and daughter availed themselves of this place of refuge.

Mrs. Richards says: "My daughter and I had just returned from town, and as it was warm and sultry, we had changed our clothes, and put on thin ones. When I looked at the clouds, it seemed as if they came down to earth and then rose again. I heard a terrible roaring, and wondered if it were the cars; but going to the door again found the noise proceeded from the clouds. My daughter and I went into the cellar. In a moment the house was gone. As I was trying to get out a large timber hit me on the head, and the next I remember Maud had got me out and on the ground. I said to her, 'I am dying.' She said, 'Oh, mamma! Don't die! Don't die!' She found

a battered tin pail, and got some water in it, and washed my face. Mr. Wells came, and found a sack of flour, which he put under my head. I began to feel better. Then Mr. Bushnell and Mr. Albee came, and took me to Mr. Bushnell's house, and my daughter followed with difficulty, in the face of the wind and rain. I shall never forget the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Bushnell, and, above all, that of my Heavenly Father, who has been so merciful as to spare our lives. My prayer is that this great calamity may be the means of drawing us all nearer to him."

Mrs. T. L. Rutty relates the following: "We went to the cellar. Hazel, our little daughter, aged nine, went down first. Mr. Rutty was on the platform at the head of the stairs, and I was part way down when the house fell. I was so completely buried that I could not stir nor see anything. I prayed, 'Oh, Lord! spare our lives,' until I smelled the smoke, and then I prayed, 'Lord, take us quickly before we burn to death!' I had a big fire in the range, which had been thrown over our heads into the cellar with us. I heard Hazel making a strange noise, between a shriek and a groan, perhaps like the noise sometimes made by a person in a terrible nightmare, full of fright and terror, then I heard Mr. Rutty say, 'Where is your mother?' 'Oh, I don't know; I don't know,' she cried. I called as loud as I could, but they did not hear me. I shall never forget the horror of that awful time. It seemed hours, but of course it could not have been, when I heard another

voice. It was Mr. Childs. He is a poor, frail, sick man, but he worked until he got me out. Mr. Rutty helped, but he had had a bad blow on the head, and was somewhat dazed. I could only be gotten out limb by limb, because of the thickly packed fine debris around me. At last Mr. Childs assisted me out by my placing my left arm around his shoulder (my right arm was hurt so I could not use it), placed me on a timber that projected out of the cellar, and I crawled along up on it. When I got on my feet he left us to help others. We met him afterwards, helping Mr. Doty along. Hazel had disappeared. Mr. Rutty said: 'There are some houses standing toward the west. I think we had better go that way.' We intended to go west, but instead went directly east. There was a providence in that, because if we had gone west we should have stepped into our cistern, all uncovered and full of water. We thought of going to Mr. Kibbie's, but saw the house was badly shattered, so we went to Mr. Schuer's, where we saw others going in. Old Mr. Early lay on the floor, and Mr. Rutty lay beside him through the night. They found a chenille curtain to put around me, but I could not get dry clothes that night. The house was damaged, and nearly everything wet. I was chilled through. Mr. Early complained of the cold, and at intervals called to Mr. Rutty: 'Well, comrade, how are you?' In the morning Mr. Rutty got up and sat in a chair, and when Mr. Early's friends came in, he

said: 'I had a comrade beside me last night; where is he?' During the night he had lifted up his voice and prayed: 'Oh, Lord! Thou hast shown me many mercies; my life has been full of mercies. Now, oh, Lord! grant me the mercy of taking me to thyself.' He was 'called home' a day or two afterwards. He was the father of Mrs. Hawkins.

"We didn't know where Hazel was, and it was useless to try to find anyone that night. In the morning Mr. Rutty went to the church to look for her, fearing that she was among the injured or dead. There he found out where she was. She told us afterwards that she crawled out through a little hole, and saw her papa sitting down holding his head. She did not hear me call. Then she had wandered until someone found her whom she knew, and she went with them. Although I had smelled the smoke before I was taken from the cellar, on looking back and seeing the fire streaming up I did not realize that I saw my own house burning. I thought of it as some other person's house. I could not locate myself, and was surprised when I saw the ruins burned."

Mrs. Rutty felt such a horror of this place (her old home) after her experience that she did not wish to rebuild on the spot.

Mr. Early, father of Mrs. Hawkins, recollected the circumstance of Mrs. Hawkins opening the door when he sat on the porch and urging him to come in. He wanted to take one more look at the cloud, and said so; then went in, and Mrs. Hawkins closed

A WIDOW'S ALL.

THE DOTY HOME.

the door. That was all he remembered until he "came to" at Mrs. Schuerer's. He was found north of the kitchen floor, which was moved to the northwest. Mrs. Hawkins was found further northwest, tangled in telegraph wire, and Walter still further north. It is not known whether Walter was at home at the time, or whether he had gone after his cow. The young ladies, the Misses Hawkins and Miss Ring, were seen by Dr. Sherman's family to pass the house running. Their parasols flew away from them. It is not known whether they reached their yard or not—probably not. It is only known that they perished. What can we say of a home deprived of its guiding star, its lovely home-makers, and its youngest child? Surely its light has failed!

The home of Mr. Hiram Warner was on the western side of the city. The blow came upon them so shortly after they noticed the cloud that they hardly realized what had happened. After the roaring was heard Mr. Warner went to the barn to see to his horses, and returning, went quickly down cellar. Mr. Bently, who was working there, thought the noise sounded like cars, but *Mrs. Warner's impression of the sound was that it was like that of a great waterfall. She noticed a hissing like that of rushing water. (Mrs. Bartlett, whose home was also on the west side, speaks of the hissing as being audible to her.) In about three minutes after the storm Mr. Warner went out again to see to his horses. The barn was gone from its foundations. It had apparently been struck from the

*Since deceased.

northwest, as a part of it was south of the house and a part of it further east, near the old schoolhouse, thus showing the direction of the whirl. The horses still had their halters on, tied to parts of the manger, which dragged on the ground. The old horse was on its feet, eating grass. The colt stood still, although somewhat injured. Miss Betsy Clapp's girl came over after Mr. Warner to take the rock off of Miss Clapp and Alex. Davis, her nephew, so they could get out. All had been in the cellar together. Miss Clapp's shoulder was injured or broken. You could not have told whether they were white or colored, they were so covered with mud. Miss Clapp's house was all gone. They went to Mr. Warner's, and stayed over night. Judge Hough's and Mr. Doty's folks were here also. Mrs. Hough was considerably injured, and was taken to Minneapolis after a day or two.

Judge Hough's statement I have not been able to secure in his own writing, because he says I could not read it. He claims rivalry in this particular with only one honored gentleman in this congressional district, and says he can't read his own writing. "But," he says, "I will tell you one thing: I am willing to own that I was frightened. Some say they were not, but to see such a looking cloud and to hear such a noise was enough to frighten anyone. I was driving my cow home, and Mr. Taft's folks called me in. I saw that I could not reach home, though I would have done so if I could, because my wife was

all alone. But I reasoned that she would be wise enough to get into the safest place she could find, and that I could not help her any by starting out, as in all probability—all human probability—I should have been killed on the way. So I went in with Mr. Taft's folks. The noise seemed to me like that of an old-fashioned mill wheel, only very much intensified." Mr. Hough left his cow in the road, and when he came out of Mr. Taft's cellar, and hastened home to see how his wife had fared, he saw a cow, as he supposed, on her knees, apparently in the act of lying down. When he returned for the cow she was in the same position. On going up to her he found her fore legs driven into the ground. She was dead, but had not fallen over. Several articles of toilet ware left in his house had been on a washstand. The stand was carried off, but the crockery was left entire. There was nothing left of the Taft buildings. They were all carried along—no one knows whither.

Mr. and Mrs. Doty had fled to their cellar, but a horse and an outhouse were thrown in upon them, inflicting serious injuries upon Mr. Doty. Thus it seemed that their only chance for safety failed them. Many weeks of suffering for one and of patient watching for the other ensued. To Miss Minnie Doty, their daughter, fell the task of trying to pick up a few articles which remained. They were a little aside from the main guard line, and she could not leave her findings unguarded without losing them.

Mr. Charles Price says: "I left the Constance farm

before the second blow came up. I could see that the houses were gone along where the Tafts had lived. I went first to the Childs' place, where I had relatives, and found they had been in their cellar and were not harmed, but their house was gone. I then started north towards the fires. I heard groans, and looking into a cellar saw Mrs. McGrath. She was able to speak, but did not seem to know what had happened. She asked where her husband and children were. When I tried to assist her in getting out, her back seemed so badly hurt she could not easily rise. However, I got her out of the cellar. I saw the body of a young lady lying with the head to the east almost over the wall—just on the verge of falling off. Her head had apparently been hit by something very heavy and sharp, judging from the nature of the terrible wound. I straightened her out. I saw also the body of a child, about five years old. All the clothing was off except a light undershirt. I could not see a bruise upon the body. It was lying on the north side of a pile of splinters, apparently debris of the house. I placed this body on a board beside that of the young lady. I found some table linen and put over them. The two McGrath men were about forty feet from where the women lay. The one who was hurt least had the head of the other in his lap, and was dipping water from a hole in the ground and bathing his forehead. I saw I could not do more for them without help, so I went down town, and found Ed. Lynch, and asked him to come and help. On

my way back I heard a woman groaning. I think it was Mrs. Stack. She was doubled up so that her lower limbs were over her head. I straightened them down and saw a large zig-zag wound in her forehead. A two-by-four was thrust into her hip, from below upward, diagonally. We went to lift her on to a comforter, when she stopped groaning. One man placed his hand on her heart, and said, 'She is dead.' So we wrapped the comforter around her, and left her, in order to care for the living. We carried Mrs. McGrath into Mr. E. J. Thompson's house, then went back to see if we could help the men. One of them was walking when we came back; before that he had been sitting with his back against a timber. We placed the other one on a mattress in the wagon, and he was taken away. I then went down town and helped there. While I was helping there one boy was taken out alive and two dead. I found Mr. Constance about that time, so exhausted that he was not able to walk home. He had a cut on his head, but had come back here to work after he found his home safe, and had not noticed his wound until he was tired out. I took him home, and returned to work near the burning district. There were two or three men unknown to me taken out before I left, which was about twelve o'clock."

Mrs. McGrath and Miss Nellie McGrath, each taking a child, attempted to go to the cellar. Mrs. McGrath ran back to call Russell, and so they were a little late. Russell did not go with them. Mr.

Nick. McGrath lived west of Mr. William McGrath. His family stayed on the lowest floor, and did not try to go into the cellar. His house was taken up and moved west until it struck a tree, when the superstructure went to pieces, leaving the family unhurt on the floor. The family of Mr. William McGrath, living one-half block east, started for the cellar, but only reached the cellar door, when the house was dashed to pieces, and nearly all of them deposited in his brother's cellar, three being killed. The baby was not found until the next day. Russell McGrath, who was upstairs in bed, was blown one and one-half blocks southwest, and deposited in a neighbor's garden, unharmed. A singular feature in the case of these families was that they were carried westward, although on the western side of the center of the tornado.

Mr. Henry Beal was at his barn, milking. A lady who was boarding at his house saw the storm approaching, and said to the housemaid: "Tell Mr. Beal to come in. There is going to be a bad storm." Mr. Beal thought he would not come in until he had finished milking. The lady called to him again, and said he must come in, because there was a cyclone coming. More to please the women than because he was afraid, Mr. Beal went in, and just as he did so he saw Mrs. Dayton's house in the air, and before he got into the cellar his own house was lifted from its foundation for a distance, vertically, into the air. If it had gone diagonally he would have gone with

it. It went off clean and broke all to pieces. This was one of the largest and best furnished dwellings destroyed. Miss Beal, his daughter and housekeeper, was away from home at the time. What must have been her feeling at finding all her cherished household belongings swept away? Mr. Beal's business was also destroyed. He started up again with the aid of the relief committee, but after awhile sold out and went away. The remembrance of the cyclone was a constant menace to his peace of mind. Home and business were both too utterly gone, it seemed, to ever get back a home-like feeling. Most of the business men remained here, so his case seems an exceptional one.

Mr. B. C. Blancher gives his experiences as follows:

"My brother and I ran out of the cellar, stepping on glass at every step, and looked in the rear of the vast whirlwind, which seemed to work like a horizontal auger. I heard my wife saying, 'Oh, my poor mother!' whom she thought must certainly have perished. I started in search of her. I first beheld Dr. Epley's bald head coming up out of the ruins of his beautiful home. I said: 'Doc, how are your folks?' 'All right,' he said; 'How are yours?' I next saw W. S. Williams, with blood-stained face, surrounded by wife and daughter, looking for a doctor's office. I next came to the ruins of the Duffy corner, and found Mr. J. H. W. Lewis, mangled about the face in a shocking manner. The next thing I beheld was an

old man lying on his back in the middle of the street (or where the street had been), just breathing his last. On the W. S. Williams corner was a man with his head severed, and lying beside his body. I crossed the railroad track and crawled under the roots of a large cottonwood tree that stood in front of the Merchants Hotel ruins, to get sheltered from the drenching rain a minute. M. N. O'Brien came along, and inquired where his house was. I went with him, and we found his cellar, but could not find any trace of his family. I next saw Thomas Farrell and what was left of his family sitting under a piece of the roof of a house. The next sad sight was Mrs. Cosgriff, lying in the street, in a dying condition. I next arrived at the home of Mrs. Clifton (my wife's mother), and found the place in ruins and no trace of them. I then went to Byron Webster's, and found them all right. We started for my home ,and met with many sad sights. Among the saddest was Thomas Rowe, standing with head covered with a sheet beside his dead wife in the yard. When we reached home we found the house filled with dead and dying people, and were glad there were some houses and people left to care for the dead and dying. We all worked like demons all night, trying to rescue the injured from the flames that overtook some of our dearest friends and relatives before they could be rescued. The heart of the nation seemed to throb with sympathy for us in our troubles, as evidenced by the noble assistance they have rendered, especially our sister state, Minnesota.

Mrs. Blancher's brother, Mr. Elvin Levings, and his family were in the cellar of the Bell house, on the eastern limit of the storm, where it entered town. The entire house (a large one) was moved directly east, upon the foundation, three or four feet, a little further at the south end than at the north. Mr Levings' says he heard the grating sound, as near like the keel of a boat grating upon the shore as anything could be. There the house still remains. It was rendered uninhabitable, as the roof was carried no one knows where and every window broken in, except one on the northeast corner upstairs, besides being generally twisted. We have learned that the schoolhouse at Barron was also moved bodily several feet from its foundation, and done so nicely that a new foundation wall was built to it on each side instead of moving it back. It stood facing the same way, on a new site.

Rev. A. D. Adams, pastor of the Congregational church, says:

"The parsonage was not in the immediate track of the tornado, and trees concealed the storm center from view. The commotion in the clouds and the roar of the approaching storm, however, gave timely warning, and we found refuge in our cellar. A few moments of darkness and noise, and our suspense was over. The house had stood, but as we climbed from our refuge we found windows broken, doors burst open, our house filled and covered with mud and our lawn with debris. A few moments' exploration revealed the fact that our city had been visited by a terrible

tornado. Soon its first victim was led past our house, bleeding and torn, but the awfulness of the catastrophe was realized only when I reached the main street of the city, and found within the area of a square rod four prostrate people, one of whom was dead and three almost unconscious, all of one family, while among them stood a fifth trying to discover some means of protecting the injured ones from the torrents of rain which were falling. From across the street the cries and moans of others, buried under the ruins of a stone block, attracted attention for a few minutes, when I gave assistance in bearing to shelter one of the unconscious forms first seen. On returning from this service I stopped at the Congregational church, which had been only partially destroyed, and which had been already appropriated to receive the dead and injured. Here I placed myself under the direction of the surgeon (Dr. Epley), who was already present, and proceeded to procure designated utensils and articles for the care of the injured. One after another, in rapid succession, the helpless forms were borne in, until we became aware of the large number who would have to be provided for. The pews of the church were promptly torn up and room was made, till the vestibule and more than half the floor space of the auditorium were filled with dead and injured.

"The awfulness of that night of June 12, 1899, and of the next day, within our sanctuary, will never be forgotten. Physicians and nurses from neighbor-

ing cities soon joined efforts with those of our own city, under the direction, at the church, of Dr. Epley, in relieving the suffering and in preparing the wounded for removal to the city hospitals. Friends were constantly seeking among the dead and wounded for their missing ones, and many awful fears were realized. Slowly the row of dead lengthened, and, after those still living had been cared for and removed, demanded and received the attention of undertakers who had come to render assistance. All through the day following this work was prosecuted, and just as the evening sun was setting, the first interments were made, being those of two of the first fallen ones found mentioned above. On Wednesday the saddened processions were all day arriving at our quiet cemeteries. In rapid succession, and, for a time, several at the same time, the bodies were committed to their final rest.

"Only on Wednesday evening did I have an opportunity to look about the city, to see the extent and measure of the destruction of property. My heart failed me as I drove through the streets, so lately lined with pleasant and beautiful homes, shaded with graceful trees and neat with well kept lawns and inhabited with a happy and contented and prosperous people, and saw everywhere the utter and awful ruin.

"Through all this terrible experience the courage and self-possession and patient endurance of the many who lost everything but the clothes which they wore

have been admirable. Those who lost their friends took up the common burden, and strongly assisted the less severely afflicted and the many from neighboring country and town in discharging the necessary offices of the hour."

Mr. Lanphear had been waiting on a customer at Mr. Beal's store. The customer went to the door, opened it, and started back with a yell. Mr. Lanphear looked out and saw a house in the air. He snatched a string of bananas, and ran back into the store. He thinks the building must have fallen when he got about by the stove. It was found beside him, broken in pieces. There was a stick thrust into his chin so that he could not open his mouth, but he says he could yell. The character of the sound can perhaps be imagined, but was only one among many uncanny sounds heard during that awful night. Mr. Lanphear's family were among the homeless ones. the Merchants' Hotel, which they kept, having been taken just the moment the family had got below the floors. Getting out on the street, and finding only a heap of rocks where the store had been, Mrs. Lanphear's daughters were frantic. They could do nothing, and were led to a place of shelter. Bennett Arnquist heard the "yells" proceeding from the pile of stones, and looking there could see just a blood-covered face surrounded by rocks, with the floor and some broken boards lying on top of the pile. He ran back to the residence of Mr. W. S. Williams for an axe. The work of rescuing Mr. Lanphear was very slow

on account of the weight of the debris by which he was covered. He was seriously injured by being subjected to such enormous pressure, and sustained a number of severe flesh wounds as well.

E. J. Scott, editor of the *New Richmond Voice*, started for home at the usual supper hour, stopping at the dry-goods store of W. S. Williams on business. He left there, and got as far as the Merchants' Hotel; then realizing that the storm would overtake him before he could reach home, returned to the Williams store and sought shelter in the cellar. The building was of brick and stone, strong and well built, and contained a handsome double store. There were a number of clerks, shoppers and others in the store, who sought refuge in the basement. When the building fell Mr. Scott was pinned down so he could not move his head or hands, but could move the lower part of his body a little. He did not lose consciousness during the three hours that he remained in that position, a large rock pressing against his face, a sharp corner indenting the bridge of the nose and covering one eye. Two two-by-fours crossing back of his head held his neck as in a vise. He knew that the rescuers were working like tigers to get him out, and called out occasionally to let them know where he was. He heard continually the sound of a handsaw and the thumping of different things thrown off from the pile. He recognized the voices of several, among them Mr. Ball, Mr. M. S. Bell, Mr. Edwards and Victor Mosher. Something pressed heavily against his

chest, as if crushing his very frame, and the time seemed long. At last they got down near him, and first lifted out Walter Farrell, who was dead, and took him tenderly to his mother, who had been soothing the woes of others while she waited to learn the extent of her own affliction. Then they worked for Mr. Scott again. When it was seen that he would soon be taken out, some one, mindful of the long and tedious hours which had passed, and the efforts Mr. Scott had made in calling out to make known his whereabouts, judged he would be thirsty, and that even a poor substitute for a good drink of water would be welcome, and ran for a cloth, moistened with water, to wipe off his mouth. Mr. Scott, in the midst of the grime which covered everything and everybody—especially himself—provoked a smile by objecting to the cloth, because "it was dirty."

Meanwhile as Mrs. Scott was wondering where her husband was, and was unable to get any definite information, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts came in. They had but lately bought and furnished a large house in New Richmond, and moved into it, leaving their country home at Burkhardt's where they had lived a long time. Now they had reason to wish they had never left the farm.

Miss Emma Roberts opened the trap door for her father and mother to go into the cellar. After her parents had descended the door was drawn shut. Miss Roberts made a great effort to open the door, pulling hard upon the ring, which was such a one as is com-

monly attached to trap doors. At that instant she was taken off her feet and switched and thrashed about. She was carried up in the air with the house, and floated across the street with it while it was going to pieces, literally "about her ears." She arose with the ring still in her hand, surprised to find that she was not seriously injured. There was no part of the house left unshattered, but with many loads of new furniture it lay in a useless pile of splinters.

Russell McGrath was there, and told how he had been blown out of bed into the garden, and could not find his folks. Mrs. Farrell had put a comforter around him to keep him warm, and finally he got to Mrs. Scott's. He had been ailing, and had gone to bed early. After three long hours Mr. Scott was brought home. Mr. Scott's right arm, chest and neck were bruised and badly swollen for days, and his eyes in bad condition. The indentation make by the rock pressing against the bridge of the nose, flattening the face and drawing up the upper lip, had so changed his expression that Mr. Bartlett took occasion to guy him a little on the kind of face he wore. But Mr. Scott replied that he was thankful to have any face at all.

Mrs. Scott speaks in terms of warm praise of the work of the Red Cross nurses of St. Paul. The first one had to go unexpectedly when it seemed impossible to spare her, but was faithful and attentive while here. Miss McLoyd took her place, and remained several days, without going to bed, constantly keeping her post. They refused all pay for their services,

and worked as if for their very own. We cannot too earnestly thank these noble women.

Mr. Waldo Mosher describes his experiences as follows:

"I was in my room, changing my clothing. I heard the roaring, although not very plainly, as I was on the north side of the house. Hastily putting on some clothing, I closed the window and started down stairs. Just as I did so the glass broke, and as I reached the hall door a piece of plaster fell from the ceiling. As I went down I glanced out of the window, and saw the trees bent and broken toward the east. When I got down O. — W. — was looking out the south window. He had been standing there, looking out, during the passage of the cloud. I saw that the barn was moved, with all its contents, about fifty feet. Victor came very soon after from Dr. Epley's, and said, as he came in: 'Main street is flat!' I started for the elevator, across the railroad bridge, and noticed that the Nicollet House was down. The bridge which I had been accustomed to see at my right every day when I went to the elevator was gone. I felt sort of dazed. When I reached the elevator, about two blocks north, I saw that things were all right there, and turned right about and went back across the railroad bridge, and saw that I could look across everything on Main street. Then I thought of Mr. Hicks. I went to his home first, and found that he had not come. I started for Main street, and met some men bringing him. He was still alive, but nearly un-

conscious. I went back to prepare the family to receive him, and afterwards went to W. S. Williams' store, and helped get out Tom Haley. He was lying on the basement floor, his foot caught beneath the floor from above, which had dropped down. He was not seriously injured, but between his knees was Dominick Barrett, doubled over. He was quite dead. We worked at great disadvantage. The rocks were heavy, and for the small pieces of brick, plaster, etc., we had no shovels, and had to remove them with our hands. It was about half an hour after I got there before we got Haley out.

Thomas Haley: "I felt the building shake, as, like one in a dream, I staggered down the stairs. Something struck me, and I fell forward, senseless, on my face. When I recovered consciousness there was an awful weight upon me. When I cried for help only groans and moans mocked my efforts. I was in pitchy darkness. I felt around me, and found I was lying upon a dead body and beside me was another. At length I heard the voices of men coming to our rescue. When they had uncovered me I found that my life had been spared as if by a miracle, for the dead lay on each side of me. That morning, in my carelessness, I had let fall a bolt of sheeting in the basement. This carelessness had saved my life, for the bolt had prevented the beam which lay above me from quite reaching my head. My cousin and Mr. Fred Day were taken out first. My foot was imprisoned under a heavy weight, and was very painful. It seemed so difficult to get

my foot out that I would have been glad if they had pulled me out without it, rather than stay there longer and hear the crackling of flames. I shall never forget the joy I felt to breathe the blessed air again, and be once more on earth."

Miss Moran and Miss Butler went upstairs to shut the windows, then went immediately to the basement, and started to go to the south side where Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Miss Scott stood. Miss Lambdin was the last one down. She had lingered to attend to something in the office. It was thought that she had remained to put away the books and shut the safe, but the way these things were found did not appear to indicate that she had succeeded in doing so. When Miss Moran reached about the center of the basement, the lights went out, and all remained standing where they were, Miss Butler and Miss Lambdin to the north of Miss Moran and a little beyond the center of the room. Mr. Haley, a clerk, and a Mr. Day, a traveling-man, stood somewhat between Miss Moran and the other ladies. When Mr. Day was uncovered he lay with his head under Miss Butler's arm. He was badly hurt. She was dead. He remembered that she had been perfectly immovable from the time the lights went out, as if paralyzed with fear. Miss Lambdin did not utter a sound after entering the basement.

How many times I have wished that all the beautiful attributes of character could be pictured in some way, when I have been seeking information in regard to the last moments of these and others of our

most beloved. This is not to be, but many of us would deem it the highest tribute to memory of a woman to have it said, as we can say of them, "All who knew them were their friends."

Mr. Sydney Foster: "Mr. McCoy and myself were the only persons in the bank at the time of the cyclone. My attention was first arrested by its being so dark I could not see the figures I was at work on. I stepped to the window to ascertain the cause, when I discovered a cyclone was on us. I shouted to Mr. McCoy that a cyclone was coming. We both ran out of the front door, and just barely had time to turn the corner of the bank building, run into the alley and throw ourselves on the ground beside Mr. William Bixby's wooden building, when the cyclone with all its fury was on us. Instantly we were covered with debris. I could see flames, and knew if I did not dig myself out I should be burned to death. After what seemed a lifetime, I extricated myself, and immediately began digging for Mr. McCoy. The rain fell in floods and it was so dark that at times I could not distinguish him down under the debris. When I was finally able to get him out, I found his leg was broken. He was so heavy I could not lift and carry him to a place of safety, so I was obliged to drag him in that painful condition. He must have endured excruciating pain, but he quietly and bravely directed what to do and how to do it. When he was in a safe place from the fire, I started home, but what a sight met my eyes! One vast area of wreckage! I

was so bewildered I actually did not know where to look for my home, although I have lived in New Richmond twenty-three years, and am familiar with every nook and corner. When I did reach my home, I found my mother safe, she having taken refuge in the cellar on the approach of the storm. My father had tried to reach home when he saw the cyclone coming, and succeeded in getting within a few rods of the house when it caught him. He jumped from the wagon and dug his fingers in the grass and earth, and was pounded with every conceivable missile. He says he would say to himself, 'Can I stand another such blow?' and would nerve himself for the next, expecting each would be his last. When he was able to get up it was to find one of the horses he had been driving dead a few steps from him, his barn, hay, grain, cutter and carriage gone, and his house in ruins."

Miss Maud Tatro: "I was at the desk on the south side of the store. Mr. Keith, a traveling man, said: 'There's a cyclone coming. If you want to see it come here.' So Mr. Hicks and I went to the front end of the store and saw the wind coming. Mr. Hicks and Mr. Keith put up the awning, and I ran back into the store. I don't know why I didn't go down cellar then, but I didn't. They came in and shut the door, and things came sailing up the street. Mr. Hicks said: 'There goes my peanut roaster.' I thought things would probably fly round pretty lively outdoors, but I didn't think of a brick building going down. I went and stood in front of the show

cases, on the north side of the store. There was a pickle case and baskets of vegetables in a row between me and Mr. Keith, who stood in front of the south counter. Mr. Hicks stood near me, rubbing his left arm with his right hand, a habit he had when he was interested or a little excited. 'What shall we do?' I exclaimed. He looked at me and smiled, but didn't answer because he was listening to what Mr. Keith was saying. I had made up my mind that I would do just exactly as they did. Suddenly, without a word, Mr. Hicks turned as quick as a flash and started for the back door. I think he must have thought about home, and started for there, for he went out the door and was found later near the alley. I started to follow him, but then thought I wouldn't. The arc light went out before the back door slammed. I started to run toward Mr. Keith, but couldn't see him in the pitchy blackness. I didn't know what to do. I felt as if I was all alone in the most stifling darkness with that awful roar coming nearer and nearer. Just as it struck I turned, rested my elbow on the show case and put my hands over my face. The windows burst in. I saw the window and door casings and everything coming right at me (from the east), and a big wind took me right up and carried me back, I judged, about to where there was an opening between two counters, and then I sort of threw myself, thinking, perhaps if I could get between them I would be protected. I don't suppose they were there, but I just thought that might be a chance for

me. I threw myself with my right hand under my right cheek and felt things piling up around me. My left arm, straightened out, was pinned down to my left side, and I was all covered up tight. The first thing I did was to take a long breath to see if I was alive and could breathe. Then I was afraid a brick or something would fall into the hole, or wherever it was the air came in, and stop it. Then I wondered if the whole town was gone, and did some pretty lively praying for my mother and father. I tried to wiggle my fingers, but I couldn't move them nor my shoulders. I thought perhaps I could lift up some of the stuff piled on me, but I couldn't move a muscle. I heard people crying for help, so I called, and Mr. Keith asked if I was hurt, and said he'd get me out if I would wait. I heard him throwing brick and broken crockery away from him, and I kept hallooing so he wouldn't forget me. Then I smelled smoke, and knew the rubbish was on fire, and expected to burn to death. When they began to dig me out I could see the fire. They got me all out but one foot which was pinned down by a great joist. They sawed and chopped and pried, but couldn't budge it. The fire kept coming nearer. 'We'll have to chop your foot of,' they said 'or you'll burn to death.' 'No; don't chop it off; just try to pull me out once more.' 'It will pull your foot off,' they said. Then, as the fire grew hotter, I said, 'Well, pull it off, then,' and they all pulled me as hard as they could, and I came out. I thought my foot had been pulled off. It felt

like it, and I was very much surprised to see it on when I came out. Then two men carried me home. We got a little way, and I said, 'Well, do you know where you're going?' 'Yes,' they said. 'Well, I don't,' I said, for I couldn't imagine where we were, from the looks of things. The bricks and things falling on me had torn great chunks out of my shirt waist. I hurt my finger and had a number of scalp wounds,—nothing serious but my foot; but I could not step on that for two weeks."

Mr. Henry Constance: "I was in O. J. Williams' store. I knew the noise the minute I heard it. I've been in cyclones before (not in this part of the country, though). This is the fifth one, and I hope this is the last of its kind that I shall ever be in. I said: 'There's a cyclone coming, sure!' The others laughed at me, and one said: 'It's a train coming over Paper Jack bridge.' 'Well, you'll see in a minute,' I said, and sprang to the front door to look out. Miss Williams said: 'Oh, let's see it! Let us see it!' We had about three minutes to get down stairs. There were Miss Abbie Williams, Mrs. Cameron, Mr. Williams, Johnny Henry, his clerk, Sather, the tinner, Walter Brown and James Finnegan, farmers, and one or two others whose names I did not know, in the store (I can't say positively whether there were not one or two others), and myself. Henry, Brown and I went out to the edge of the sidewalk to look. I thought the cyclone was going to come across the south end of Main street. I says: 'Boys, we are

going to catch hell,' and I guess I was about right. I don't think I'll ever see anything nearer like it on this side of the grave. Then most of them started for the cellar. Mr. Williams went and turned on the lights, and I don't know where he went after that. He was in the cellar when I saw him next. Johnny Henry went to the south front door and shut it. Then he came to the north front door and tried to shut that, but I grabbed hold of it and put my foot in it so he could not shut it. I was leaning out, and wanted to go in. I saw the porch fly off the Farmers' Hotel, and saw Mr. Tobin's implement store starting, and yelled: 'Johnny, run for your life to the cellar', and ran after him, about twelve feet behind him, I think. Looking back, I saw the southeast corner of the building roll in. When I got to the stairway there were four or five people standing on the landing. The two ladies stood nearest the stairs. I heard the men urging them to go down. I put my shoulder against them and pushed them, thinking we would all tumble down the stairs together, but they parted and I fell through between them. As I was going I said: 'Jump for your lives.' Miss Williams said: 'Oh, I can't! I can't! I ——,' and the crash came. Something hit me and knocked me down on my face. It was very dark down there. I think I was somewhat stunned for a moment. Then I turned my head as I lay there, and saw a fire, about half as large as a waterpail. Then I got up. The stairs were there by my feet, and I crawled up toward the top, but my head hit what

seemed like a board surface. I think it was the partition that had been next the stairway. I crawled up again, hoping to reach the fire, as it looked so small I thought I could pull the sticks in and put the fire out. I could feel its warmth, but could not reach it. This time I heard a faint moan—very faint, and growing fainter. This was the only sound from the group that had been at the head of the stairs. None of them ever spoke after the crash. The north room of the basement which I was in was filled up with bricks from the north wall, and with timbers, hardware and other things. The floor was not taken off over the back end of the store, but was all broken in about two-thirds of the way on the front or east end. I worked my way out and lit several matches in order to see the way. I met Mr. Williams just inside the south room of the basement. He asked, 'Where is Abbie?' I said, 'She is pinned down top of the stairs, and there is a fire burning near. He said, 'Can't you help her out?' I said, 'I will do all I can.' We went out the outside door into the alley. By this time the fire looked about the size of a half barrel. Mr. Williams and I tried to put it out, but the more we tried the faster it burned. Then the wind came up and blew towards the stairway where the four or five people were. None of these people spoke. We remained there trying to pull the burning stuff away as long as we could. The wind blew it along so fast that all the stuff in the stairway blazed up fiercely. Then we went to where Mr. Hicks was

lying, and rolled the chimney off him. He lay across the partition wall, his head hanging over. His right arm was nearly severed, and his head was bruised. His face was as black as if he had been dragged in the road—probably mud or soot. Mr. Fink and his daughters came running from the front of the store. We were on the floor of Mr. Fink's store. A fire was well under way, near where his bake oven had been. The west wall of the O. J. Williams store fell out towards the west. Mr. Finnegan was picked up in the alley by Mr. Sather, near the fire. Mr. Finnegan cannot remember whether he was in the store when it fell or whether he was near the outer door. I went home after this to see if my family were all right and my house standing. I found but small damage done there, which was said to be caused by the second wind. I could not tell where I was when I started out, but took the general direction across and around the ruins toward the southwest. The only creature I noticed stirring on my way through town was a cow, chewing her cud as though nothing had happened."

Mr. Thomas Murphy of the town of Erin left the O. J. Williams store after the alarm was given, got his horse and buggy (standing on the street) and started for home. He intended to keep the horse going east by the Methodist church, but she turned north—perhaps drawn by the tornado, then just upon them. Mr. Murphy remembers being carried through the air, and was picked up nearly a block west of the Methodist church, his arm and leg broken. The horse was

stripped of harness, and lay dead some distance from him. The buggy could not be found.

The residence of Mr. J. R. Henderson, in the east half of the same block with the Methodist church, had its north side taken off, and household goods carried northeast. This appeared to have been done by a force drawing rather than pushing northeastward.

Mr. Harry H. Smith: "At five minutes past six o'clock I started for home from my office, in the second story of a brick building occupied by Mrs. B. E. Aldrich with a drug stock, at the corner of Main and Second streets, west of Main and south of Second. Upon arriving at the foot of the stairs leading from the office, I observed that it was very dark, and thinking it might rain before I could arrive home, concluded to remain in the stairway till the shower had passed over. I was looking toward the north. After standing there for something like a minute, I should judge, I glanced around the corner of the building to the southwest, to more fully satisfy myself of the nearness of what I supposed to be an ordinary shower. There I witnessed the most beautiful and overawing spectacle I ever beheld. About eighty rods away I could see the storm cloud approaching. With a huge, exceedingly dark cloud on either side, about thirty to forty rods in height, the center as bright as though thousands of electric lights were burning, filled with flying debris, upon which the light reflected a beautiful golden color, the whole presenting the appearance of an immense kaleidoscope. The brilliant light was

undoubtedly caused by the sun's rays penetrating the inky black cloud. A sharp crackling sound was discernable, not unlike that accompanying a brisk fire.

"One glance was a sufficient warning. I immediately hastened into Mrs. Aldrich's store, and proceeded to go to the basement, inviting her to accompany me—an invitation she did not hesitate to accept, for by this time she was becoming somewhat frightened because of the increased darkness. When we had nearly reached the foot of the stairs I heard a crash in front of me, as of one large store striking upon another. From that time I must have been unconscious (probably for not more than a few seconds, however), for afterwards I was aroused from my stupor by Mrs. Aldrich asking me if I was hurt. I responded that I did not appear to be much hurt, but that I was fastened down by the arm so I could not escape, and that my head was saturated with kerosene oil. Just then we smelled the smoke of burning fire, and realized that the building above us had collapsed and that a fire had started close by. I heard what I took to be, the noise of roaring flames, but Mrs. Aldrich considered it (what I know it must have been) an exceedingly heavy rain. As soon as I detected the smoke I concluded that we had no possible chance of escape, and we both consigned our souls to the care of our great Creator. Mrs. Aldrich, however, did not give up all hope, for she kept up a constant cry for help. I cried out occasionally, but more for the reason that it seemed to me unmanly not to as-

sist a woman in performing a task she was undertaking, even though it seemed a useless employment. The collapse separated us ten or twelve feet. Mrs. Aldrich's feet were fastened in the fallen material, but she soon succeeded in extricating herself, and was, I believe, but slightly injured. She could not reach me, however. I was thrown against a huge tin or zinc oil tank, holding probably a barrel or more, full or partially full of kerosene oil. The can was struck on the top and doubled over toward me, which caused the side next me to bend in, thus forming a cavity or pocket into which my left arm was thrust. The pressure upon the top of the tank then closed up the pocket on its outer margin, shutting the edges of the tank together upon my arm, near the shoulder, like a vise. I was sitting on the floor of the basement with my feet and legs cramped up under me, and covered with brick that I could not move them. My right arm and head were free. I did not know then what my injuries were, but found afterwards that my left arm was broken near the shoulder, and that I had quite a severe scalp would, which bled profusely. I must have sunk into a state of unconsciousness, but how long I remained so I do not know. I was aroused from my stupor by some man talking to Mrs Aldrich. I recognized the voice to be that of Expressman P. B. Day. Someone else was with him. They had a saw, and were trying to make a hole out of which to draw Mrs. Aldrich. They soon succeeded in doing so. Day asked her if anyone else was in the ruins.

She informed him that I was there. Soon a man, whose voice I recognized as that of our Assemblyman O. W. Mosher, inquired of me if I was there. I informed him that I was, and endeavored as far as possible to assist him in locating my position. In a moment he with others were in the basement at work. By this time it was evident that the flames were getting uncomfortably close, as the smoke was very strong. Beside, some weak-kneed brother on the outside was momentarily exclaiming to those on the inside, that whatever they did must be done hurriedly, as the fire was close at hand. I was now somewhat inspired with courage. I had heard Mosher accost some one by the name of 'Grant.' I knew it must be our head miller, Grant Boardman. With Mosher, cool, courageous and calculating, to direct the efforts of Grant, fearless as a lion, powerful as an ox, and true to every worthy human instinct, I recognized a force sure to relieve me if it lay within the power of man. Then there was faithful P. B. Day, Henry Jaggers and John Crites. One of these men clasped me around the waist and tried to pull me loose. But the pain in my arm was so intense that I begged him to try every other means first. Mosher retorted with 'Well, Harry,' as if I must be released in that way or not at all. They soon found that the fire would drive them away before they could remove the large amount of material above me, so they attempted to work from beneath, but the darkness prevented their making very great headway. After awhile someone came along with a lantern,

without which, I am told, my life could not have been saved. By means of this Boardman succeeded in getting a large stick, which he so placed under the oil tank that he was enabled to pry it to one side, thus releasing my arm and, as a consequence, my entire body. I was then lifted up into the open air, a free man, greatly to the disappointment of those hungry flames which seemed just ready to lick me up. Words cannot express the gratitude I felt, and shall ever feel, towards those faithful men who so nobly risked their lives for mine. Banker L. A. Baker assisted me home, where I arrived about 7:50 p. m. There, prompt and efficient medical attendance, under the management of Dr. F. D. Wade, is bringing about a speedy and complete recovery."*

Mr. W. F. McNally: "On June 12th I worked all day in our office, in the second story of the Allen building, collating authorities on some legal points which I intended to argue before the circuit court at Hudson the next day. I was so absorbed in this work that I was hardly conscious that there was a circus in town, and knew nothing whatever of the approach of the storm. Just about six o'clock Mr. Joe Kirsch of Stanton came into the office. We had collected a small judgment for Joe, and after talking with him a few moments my brother commenced to write a check for him. Suddenly we heard a noise which sounded to me like the roar of a heavy freight train going down grade on a still night. In an instant this roar had be-

*Written about ten days after the storm.

come terrific. I glanced out of the window, and said, 'It's a cyclone, and it's right here.' I was perfectly cool, but my thoughts ran with lightning rapidity. I realized that it was too late to escape to a place of greater safety. I remembered that the Alliance building joined the one we were in, on the south, and would, to some extent, protect ours. Both were two-story brick buildings. I thought, therefore, that our building would withstand the shock, unless we were directly in the path of the cyclone, which I knew would be comparatively narrow. These thoughts, and many others, ran through my head in an instant. Suddenly the electric lights went out and the windows crashed in, and in an instant we were in pitch darkness. I threw my left arm around the casing of the door way leading into my private office, and faced north. My brother Miles threw his left arm around my waist, and faced the same way. In another instant we were hurled into the street on the north side of the building, faces downward, under tons and tons of brick and lumber. Our heads were never covered, but our feet were firmly caught and pinioned. Presently the darkness cleared away, and we saw Mr. E. J. Thompson rise out of the ruins of his building, on the opposite side of the street. We called to him, and he at once came to our assistance. Then Leigh Prentis, Fred Bell and some others came along, and together they succeeded in prying us out. Our injuries were severe, but not dangerous. I expect to be around again in a few days, although I am in bed

Courtesy of Haas Bros., St. Paul.—Copyright.

SECOND STREET, LOOKING WEST ACROSS MAIN STREET.

propped up by pillows as I write this, ten days after the storm.

"No pen can describe the force of this storm, or the destruction wrought by it. It simply defies description. The story has been told and retold, yet it has not been half told. It was a slice of the day of judgment."

Mr. L. W. Prentice: "I was at the telephone central office, which was over Patton & Carey's drug store. Our window, opening to the north, gave us no chance to see the approaching storm. I was in the room back of the switchboard, and hearing a low moaning sound, asked Florence McShane (who was attending the switchboard near the window) what the noise was. She said it was a train. As it grew louder I went to the window, and looking out, saw no one on the street. The air was dead, and it was almost impossible to breathe. The noise was very loud now, sounding like large millstones revolving at a high speed, with a piece of metal run between them. It seemed to come from the sky, and looking up I could see leaves, grass and dust flying in every direction. It took only an instant to surmise the situation. I said, 'That's a cyclone,' and seizing Florence by the arm, started for the basement. We had a long flight of stairs to get to the first floor, and I don't remember touching them on the way down. To get to the basement we had to turn to our left, enter at a side door to a rear room of the drug store. When we got to the door I looked up the street east of us, and could see

boards and trees crossing the street at the Methodist church corner. I tried to open the door. It seemed to be locked, but, on giving it a hard push, found it was only held by the air. It was impossible to breathe now. Somewhere on our course to the cellar-way we fell in with one of the Hughes boys and Mayte Donohue getting to the cellar stairs, which were dark, and the draft of air coming up through, laden with dust, made it almost impossible to descend. I was the last one down, and was on the floor when the roof went off. At the same time the air struck me, and it felt as though there were sticks thrust into my ears. I could not hear a thing for half an hour after the storm. As the walls of the building came in they looked like mighty waves; seemed to bow in, and then disappear in the dust. I don't think it all lasted over thirty seconds. We then climbed up to what was left open of the door-way, and I stood on what seemed to be the highest point left in its track. My heart almost ceased to beat, when I looked around me. I expected to see two or three buildings unroofed, but could not see a single building which I could recognize, nor a person moving; only groans and cries for help on every side.

"The first person I saw outside of our party was E. J. Thompson, who had crawled out of the ruins of what was once his clothing store. He was so cut and bruised that I failed to recognize him until he spoke. W. F. and M. P. McNally were pinned down by the roof of the building they were in, and were

near us, their heads and shoulders being all that was visible. Mr. Thompson and I got a timber for a lever and started to release them, but there being such a weight we could only raise it enough to ease them until more help arrived. I then went to what was left of Mr. George Knight's residence, and found an axe, and worked with the rest until Wednesday morning. It would be impossible to tell just how many or whom I helped to rescue, as it seemed more like an awful dream than a reality. Every one appeared dazed,—could not tell where they came from or what direction they were going."

Mr. Frank Phillips: "I knew the noise was different from anything I ever heard before, and thought possibly it might be a cyclone. I saw it was a terrible looking cloud. I went in to ask the doctor what he thought of it, and he said, 'It's a cyclone, sure,' and he hustled us all down cellar. Besides his family, there were my brother and I, Misses Williams and Lila King, Victor Mosher, Chas. Nelson, Miss Olga Walsted and her friend, and then the doctor ran up and came back with Miss Minnie Doty. Then a man and woman with a baby came and asked if there were room in the cellar, and Mrs. Epley said, 'Yes, come everybody, and may the Lord save us!' There was a moment of awful noise and suspense. Little Sam cried, 'Mamma, stay by me!' and wrapped Mrs. Epley's skirt about his head as he leaned against her. The noise came right over us and threw the sand in at the cellar window; but the floor stayed above us.

The door to the furnace room flew open, and we saw the main part of the house partly thrown into and partly north of the cellar. Sam shrieked, 'Oh, our lovely home is gone!' Miss King fainted, and we carried her upstairs, and laid her on the kitchen table. Grace Epley said to let her head hang down, which we did, and she came to. I went toward home then, but seeing the damage grew less up that way, went down town to help. I helped take out Mr. Wills and his son, then went over to the southwest part of town to look after some people I knew. Then I helped carry a man and a woman to the church. There were no lights in the church then, and people were crying and groaning, lying about on the floor. The seats had not been taken up then. On our way to the church we had seen a man walking about in a circle, apparently in a half-crazed condition, saying that he was blind, and seemed to be in great pain. After carrying the woman to the church, I came back and found the man to be a relative, a son of P. G. Stevens, who lived some distance out in the country. He was unable to give an account of himself just then. He was hurt about the head, and his face was blackened and bloody, and he could not open his eyes. He was afterwards able to recollect that he had gone toward Dr. Epley's office just before he was struck, but was a block away from there when we found him. I worked at getting people out until five the next morning. After breakfast I went down again to work, and kept on, only stopping for meals, until ten o'clock

Tuesday night. The next day we worked with our team, taking goods out, and so on for several days. It seemed as if we ought not to stop working a minute, while there was so much to do, and while there were bodies still unfound."

Mrs. F. W. Epley: "I viewed the approaching tornado (a sight I had never before witnessed during a life-long residence in St. Croix county) from an upper south window, which three minutes later lay under the wreck of the house, many feet to the northward. Though not acquainted with the nature and mission of the cloud, its appearance and its venomous growl sent a thrill to my heart as if I were to meet some supernatural thing. I hastened below to speak to the family. As I went I heard the chairs pushed back from the dining table, and a chorus of voices exclaiming: 'It is a cyclone!' 'Where's mamma?' 'She's up stairs, sick.' 'Oh! Oh!' 'Go to the cellar!' My husband met me, and we hurried along through the dining room and kitchen, joining the others. We clung together in the southwest corner of the cellar. Some one started to go into the furnace-room, in the cellar, thinking they would find more room perhaps; but my husband spoke sharply to them, bidding them stay in the little vegetable cellar. After the roaring monster had passed over us the door between the cellars blew open, and we saw how wisely we had chosen our refuge, for the other part was filled with fragments of our house. When we returned again to the dining room the table was shoved awry, chairs

upset, and the tablecloth hanging on a stump in the yard. Some of the dishes were still on the table felt, some broken and scattered about. The east end of the dining room was torn away, with the main part of the house. The dining room was situated in an ell on the west side. The wall was torn from the wainscotting in the room adjoining the dining room, leaving a shelf fastened to the wainscotting and articles on it undisturbed. Pieces of furniture were swept from the rooms left standing, and were never seen more.

"We saw that the front of Mrs. Fink's residence (brick) was torn off, leaving the rooms exposed and bare of furniture. On the northeast, southeast and west of us houses were destroyed, so that on every side we saw that our neighbors had been served as badly as we had—perhaps worse; we did not know. I said, 'Thank the Lord!' and cried it again aloud, 'Thank the Lord!' A member of the family said afterwards that this seemed to her ludicrous. She did not know that the thought of my heart was, 'Surely there are some killed, and we should be thankful that we are all spared and unhurt.' Mrs. McNally came in, nearly overcome because she had seen that the Patton & Carey building, where her husband's office was, had fallen. I said, 'He may have gone to a place of safety.' 'No;' she said; 'he would be absorbed in his books if he were alone, and would not notice until too late.' I could hardly gainsay this, knowing so well that it might be true. We all remember how

troubled poor little Robert was, and how the baby's big black eyes glowed as he looked from one to the other as Miss Gallagher held him in her arms. We saw Miss Rosa Brown running past, clothed in a handsome gown, torn and trailing, and sticks hanging to it, and her hair flying. She had been dressing for a party when their house was taken. We remarked, 'They had no cellar under their house,' and wondered what they did. Miss Brown was seeking assistance for her mother and sister. Then came the second panic and flight below. When we came to the kitchen again we saw the fires streaming up, in different places. We wondered what set them. Was it lightning? or was there fire in the air, as they said was the case at Peshtigo? We could not tell. We could understand that there might have been fires in the kitchen stoves in dwelling houses, but why should business places catch fire? Then we thought we must go somewhere else, as the rain had proved the roof to be open, so that we could not keep dry. We sought for wraps among the branches of an evergreen tree in the vestibule, and not finding enough to supply all, one took the table-felt, and putting it around her, ran with the rest, strewing spoons and forks as she went, and was too excited to stop and pick them up. Choosing one of many openings, we made our exit through the space from which the dining room window had been broken. (The next day we found pieces of the heavy plate glass on the porch outside, under a number of boards and other things. I re-

member handing a piece to Dr. Hodgson of Waukesha, who observed their peculiar situation.) We started up the street running. Like "Charlie" Phillips, we do not know why we ran, because there was no hope of getting out of the rain before we were drenched through and through, for this was accomplished before we had gone a dozen steps. But we ran, and looking back after we had gone about half a block (I thought of Lot's wife, and wondered if something more would happen to us), I saw more people running in the same direction. Further on we met people also running,—splashing, slopping through the mud. I couldn't help the thought that came to me as I saw the ruined dwellings, 'the walls of Jericho fell down,' and wondered again if the noise we heard was our warning? This, while running along up to the ankles, and more, in water. After we had been first to Mrs. Barrett's and then to Mrs. Phillips', where we had been rehabilitated and the youngest member of the family had been soothed to troubled sleep, we returned, and securing a push-cart, hauled out a few wet things from the promiscuous pile in the yard, placed them on the cart, when it tipped and deposited them in the mud, making still another heap of broken china and soiled garments. Things seemed worthless and paltry to me, but my reason told me that I ought to secure the little that lay in sight, as we needed it. But when we had dumped them in the mud I felt too wearied to pick them up. I remember that some young people assisted my own children

in doing so. My eldest son and daughter had assisted in providing some covering for refugees who flocked into the tottering office. This seemed to promise some shelter, and was the only part of a building left near Main street, but proved a disappointment in this respect. My daughter remembers the men sitting about waiting to receive attention. One sat on the floor by the south doorway, against the wall, where the rain blew in, for the door was gone. One sat in the corner on the desk, and one on a pile of stuff beside the skeleton, flung from its hanging place. One man lay on some boards on the north side, outside, and others clustered around the east wall. One man lay in the alley, and one ran by, saying, 'Oh, I'm killed! I'm killed!' all the time, running and shouting at the top of his voice. Poor Mr. Hughes, white and broken, was led to the rear of the office, and Frank Chapman, talking very fast, asked if it would be possible to get a horse and buggy. The very idea was exclaimed at, so Frank supported Mr. Hughes toward the street from which his home had vanished, where he must learn that his family were unhoused and report his sad experience. There are other visions of those who were footsore and weary, wandering about unable to find their own. One of these asked where the Farmers' Hotel had been. He had a daughter there, whom he could not find. I wondered if she were killed.* I could direct him where the Farmers' Hotel had been, but that seemed to be all I could do. We found that others who were strangers

*I learned afterward that she was.

to us were also interested in what lay about our premises. This led to the thought of guarding the place. I knew there were two guns in a closet in the office. The two Phillips boys and Frank Heminway assisted us, and Mr. Ripley and Mr. Law lent the welcome aid of lanterns. We could find some lamps in the kitchen, but the kerosene tank in the woodshed was open and filled with water. About half-past two Mr. Mosher came along, followed by two men, whom he directed. He said, 'Well, this is the experience of a lifetime.' I replied, 'I hope so.' He asked the men to take the guns, and these were the first to go on guard in our beleaguered city. I noticed that Mr. Mosher, who is far from rugged (and it was now quite cool), was in his shirt sleeves. I said, 'You will take cold, won't you?' 'No,' he answered, with characteristic directness, 'I guess I can exercise enough to keep warm.' It is wonderful that no more sickness resulted from exposure. The intense interest and forgetfulness of self may in part have accounted for it, although it is true that many yielded to the strain later on. One member of our family was occupied entirely with the injured, the rest of us incidentally, as we saw opportunity.

"So the night passed, the clouds weeping drearily at intervals after the first pour, and at intervals clearing away somewhat; but the atmosphere was laden with moisture, our clothing and hands were soiled to the point of stickiness, and our shoes laden with mud.

"To one of the family inclined to follow the vocation of a professional nurse, abundant opportunity

was furnished for doing emergency work. But to wash faces and wounds with no utensils but a tea cup and a handkerchief was a hard initiation. It was no time to insist on exact requirements, as did one professional nurse when she instructed an attendant to, 'Go down town and get cloth for bandages.' But he said: 'I don't like to go down and take things from the merchants' goods. They may think I'm pilfering.' 'Well,' she said, 'as long as you want it for bandages, and your conscience is clear, it will be all right.' After the messenger started out she called to him: 'Be sure to get the cloth six yards long.' This seemed somewhat ridiculous under the circumstances.

"I have mentioned Mrs. Andrew Brown, who was first seen by the doctor at the Brickley residence. She was afterwards removed to Mr. Fred Bell's. Mrs. Brown's serious wounds had been dressed, and she was placed under the care of a nurse, who relates that, after two or three days, when rubbing the flesh under Mrs. Brown's shoulder, where she said there was a 'sore place,' she discovered a penny and a dime imbedded in the flesh. Mrs. Brown says she had no money of such denominations in her house, and that it must have been hurled at her from elsewhere.

"Mrs. McNally found her husband in the situation which he has described,* having first to ask assistance in finding the place, after she got into the maze of ruins. A man whom she supposed to be Dr. Sherman helped her along without speaking. She relates

*See account of Mr. W. F. McNally.

that 'Miles' says she was screaming, although she was not conscious of it. Mr. W. F. McNally could not walk, so Mr. M. P. McNally secured a horse, which he saw struggling in the ruins, placed his brother on its back, and got him into his own home, southeast of the schoolhouse. I do not know if Mr. M. P. McNally would wish me to note it, but he said, a day or two after this, that while Will was praying so loud as to drown the sound of the tornado, he himself felt like using the name of the worst place and person in the Book. I have heard other men, not addicted to profanity, say that it came to their lips at this time, no ordinary words seeming bad enough to express the awful state of things."

Mr. Wm. N. Densmore settled in New Richmond in 1855, being one of the earliest pioneers in this section. He was a member of the Fourth Wisconsin Cavalry, but in all his life's experience nothing can compare with the terrible calamity of June 12, 1899, in this city. Mr. Densmore was getting home as fast as he could, for he perceived that something terrible was about to happen. He had gotten as far as Mr. Fitzgerald's grocery store as he saw the buildings of brick and stone torn, flying and falling; also, heard a terrible roaring altogether beyond description. He made out to get quickly into the cellar in the back part of Thompson's large store, and found Cook Cliff, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald and others there. He had barely got in when Thompson's store and also the building that they were in were destroyed, and the

ruins piled up over their heads, ten feet deep. He says: "To make our situation much more desperate, a fifty-gallon tank of kerosene was broken up, and poured down on our heads, saturating our clothing, and also making the debris very much more inflammable. While in total darkness under this great mass of ruins some one suggested lighting a match. Such an idea startled me to exclaim, 'Don't light a match, as we would be burned to death in five minutes!' I never shall forget the terrible suspense we were in, realizing the danger of fire. The rescuers chopped and made an opening so that all were able to get out except myself, a larger hole having to be cut so I could get through. I consider that we all had a most miraculous escape, which I shall remember to the end of my days."

Mr. W. T. Lambdin, assistant postmaster, had a trying experience, in being so long covered and not located. Sitting at his desk in the postoffice his attention was attracted by some unusual commotion on the street. He thought at first that there must have been a runaway, but looked out saw that a heavy wind was coming up. Then he started through the Alliance store, which had an entrance from the postoffice, intending to go out onto Main street; but the swirl of wind caught him and forced him towards the east, into the back part of the store. The south wall fell in, and he felt the floor go down under him. The darkness was intense. The timbers being arranged around him in such a way that he was not se-

riously bruised, he was fully conscious of his situation. He could work with his right hand only, and managed to do a little clearing away, but was unable to stir his body. He called loudly for help, but no one seemed to hear him. He said he thought he made an awful noise. He could hear voices, and knew that men were working. He heard them digging, and after they had found Mr. Walsh the voices ceased, and he knew they had removed him from the ruins. After a while work was renewed in his vicinity. Not far from where he was imprisoned matches which had been stacked up on a shelf in the back part of the store were ignited by something which was dislodged by the workers, falling through upon them. It was about three hours before rescuers reached him.

Mr. Lambdin's daughter, Lavinia, was employed in the W. S. Williams store. Their home was in the southeast part of the city, and was not in the direct path of the cyclone. As soon as those at home realized that the business part of the city had been leveled, they went out to look for Mr. Lambdin and "Vinnie." Not finding Mr. Lambdin in the postoffice, they were puzzled in their search. Vinnie was afterwards found dead. She was a promising young woman, diligent and faithful in everything she undertook, and a helpful, loving daughter—one of the best of our earnest Christian girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelly of Stanton, with their sons and grandson (five or six years of age), were, with others, in the Alliance store when the building fell. Mrs.

Kelly had her grandchild in her arms, his arms about her neck, and his face against hers. The boy was instantly killed, and the grandmother, when taken away with the injured, inquired for the child, refusing to have anything done for herself until he was found. When told that he was dead, she remembered that, as she lay there for a time of which she was but dimly cognizant, the little cheek seemed cold, and she longed to get him in her arms and make him warm.

Mr. William Frizzell: "My son called my attention to the cyclone. I said: 'Everyone go into the cellar.' Irvine was not inclined to go—wanted to watch the cloud. But I said: 'You go to the cellar, and go now.' After all were down he came back and took down an armful of coats. I stood looking out until the mud was so thick on the windows that I couldn't see anything outside. My house was not in the path of the cyclone cloud, and as soon as it had passed, we went out on the north side of the house, and watched it going toward the northeast. We could see some trees turned over and torn up, but no shattered houses from our house. I put on my hat and started right for town. As I went across the schoolyard I saw the Congregational church steeple in the road, trees torn up and Murdock's house damaged, and as soon as I got past Heffron's house I saw that all the town beyond was a heap of ruins. It was bewildering and awful to behold. The streets were full of timbers, bricks, broken

carriages, dead and dying horses, and all was as quiet as the grave until I got to W. S. Williams' store. There I saw Willard Wells in the ruins. When I came up to him he said: 'Is that you, Will?' 'Yes,' I said. There were a dozen people standing along the wall of the cellar. I said: 'Willard, I will stay here and help you out. I won't leave you until you are out.' 'Well,' he said, 'I am gone; but get me out.' He prayed as I never heard a man pray. After we got him out we laid him on a pile of coats from the store. By this time people were running through the streets screaming and crying, and he was praying aloud. It was a terrible scene. We made Mr. Wells as comfortable as we could, and went to rescue others. He was afterwards taken to the Congregational church, where he died. I saw Mr. Wm. Hughes, city clerk, in the ruins of the Bank of New Richmond building, over which he had his law office. He was badly injured, and a man was at work there, but the brick kept rolling over Mr. Hughes. I spoke to him, and he said, 'I am all right now.' I placed a board over his face in such a way as to protect him from the brick that kept rolling down. A man came along and began to pound this board, trying to break it, not seeming to notice that every blow was torture to Mr. Hughes. The man was evidently confused. As soon as I could get Mr. Hughes out I carried him to the ruins of Dr. Epley's office. We were there, with others, seeking shelter on the north and east side when the second blow and rain came.

FOSTER'S HOME—OLDEST RESIDENCE IN TOWN.

There were a lot of people standing on the east side when Dr. Epley came along and said: 'Gracious! This isn't safe. This shell of an office will fall over onto you.' And the people tamely jostled each other along toward the north side. We went back to hunt for Mr. Hughes' son, but, although we made a good search, we did not find him then. After this I went home and hitched up my colt to a light wagon. I put a mattress in the wagon, and started for such a night's work as I hope never to do again. I went back down town, and carried the dead and injured all through the night,—some to houses, some to the churches, and some to the schoolhouse. I carried Charles Lanphear from the ruins of Henry Beal's store to the Stout residence, Mrs. Lewis to Mrs. Barrett's, little Frank Lewis (who was dead) and Mr. Wills (who afterwards died) to the Congregational church. Mrs. Wills lost her husband, her son and her mother. Thomas McCabe, who had graduated only the previous Thursday, was taken out dead from the ruins of the Patton & Carey store. I carried him and a man who had both legs broken, whom I did not then recognize, although he had been a schoolmate of mine, to the schoolhouse. The latter said he had been robbed while he lay on the street unable to help himself. I also took Mr. Gunderson to the schoolhouse, and Mr. Walsh to Mrs. Barrett's, I think.

"There was a man, whose name I do not know, whose foot was caught under a heavy timber, on Main street. The timber was held down by some heavy stuff, in such a way that it could not be moved. I

heard the man yelling as the fire near him grew hotter: 'Cut off my foot! Cut off my foot!' Then he yelled: 'Kill me! Kill me before I burn to death!' There didn't seem to be any way to help him, the fire was so hot there. They couldn't bring water fast enough. Perhaps they couldn't find anything to do it with, or perhaps no one dared to cut off his floot. They tried to find a doctor, but they couldn't get one soon enough.

"I took Mr. Tatro to his home on East Second street. He was conscious of every jolt, and said that was the roughest road he ever traveled. He wondered where I was taking him. I told him that I was picking out the best road I could find, and that the street was full of everything. I drove down the Omaha Railroad track to get to the site of the Hawkins residence. In some places the stuff was ten feet high. My colt is usually nervous, but that night she behaved just as if she knew that she had a duty to perform.

"We found Millie and Vangie Hawkins, and took them to the Catholic church. I saw Rob Hawkins there, and I went over and spoke to him, and asked him to come and look at the bodies we had brought in. I said, 'Are these young ladies your sisters?' He did not think at first that they were, but it proved to be the sad truth. Then early in the morning I went with Mr. Hollenbeck to his place. There we found Mason, his son, a young man employed at the Omaha depot, but who had been at home sick with

the measles. His head was under some timbers. Probably he was killed right away. Mrs. Hollenbeck had been moved during the night, and Archie, about ten years old, had not been found. This is a part of the work that I did. Mr. Hillier worked right along with me, most of the time."

The name of the man who was burned, referred to by Mr. Frizzell, is a matter of conjecture. Mr. Conrad states that he spoke with a man who was pinned down by the foot near the rear end of Mrs. Aldrich's store, and that he tried to pull him out. The man wanted some one to unjoint his leg at the knee. Mr. Sam Horn was there, and was asked to perform the operation; but it was too formidable. It is said that a revolver was procured with the thought that it would be humane to put the man out of his misery. But the deed was not consummated. When last seen the man was up on one knee writhing about and trying to get his foot out, and the fire burning close to him.

Mr. W. J. Hillier witnessed the storm from a point near the corner of Fourth and Arch streets. The wind took him off his feet twice, as he was running toward his home. Finding that he could not reach home, he held on to a small tree. A runaway team came dashing toward him. He beat it off with his umbrella. He saw all sorts of timbers, portions of houses, trees and animals (some appeared to be chickens) whirling through the air. He saw, also, what seemed to be balls of fire mingled with the blackness. A tree was

taken up by the roots, and hurled over Dr. Murdock's house, and the belfry of the Congregational church was carried slowly toward the east, across the street. Then he saw it suddenly and swiftly snatched back, in a northwesterly direction, and dashed down in front of the church, upside down. Mr. Hillier then went home to see if his family were safe. Finding them all right, he went down town to help rescue people from the ruins. The first one he found was Katie Early. She lay in the street, in front of Mr. Johns' shoe store. She was carried to Mr. Maloney's house, where she died in about three hours. Then he helped at the Nicollet House, taking out Katie McKinnon, Mr. Carey, the druggist, and one of the girls, supposed to be Miss Johnson. Then he worked at Patton & Carey's drug store. They took out Harry Waterhouse, who had his feet hurt. After that he went home after his lantern, haunted by the remembrance of the cold hand that grasped Mr. Waterhouse's coat between the shoulders. This proved to be the hand of Thomas McCabe, who was dead when found.

Mr. W. H. Lounsbury: "I could not see the clouds on account of the trees around Mr. Powell's house, but it was bombarded by boards and limbs of trees, one board coming through the kitchen door, knocking it from its hinges. I immediately started for the store when the storm was past, the way being much impeded by branches of trees. Every few rods it was necessary to stop and take one's bearings after reaching the W. S. Williams' corner, if trying to reach

a certain spot, as was my case. What had been the main street was two winrows of rubbish, and the roadway was filled up. I realized that my brother and partner, Mr. B. F. Powell, must be buried somewhere in that mass of ruins, and naturally gave my attention to his recovery. It was no small task to locate the store. I saw two men pull a man out onto the sidewalk. He was dead. They told me the place was Tatro's. In my haste I reached Glover's before I mounted the ruins. At this time the wind was blowing so fiercely that I could scarcely stand, especially on the uneven footing. I called loudly to anyone who might be buried there, but got no answer. Passing off the west end of the floor, I turned south until signs of my own place appeared. Here I found a blaze. I gathered up some soaked fur robes and smothered out the fire. Glover's clerk (Mr. Arnquist) assisted in this. As events proved, this fire would have been upon us before the work of rescue could have been completed. Continuing my search, the street end of the store was reached before any reply came to my calls; then it was faint, and came from beneath the largest heap, formed by our brick wall and the roof of the adjoining building. I commenced at once to tunnel through six feet of brick and other matter. When I reached Mr. Powell, I found him so pinned down that my unaided strength could accomplish little. In digging for him, I uncovered Mr. Frank McCloud, who pulled himself out of the hole and walked off with a badly battered head, but no

doubt a thankful heart. Assistance was hard to get, as people were either looking for their own, crazed, or merely curious. If one succeeded in getting two or three of these to help, they would go in a few minutes without a word, leaving you to your own feeble efforts. Fully an hour elapsed after getting down to the imprisoned victim before the men who came to my aid finally completed the rescue. These men have our grateful thanks. As to the image of a man who took advantage of the occasion to attempt robbery, the Lord will deal with him in his own way.

"One can never realize how puny his unaided strength is until he finds himself above an imprisoned person whose cries and groans are urging him to greater efforts, and he feels his strength gradually going, but still works on in sheer desperation. Regarding the wreck and ruin on very hand, a numbness came over one's sensibilities that shut out all realization of property loss. Life and limb were the first consideration, and people were content if on taking an inventory they found these items intact.

"On reaching home with the rescued party, we found the house converted into a morgue and hospital. Everyone, injured and sound, were drenched with rain, but this in most cases could not be remedied, and was scarcely noticed. As the night advanced, and relatives and friends arrived from out of town, and failed to find those they sought, wails and shrieks rang out on the night air, making the situation still more horrible.

"I have written a simple, abbreviated account of my own part in that night's experience, while sitting in a room watching the struggles of a victim to retain the life that was then spared.*

Mrs. McKinnon heard a noise on the street which made her think there was a runaway team going by. Looking out of the east door she found the disturbance was caused by people running and calling "Hurry! Hurry!" "Get to your cellars!" She supposes that those on the east side of the street had seen the approaching storm more clearly than those upon the west. People outside seemed to be frightened, but Mr. Carey and others came in, smiling, as if not much concerned, and sat down to supper. But Mrs. McKinnon said, "I am not satisfied about the looks of the clouds," and went to the kitchen door, on the west side of the house, to look out. She saw timbers and parts of trees in the air, and exclaimed, "Something terrible is going to happen," and rushed back through the dining room, in her haste pushing aside tables and chairs. A traveling man in the dining room was urging servants and others to go into the cellar. When she reached the public parlor she found Mr. McKinnon there. He had gathered the children together, and made the tour of the rooms looking for Mrs. McKinnon, and was just saying, "Where is your mother?" Just as she entered Katie said, "Let's pray," and kneeled down. These were

*Mr. and Mrs. Powell and Mr. Lounsbury were all obliged to go south to spend the winter, on account of shattered health.

her last words. The mother had partly kneeled when the house was struck. She saw a brick flying in through the window; then the house fell.

Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon were rescued first. Little Alice and Nina Barrett, who were both slender, got out through a small aperture. Alice climbed up, and stood upon a big timber, projecting up into the air, until taken down. She was above everything on Main street. When asked what she thought when she found herself up there, she answered: "I thought I was in heaven waiting for the rest of you to come up." Bertie was pinned down by debris across the back of her neck, her head pushed forward upon her breast. She called as long as her strength held out, but her voice was so faint she could hardly be heard At length Mr. A. C. Myers put his head down to an opening and called, "Who is in there?" Then he said, "Bertie is in there," and the rescuers, who had been working about that place searching for Mr. T. Newell, divided into two crews, one crew working for Bertie and one for Mr. Newell. It was three hours before they could get her out. Her eyes were bloodshot and swollen for weeks, and she told of her awful experience,—vomiting lime and blood, and trying to keep alive and keep calling. She also saw the brick come in through the window before the house fell, and was herself blown across the house into a bedroom, and noticed that all the furniture had already disappeared from the room. Mrs. McKinnon, Alice and Bertie, Nina Barrett, a circus man,

who had his hand badly cut, the dining-room girl and the dish washer left the ruins and took shelter from the pouring rain in Mr. McCoy's kitchen, doing up each other's wounds. There were others lying upon the dining-room floor. Mr. McCoy was brought home with his leg broken and otherwise injured. Mrs. McCoy had at the time an infant a few hours old. Mr. McKinnon and others worked all night at the ruins. The body of his daughter Katie was not recovered until the next day. It is thought that her neck was broken, so that she suffered instant death. Among others killed at the Nicollet were Mr. Carey and Matilda Johnson..

Mr. Sevrin Oleson: "At about six o'clock, on June 12th, I was waiting upon one of the circus performers. Another stranger and my partner, Mr. Legard, were also in the shop at the time. All at once we heard an awful roar, and running to the front door, one glance was enough to determine the cause, for the tornado was then not much more than a block away. The two strangers ran out from the building, and Mr. Legard ran back for his coat and hat, and started for the front door again, but I do not think he reached it before he was struck down and killed. Meanwhile I ran to the back end of the shop and turned off our gasoline stove. As I did this the back door slammed shut, and the glass began flying. I had intended to run for Berg & Dodge's cellar, but got only half-way up the store when I was picked up, whirled around, and thrown down, right by the

side of the cutting counter, and buried in the ruins of the building. I think I lay there about half an hour before I received help. I have no words with which to describe the terrible scene which met my eye as I was helped out. I remember seeing the head of one man and arms and legs of others sticking out from the ruins. Shrieks and calls for help came from everywhere. These are the facts of my experience as I remember them."

The roof of Mr. Oleson's house was carried across the river, a distance of half a mile.

While Mr. E. A. Glover and Mr. D. H. Dodge were working at the ruins near the tailor shop of Oleson & Legard, there was one man exceedingly impatient. He seemed to be in a great hurry, and to feel that his case ought to be attended to before any other. He not only "kicked," according to slang parlance, but he cursed and swore at the rescuers. When they got down far enough so they could see him, Mr. Glover thought they had heard enough of such talk and told him so. He was a stranger to them. As they kept on working, he kept on swearing. At last Mr. Glover could stand it no longer. "Now," he said, "I want you to shut up. Don't let me hear another word of such talk, or we'll leave you. You ought to be thanking God that you are alive." Presently they took him out. Looking down at his besmeared and torn clothing he exclaimed, "My God! Just look at those six dollar pants I just bought!"

Mr. E. A. Glover: "In the southwest I noticed a

very black cloud, extending from the earth to the sky. It was narrow, and its sides were parallel and perpendicular. I saw no color but black. I was not frightened, for it was some distance away. I went back into the store, and afterwards went out a second time. At that time there was no wind nor rain. I returned to the store, and stood near my office, not knowing just what to do. Just at that moment a farmer came in at the front door directly towards me. I felt at once that he was making for the cellar door, at my left and in the rear of the store. A clerk behind the counter divined his motive, and followed in his wake. This aroused me to action, and catching my eight-year-old boy (who had just come in) by the arm, I arrived at the cellar door first. To my horror I found that I could not enter, although the door was open and the way clear. I could see no one in the cellarway, and no current of air prevented me from entering, but I could not go down. There was nothing to do but to stand there with my son and await the results. The clerk and the farmer stood just behind me. Turning half way around I could see outdoors through the back windows. My horse and wagon stood in plain view. The horse was plunging as though being severely goaded. There was then a strong wind, and it was getting darker. A great swirl of wind came in at the open front door (east), and I felt that an awful moment was at hand. I could see, although it was very dark, and looking up to the ceiling in the rear of the store I saw it part

about midway. The deafening crash was upon us, and the building collapsed, the walls falling outward so that no brick came down upon our unprotected heads. The roof was fortunately blown away. The floor remained under our feet, and the timbers fell about us, forming a little coop around us four people about eighteen inches wide and four feet long. We had to climb up about four feet. We were then on the main floor of the store, with the building gone. As far as I could see everything was flat. My first thought was of my wife and little daughter, three blocks east, but I reasoned that they must be safe, as I thought where the store was must be about the center of the storm. My state of mind was something frightful. My wife must know first of all that we were safe. Taking my boy by the hand, and going by a circuitous route, made necessary by a world of debris, in which lay dozens of dead and dying animals, and seeing people coming out of cellars and calling and crying for those whom they could not find, I at last reached home, and found my family uninjured. A cold driving rain had commenced to fall. I spoke to my wife of the dreadful state of things, and then went back down town, remembering the calls for help."

Mrs. Glover had called her son, but as he did not come at her call took her little girl in her arm and paced the floor. When Mr. Glover came panting in with the boy, he took Mrs. Glover down cellar, where she had not thought of going, and told her he wanted

* Mr. Glover passed a part of the winter in the hospital on account of shattered health.

her to remember after that where to go when she saw such a thing as that coming. Then Mr. Glover went away, and Mrs. Glover ran through her back yard to Mrs. Allen's. She ran against a strange animal escaped from the circus, but was not frightened, only surprised a little; turned out of its way and ran on. She thinks the animal was a kangaroo. A two-by-four scantling was shot in at their upper south window through the ceiling into a bedroom below.

The rescue of Mrs. Brockbank and her children seems to have been much delayed. Men who drove in from Somerset, eight miles away, aided in the start. The time had seemed very long to Mrs. Brockbank, powerless to move or do anything to help her three children. It is thought that two of the children were instantly killed by some immense pressure, as they were not disfigured. Essie spoke several times to her mother, at first quite naturally, but gradually her voice became weaker. She said something heavy laid on her breast. Two or three times she asked if anyone would come to help them out. Her mother told her she was sure they would just as soon as they could. She said: "Mamma, they are a long time coming to help us," and after a time, "Mamma, do you think they will ever come?" "Oh, yes," her mother replied; "I think they will be here very soon now." At length she said, wearily and faintly: "Mamma, I must bid you good-bye. I can't stand the hurt any longer." She repeated a little prayer and passed away. The rescuers came at length. There was but a small space to work in, and only

two, or at most three, could work there; but at length all were taken out and carried to the schoolhouse. Mrs. Brockbank was afterwards removed to the hospital at St. Paul. She did not see her children again.

Mr. E. O. Kaye says: "Having left my store for an early dinner with my wife and children, who had come to meet and walk home with me, we noticed heavy clouds gathering, and, in fact, waited a few minutes for a heavy shower to pass over. We then hurried home and ate our dinner, which was awaiting us. We arose from the table a few minutes before six. My wife, two babies and myself repaired to the front porch, where I sat in the hammock, my wife in a little rocking chair, and the children playing about us. Another shower came up, and the children were amusing themselves with the large hail stones which were then falling, when, noticing that it was growing very dark for that hour, I said I would take a look upstairs and see if the windows were closed. In closing one on the south side, I glanced out, and was startled at the sight that met my eyes. I saw the demon, in cylinder shape, some two or three miles distant, and heard a roar that sounded like that of a railroad train rushing over a trestle while you are underneath. I shouted 'Get to the cellar!' and slid down stairs, hardly knowing how. The girl took the baby and started, and I took the other child to the cellar steps, where I gave him to my wife, and they hurried into a corner. I remained on the top step for a moment, with the door partially open, watching until I saw the kitchen door blown in and the windows come

flying in, followed by branches, timbers, bricks, etc. I then closed the cellar door and hurried to where the rest of the family were huddled together. I only remained there for a few moments, and then went up to the second story, where, upon seeing the sky with that yellowish green, and the air smelling of a peculiar gas, I could not help but exclaim, 'My God! Is this not enough?' As I turned to go back to the cellar a four-foot piece of 2x4 timber came flying through the opening once a window, and crashed through the partition about three feet from where I stood, warning me of my dangerous position. I went to the cellar again, where I found two other families besides my own crouched in corners. In a minute or two I went back upstairs, to find windows and doors gone, and friends and comrades carrying the dead and dying into the rooms that were at all habitable, where some of them were compelled to lie, wrapped up in the wet rugs, all night. On going down town after medicine and bandages to relieve their sufferings and bind up their wounds, I beheld, not only our store utterly destroyed, but also Patton & Carey's and Mrs. Aldrich's, together with every place of business of any description in the city. Fortunately as I was returning I found in the street a package containing a bottle of liquor, with which I hastened home, and we divided it among the wounded and used it to the best advantage. That bottle was worth a fortune that night. After the children had cried themselves to sleep, my wife and Miss Gilbert came upstairs, and

we washed the wounded, and wherever we could locate a sliver of wood removed it, in spite of the groans and cries of the poor creatures.

"I nearly forgot to mention the feeling of awe that must have fallen upon every person that beheld the sunset on that scene of desolation and death, about 7:30 that evening. As for myself, I could have almost cursed the sun for shedding light, as if in mockery, on that awful scene.

"On the following day we noticed some of the peculiar results of the storm. One was a two-inch screw driven head first into the solid wood of the casing, which we were unable to pull out with a claw hammer; also, nails and pieces of brick in the doors inside of the houses. We also noticed the trees entirely stripped of bark, and the south side of these tree trunks would make good sandstone board. Pieces of small iron wheels and extras for binders were carried from Tobin's store, three blocks away, and imbedded in the side of the house, and some through the roof. The chair in which Mrs. Kaye sat just before the storm cannot be found. One of the pitiful things I saw on the street Tuesday was an old pig, burned and evidently dying, and a little young one, with its head nestled up to the mother's, not seeming to understand why she took no notice of it."

Mrs. A. G. Boehm says: "The morning of the 12th of June dawned as usual on New Richmond, without any particular change in the weather appearing noticeable, or warning of what was to come. We

Courtesy of Haas Bros., St. Paul.—Copyright.

RUINS OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

arose at the usual hour, prepared our simple breakfast, I going to church to perform my devotions as was my custom, and Mr. Boehm going to his shop. Before leaving after breakfast he informed me he was likely to drive to Star Prairie in the afternoon, immediately after dinner. Ah, if he had gone! However, as the hours passed the weather became variable; an ominous darkness overspread the firmament; little eddies of wind would raise and whirl the dust of the roads occasionally. Then, again, rain, and finally an intense calm. During the forenoon I practiced on my piano, little thinking it would be the last time, placing my gold watch upon it, in order not to exceed the time required to prepare dinner. My watch, a very valuable one, I never saw again, though several times I have offered, through the papers, rewards for its recovery. My piano,—well, it shared the same fate with others, though, strange to say, although the case was defaced and destroyed (a complete wreck), the works were uninjured, and as perfect as when first made. The Conover-Cable Company, from whom it was purchased, sent for the instrument, and is booming the Kingsbury pianos on account of the wonderful strength of the works which could withstand the awful pressure of that terrible cyclone. During dinner Mr. Boehm casually remarked that he feared a rain storm would prevent his driving to Star Prairie that afternoon, yet if it cleared off he would go. But as the hours passed the darkness increased, and occasionally I would rise from the book I was

reading to go to look at the weather. I saw Mr. Boehm and others do the same.

"It was 4:30 p. m., but strange to say, I thought it was an hour later, so I prepared supper and lighted lamps, for darkness continued. I felt that a terrible storm was approaching, so I closed windows and doors. Then I looked at the clock, and found I was an hour too soon. As I waited a fearful, unknown dread seemed to take possession of me. I prayed and reviewed my life, thinking how frail we are amid the convulsions of nature; for I was always afraid of storms. Yet not for a moment did I realize the fearful calamity about to follow. I looked at the clock once more; it was ten minutes to six. That was the last. The darkness became more intense. Then came a loud roaring, as of mighty winds, which I took for the noise of the trains, though I thought it was louder than usual that evening. Presently Mr. Boehm came dashing in the door, followed by his dogs, calling in great excitement: 'To the cellar! To the cellar! Quick! Quick! Put out the lights!' I replied, quite calmly: 'Why, Albert, is there danger?' 'Yes; quick! quick! follow me.' Down the cellar we went. He placed his back to the southwest angle, drawing me towards him. Then I prayed, as I never did before, to God to save our town and people, for I realized by the deafening noise the calamity was upon us. Mr. Boehm stood perfectly calm, with his head bowed and his arms stretched over me. Oh, I will never forget those awful moments, expecting

everyone to be the last. I heard the breaking of the glass in the windows above us, as though some immense force was crushing it into powder. Then I glanced up for an instant, to see the little cellar window to our left disengaging itself from the foundation by some invisible giant force, and the shallow masonry falling in around us. It was enough—all I wished to see. When I emerged from the covering of Mr. Boehm's arms it was to find us standing in the cellar, with no roof but the canopy of the heavens over us, and the rain pouring in torrents. I was thinly clad; my head was without covering; the temperature was falling to chillness. How were we to climb out of the cellar? The stairs were gone, but a plank board lay crosswise, blown in by the storm, and by it we crept up. Oh, the sight that met our gaze then! First, our pretty home was gone, with all it contained of precious memory to me. But we did not dwell long on useless repining. Our lives were saved. Then we cried: 'Our neighbors! Our neighbors! Our dear neighbors!' Yes, we were on the most friendly terms with them all. Too much praise cannot be given them, for even after all was over they showed their goodness of heart and never-to-be-forgotten sympathy. I can never feel sufficiently grateful for their great kindness in the hour of need. The rest of that awful night we passed at Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett's, who did all in their power for our comfort and that of the crowds which sought shelter under their hospitable roof. Soon the

wounded and dying were brought in. Mrs. Bartlett's dainty carpets and mattresses were utilized for beds. Many of the latter were wet, for the cyclone damaged the whole west side of the house, knocking the cupola off; hence, the rain came through. One of my carpets, which was rescued from the ruins of our home, and which was a seamless one, served as an effective covering for the hole in the roof left by the toppling of the cupola.

"Mr. Boehm did good service for the wounded. I did all I could for those brought to Mrs. Bartlett's dwelling. Mr. Boehm's and my clothing being soaking wet, Mrs. Bartlett gave me a flannel dressing gown, and I believe that saved my life. Mr. Boehm suffered afterwards from the effects of the exposure.

"Our pet dogs would never come down into the cellar at any time, so the night of the cyclone they remained in the house, and the valuable brown spaniel, which had a record, was killed. Mr. Boehm whistled for them after the storm, and Tessie, our black pointer, responded, coming from under a heap of debris, and sitting on the top of it, put up her two front paws, and begged for forgiveness, as though she were guilty. Mr. Boehm said cheerily to her, 'Tessie, you did not cause the cyclone.' So she was happy. I regret very much that I lost, with all I possessed, books I had borrowed. If in the future I can possibly replace them, I will do so with pleasure.

"Our heroic and most energetic pastor, Rev. Dr. Degnan, passed through Mr. Bartlett's, to see what

assistance he could render to the wounded and dying. Two days later kind friends from St. Paul came and took me away. Previous to my leaving I procured a skirt from Mrs. Baker, a hat from Mrs. Bartlett, and a cape from Miss V. Beuler. Thus equipped, I arrived in St. Paul, and was ushered into the carriage of Kerwan, which was in waiting at the depot for himself and daughter. The former walked to make room for Mrs. Mealey and myself. In St. Paul I remained two months, receiving every attention and sympathy from my kind friend. While there I visited the hospital, and saw many of the New Richmond sufferers.

"This is but a brief synopsis of my experience.

Mrs. Oakes says: "I was at home alone all the afternoon. When the rain and hail came at six o'clock I remembered that the hail corresponded in appearance with that which fell in River Falls previous to the small tornado that occurred there a short time before; that is, it was very uneven, and apparently welded together. I watched the clouds, and saw distinctly two funnel shaped clouds approach slowly. Mr. Oakes came running home from the office, and I said we were going to have a bad storm from indications, and suggested our going down cellar. He said, 'Have you a fire in the kitchen?' I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'We shall be burned,' and tried to put out the fire. Our next-door neighbor, Mrs. Patton, with her little girl, Margaret, ran over, and said, 'I am going into the cellar with you.' I turned on the electric

light on my way down the stairs, all the time calling Mr. Oakes to come down. We had just got to the cellar when the cellar window blew in and sticks flew past outside. Mr. Oakes fell down the cellar stairs, the wind taking his hat off and away as he came. We found ourselves holding each other tightly. The house went without our knowing it, except for the pelting we received from sticks, stones and dust. My feeling was that if we could stand it a minute it would be all over. I reasoned that it was a cyclone, and I felt only thankfulness that Mr. Oakes was with me. I was not in the least afraid, nor did I think of death. It seemed only a short time (a minute or so) till the stones and sticks ceased flying. Mr. Oakes took Margaret Patton, and carried her out of the cellar, and Mrs. Patton and I followed. Such a scene! From all along our street forms rose from the cellars as from graves on the resurrection morning. Mr. Oakes helped carry Mr. Gould, who was badly hurt, to Mr. Knight's, whose house remained standing, although bereft of all windows and roof, then came for me. During the heavy wind and rain that came immediately afterwards, we clung together to a stub of a tree, lying flat on the ground to avoid being blown away. When the wind had abated a little, we took refuge in Mr. Tobin's cellar, which had some protection left over it, and there Mr. Oakes left me to seek his partner, whom he supposed was in the barber shop, down town. I went across to Mr. Knight's soon, where I stayed till Mr. Oakes brought me to Mr.

Smith's, about 9:30. Mr. Oakes, in the meantime, was busy rescuing whom he could find among the ruins of our desolated city."

Mrs. John Patton:* "The roar was like that of a wild animal, only a thousand times louder than any noise that I ever heard. It hurt my ears so that I thought I could never hear again if I wasn't killed. Almost as soon as we reached the cellar the north window blew in; which seemed strange, as the storm was coming from the southwest. So many have asked if there was an awful crash when the house went, but the roar of the cyclone was so great that we wouldn't have known when it did go except for the sand and stones coming in on us. When we came out of the cellar the cyclone was only half a block off, and it looked like a huge black wall moving along on the ground and taking everything as it went. I saw a horse landed from somewhere, and shake itself as though it had been in the water. I think that most of my things went to the northwest. One piano leg was found a half a block to the northwest and another by the railroad track to the northeast. Mrs. Allen and Lottie and Mrs. Edwards picked up all that was saved. I found my bottle of toilet cream all right, and it was sitting beside our big coal stove, which was entirely demolished.

Mrs. A. Tobin, calling Miss Neitge, who lived with her, took her little son in her arms and ran into the cellar. Then, thinking of the fire in the kitchen stove just above, she ran up again and into the dining

*Since deceased.

room. She placed her son upon the floor and covered him with her body to protect him. Miss Neitge was frantic, and ran from one door to another, trying to open them, desperately wrenching at the knobs and pulling, but could not get one open. A part of the house was carried away, but the dining room was left. Next Mrs. Tobin set out to find her husband. She went to Mrs. Knight's, and, although Mrs. Knight wanted to keep the child there, the mother clung to him, and ran on down street until she met Mr. Tobin. They then returned to their house, and as the second blow came up they hastened to their cellar bulkhead, not knowing it was filled up, and called to those whom they saw on the street. "This is a cellar; come in!" Several hastened that way, among them Mrs. Cummer and her sons, carrying the fainting Mr. Hurley, and Mr. Edward Neitge, who had left Mr. Garrity as he supposed dead, but only unconscious, at the Stout place. All whose hands were disengaged cleared out the bulkhead, so the party went in there for awhile, then sought drier quarters.

The family of Mr. Geo. Wells were at the supper table when they heard the noise of the storm. They left the table and went to the cellar, Mrs. Wells taking Katherine (aged five), Jennie Ammonson, the baby, and Mr. Wells leading his mother, who was much disturbed and frightened. Mrs. Wells snatched a shawl, and carried it along, thinking to protect the children from the dampness of the cellar. It was

pulled away from her while on the stairs. Mr. Wells jumped down the last steps just as the house went. Looking up Mrs. Wells saw the cloud rolling over them. She said she felt as if she were in the depths of the sea, and that thick black waves were rolling over them. She felt damp and cold. No one in the cellar was seriously injured, although the older Mrs. Wells was thrown over and covered with debris, and sustained some bruises. Mrs. Wells said, "The house is gone!" "Yes," her husband said; "everything!" And the tone of his voice and the expression of his face, as he raised up and looked over the town, were convincing proofs that he realized that there had been terrible havoc wrought.

The family of Mr. W. S. Gould, father of Mrs. George Wells, lived in the house next to them. The first thought of the Wells family was to look for Mr. and Mrs. Gould. They had also been at tea when the roaring was heard. Mrs. Gould said, "What shall we do about mother?" Mrs. Greaton, her mother, aged ninety-three years, was upstairs and was in feeble health. Mrs. Gould had just been up to see her, and she lay comfortably in her bed. Mr. Gould started after her, but the storm struck the front of the house, and Mrs. Gould cried, "It's a cyclone! Come to the cellar, quick!" Mr. Gould did not reach the cellar. Mrs. Gould was struck by a flying timber just as she got down stairs. Mr. Gould was found about fifty feet from the house, all in a little heap. He seemed like a child, he was so curled up and looked so small.

He did not lose consciousness, although terribly bruised and wounded, and talked some as he was assisted to Mr. Knight's cellar, just as the second "blow" came up. They remained with him about two hours in the cellar, then took him to the Mr. Bosworth's. Here he suffered for ten days, then died of septic meningitis. He was patient, gentle, and hopeful until the last. He said that if he had been killed by the blows he received at the time he would not have realized the cause of his death. The house went so quickly after he turned toward the cellar that he was carried outdoors like a flash. Mrs. Greaton, the aged grandmother, was not found until the next morning, though Mr. Orrin Greaton, her son, made an early and careful search for her. Mrs. Wells went the next morning and located the portions of her grandmother's room. They were nearly west of the foundation, about fifty feet. Then others went and found Mrs. Greaton. The outer wall had fallen over her as she lay on her mattress, her head on the pillow. A brick lay upon her chest, but she was only slightly bruised. She apparently had not stirred since her daughter had left her sleeping. For many weeks she had said she was ready to go, "whenever the Lord called" her. So this beloved old Christian was laid to rest, and but few of her many friends knew the time of her burial, so absorbed were all the people of the place in sorrow and affliction, so great was the confusion and so meager were the conveniences for information. Even the church bell, which should have

called us together to render the last acts of respect to her and other dear departed ones, lay mute in the streets of our sad little city.

Mrs. H. M. Jameson: "Mother exclaimed: 'We are going to have a storm, and I never saw the sky look as it does now.' I had a brisk fire for tea, but mother could not eat any supper, neither would Clyde. The latter went to her room, taking her shoes off, and sat by her south window, and mother sat watching at the south window in the dining room. Suddenly she cried, 'Look, quick, at the cloud!' Before looking I caught a pail of water standing near and threw it into the stove, extinguishing the fire instantly. When I reached the window I understood the nature of the monster we were to battle against. I have a recollection of going into the closet and catching a mattress and comfortable. I remember thinking: 'We may be in the cellar a long time.' I called Clyde on my way to the stairs. She rushed down without thinking of shoes, as her poor feet testified to after the storm. We stood in the southwest corner, mother directly in the corner. I was on the outside, and had unconsciously wrapped the mattress around my limbs. We had not been there over a moment when darkness, horror, and, it seemed, utter annihilation were upon us. I don't think there ever was a word strong enough to express the awfulness of the noise. In a moment it began to get brighter, and, looking up, I discovered that the north side of the house was gone and the wall had come down to us. Upon trying to

move I found I was pinned down by the rocks. As soon as I could quiet Clyde, she cleared the rocks from me, and I found I had been protected by the mattress from injury. We each took mother by the arm and went out over the debris. Oh, God! What a sight met our gaze! We made our way as best we could, mother constantly falling over the wires and other obstructions until it became evident that she was becoming exhausted. We had only reached the eastern corner of our own yard, when a man appeared, and Clyde cried to him: 'Won't you help us? We can't get grandma any further.' And the noble man, with the blood streaming over his face, came to the rescue and helped us to reach Mrs. Knight's, where we found many people, wounded, homeless, and, in some cases, the only surviving member of some happy family. But we, as a family, had much to be thankful for. We were unharmed. We think it remarkable that mother, who is eighty-one years old, was able to endure the shock. She is as well as before the storm, and has borne it all so sweetly, often remarking that she saw the rise and fall of New Richmond. Our family came here in 1855, when there was but one other house in what is now the city, the place then being called Foster's Crossing."

The family of D. W. Cummer, agent of the Wisconsin Central Railroad, lived in a new house north of the one occupied by the Tobin family. Supper was being prepared when they noticed the storm approaching. They thought of Mr. Hurley, the night

operator, who was asleep upstairs. Charles Cummer went up to call him, and found that he had been awakened by an alarm clock that had been set to go off at 5:45 in the morning. For some reason it had failed to go off in the morning, but started to ring just in time to get Mr. Hurley into the cellar, not entirely dressed, however, having time to put on but one shoe. The house went down in three distinct crashes, thus prolonging the misery of the inmates of the cellar, and giving them time to wish that each crash would be the last. The rocks from the foundation wall came rolling into the cellar, and crushed Mr. Hurley's foot. When the cloud had finally passed over it was discovered that Mr. Hurley could not walk, and was fainting with pain. Mrs. Cummer and one of her sons were badly cut, but in the terror of the moment, after seeing her home carried away, it seemed that they must flee. The two young men managed to trail Mr. Hurley along by placing his arms over their shoulders. There seemed a providence in the action of the alarm clock that waked Mr. Hurley, as had it been necessary to waken him it is probable that the whole houseful would have been delayed going to the cellar until too late. The bed springs from that particular room were found away off in the fields, a mass of melted wire. Mrs. Cummer came the next morning early to see if she could pick up some of their belongings. She found a few things, and placed them in a pile, taking what she could with her in her arms, it being impossible for her to get

a wagon, as all that came in sight were so quickly put to work. The Cummers had been taken in by Mrs. Helen Davis, and they were obliged to carry whatever they found across the river, either going by the railroad bridge or around by the dam, some distance further south. Among the articles left to be taken at another time were a carpet, the head of a Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine, and a number of fruit jars from the cellar. When they returned after the rest of their things they had all been taken away, and were never recovered. This illustrates the difficulties and discouragements met with on every hand. Early in the morning, before it was fairly time for people to be about, men were seen carrying armfuls of things across the fields. They could be plainly seen by persons living across the river, and it appeared that these goods were being put into box cars standing on the Central track. It was thought at the time that the people who were taking the goods were the rightful owners, but later inquiry failed to prove this, and it is now thought that the box cars were used for a hiding place until night, when the articles were removed.

The following is a record of the experiences of Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Edwards and Miss Julia Johnson: "The first indication we had of the approaching danger was the oppressiveness of the atmosphere, together with the darkness, which deepened until we could not see to work, and so had laid aside our sewing and went out to watch the clouds. It began as an ordinary thunder shower, with still rain and an oc-

casional flash of lightning. One flash was particularly noticeable, as it was one continuous chain from the center of the heavens to the horizon in the east. The report that followed was unusually loud. About this time it hailed for a few moments, and then quieted down to a slow, still rain. The clouds were rolling up like smoke from the southwest, until they united in the funnel-shaped cloud, which soon reached us on its deadly errand.

"We started to put down the windows and close the doors. We had closed those downstairs, and I started to close the ones upstairs, which, owing to the earnest entreaty of Miss Johnson, I did very hurriedly; then hastened downstairs, where Miss Johnson stood waiting for me. She took me by the arm and hurried me toward the cellar. I turned to look out the kitchen door. By this time I saw the light mingled with the awful darkness, and heard the roar, which was similar to, but much louder than, that of an approaching train. I paused at the cellar window an instant, and saw a luminous ball with the darkness, and trees flying, end over end, in the air. Moved by the entreaties of Miss Johnson, I hastened to the corner where she was. There we kneeled, and gave ourselves and dear ones into the keeping of God, and the awful crash was upon us. We rose to our feet, and braced ourselves against the southwest corner of the cellar, Miss Johnson being very near me. As we arose we put our hands above our heads for protection. Miss Johnson received a slight bruise on the

head, and the bones of one hand were bruised. I received no injuries; only a few bruises and a slight cut on the left hand. As the stones piled around our feet we climbed on top of them. As soon as the storm ceased we walked out on the stones and a board which had been thrown in with them. My first thought was to look to the north side of town, and seeing the trees and houses standing felt assured that Mr. Edwards was safe. At the same glance I saw Mr. Lynch's horse standing in a crouching position, with a foot badly cut. It gave a pained groan, but stood in the same spot until led away the next day. The first persons we saw were Mr. and Mrs. Oakes. Next we heard the crying of the children in Mr. Wells' cellar. Joined by Mr. and Mrs. Oakes, we rushed to see if anyone was hurt there. Next we heard a call for water, and saw Mrs. Cummer and the boys supporting the night operator. He had fainted, and I started for water. Every pump I passed had been pulled out. I succeeded in getting a bowl, and dipped some water out of a rain barrel and hastened back. This was scarcely done before the wind and rain came on so hard that we sought safety in Mr. Knight's cellar. Mr. Edwards and the day operator watched the storm until it was very near, then ran into the cellarway of the Northern Grain Co.'s office. After the storm was over they came out, congratulating themselves that it had gone around until they had proceeded several rods. Seeing the town laid flat, Mr. Edwards hastened homeward. In the vicinity of the

Courtesy of Haas Bros., St. Paul.—Copyright.

FIRST STREET, LOOKING WEST FROM WATERWORKS OVER RUINS OF NICOLLET HOTEL.

city hall he found the road almost impassable on account of the water from the water tank. In his search for home he found Mrs. Engstrom near Mr. Lynch's house. Mr. Lynch was trying to protect her from the beating rain. She said she was cold, and Mr. Edwards began looking for something to cover her. He found a piece of carpet and covered her, and then began looking for Miss Johnson and myself. After looking through the cellar and calling until he was convinced that no living being was there, he came to my sister's, where he found us. He located us, and then started out to see where he could be of service. He carried dead and wounded until he was utterly exhausted. The first home we found that was unshattered by the storm was Mr. Day's, where Miss Johnson and I got our supper and dry clothing. As the evening wore on Mr. *Atwood stopped and took us up to his home, as there were already two families at Mr. Day's. There we put in a sleepless night. At 5:30 next morning we were on the spot we had left in such haste. Back of Mr. Lynch's house we found Mrs. Legard's little girl, who had been carried almost a block east. Mrs. Legard had taken her and started for the cellar. While she was trying to open the door (which seemed to be held shut), the house was blown away. Mrs. Legard was carried a block to the southwest. From the location of persons and things we are compelled to believe the storm was electrical in character, with a rotary motion. A horse standing

*Since Deceased.

west of Mr. Lynch's house was thrown into his kitchen. The dining-room floor of our house was carried almost a block northwest. Some of Mrs. Wells' clothes were carried about three blocks northeast. A carpet from our east room, upstairs, was carried about two blocks northwest, and the pillows two blocks northeast. Some of the clothing from the bureau in the north room on the first floor were found on a lot north, and some under the stones where the woodshed stood, west of the house. Many of the trees in our block were stripped of their bark and small limbs, and left standing. I remember seeing a pile of books with a little dead pig among them. Mr. Trenholm, division superintendent of the Omaha Railroad, stayed here a week to help."

"At the home of George C. Knight, just two blocks east of the Nicollet Hotel, the little son of nine years of age was in the yard, and by the time he was gotten into the house and Mrs. Knight had put out the kitchen fire and the lamp (which had been lighted on account of the sudden darkness), the storm was upon them, and all attempts to get into the cellar for safety were too late. The worst soon passed, and with it the windows and door; yet the house stood firm upon the foundation, but was badly wrecked, being partly unroofed, the double windows on the north side having frames and all taken out. The family of seven escaped without any injury, except Lee, a boy fourteen years of age, who had his arm injured slightly by falling brick.

"This house, being the only one left standing adjacent to the devastated territory north and west, was the first refuge for quite a number who escaped death by going into their cellars. Many of these were seriously injured, and all were drenched by the heavy downpour of rain. The injured gathered here, as far as known, were: James Vail, who has since died from his injuries, which were internal; Mrs. Anton Legard, with a broken arm, collarbone and injured about the head (this lady lost her daughter and husband by the cyclone); the family of Ward S. Gould, who lived in house nearest to northwest; Mr. Gould, who was discovered by Mr. Knight's son in the ruins of his house; Mr. Severen Oleson, who was injured about the back, and also had a bad flesh wound; Mrs. Avery and son, J. B. Avery; Hugh Minier; Mary Ordahl; Emma Neitge; Mrs. A. Tobin and little son Malcolm; Miss Julia Johnson of Minneapolis, a teacher in the New Richmond schools; Mrs. N. W. Edwards; Mr. A. J. Nelson; Mrs. John Patton and little daughter; Geo. A. Wells, wife and two children; Mrs. H. M. Jameson and daughter Clyde; Grandma Foster, eighty-one years of age, who had made her way through two blocks of ruins; four Elgee children; Mr. Wm. Hughes and two children; Mr. and Mrs. Mark Casey and two children; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Oaks; Mrs. D. W. Cumner and two boys, Frank and Charles; Mr. Hurley; Mr. Joyce, and two or three Misses Rings. These people made this home a temporary refuge till the violence of the storm had passed. Many

of them crowded into Mr. Knight's cellar, even taking some of the injured with them. All except James Vail afterwards made their way to the homes of people more fortunate and who had dry quarters. Vail was taken away by friends the following day. This home and family were wonderfully spared, and, although the house was wrenched and twisted, the family were able to be of much help to many who were entirely without protection of any kind."

Mr. Otto Engstrom, engineer at the sawmill: "I ran in and shut down the steam after I saw the storm coming. I saw two piles of clouds, one coming down from the west and one from the south. They met, and the collision was like that of gunpowder. They then began to whirl, and were all mingled together. The white clouds seemed to roll up on top, as though they were lighter. The noise it made was enough to kill you. When that thing got about the middle of Main street I saw fire flash from it, as though it fell like a ball out of the center onto the earth. Then I saw Dr. Johnson's house lifted bodily into the air, and then collapse and scatter to the ground. That made me think of my own home near there. There was a man lying under the bridge who kept calling, 'Otto, come down!' and I just took one jump and huddled down there with him. From where we were we could see the cyclone come along. When it struck Willow river it picked up the logs out of the water, whirled them in the air, and landed them fully five hundred yards from where they had been. It struck the

Omaha spur track that was bridged quite a distance into the water, and which was used for unloading logs from the cars, and was the same bridge I was hiding under. There were eight cars standing on the track, a few of them loaded or partly so, and six of them were pitched into the water. One was lifted into the air, and let down again, with one of the pairs of trucks shoved into the middle of it, and placed again on the track—three pairs of trucks under one car, as if placed there by man. It took one lumber pile, board by board, while another was thrown up in a mass. When the old blacksmith shop (where Mr. Noonan was killed) went I thought surely the mill would go also, and was expecting to hear the boilers explode. But the mill was left, though everything around it was destroyed. There was a door from some building shot through the roof of the planing mill. The cloud seemed to have a lot of arms that went tearing in different directions, screaming and bounding upwards and downwards. Just before it struck the water I saw one of those big telephone poles ground round and round into splinters that were scattered to nothing; then the water shot up and one log pitched over the spur. As soon as the storm passed I ran for dear life to see if I could find my home and my family. After I had crossed by the mill dam I did not know where I was going. I have lived in New Richmond for ten years, and yet I could not tell where my home had been, or anything else. Oh! There was no home, but everything—everything was gone!

After a long tramp through mud and water, and over the walls of houses, I came to where I thought the street I had lived on was. But I found that I was two blocks out of the way, for there was a cellar near by, full of people, who kept calling me to, 'Come down!' This was Mr. Tobin's. They cried to me that there was 'another one coming,' but I could not stop. I must hunt for my home. When I came to the street on which I lived I had to count the cellars, until I came to my own; that was the only way I cound find it. There was nothing left around that I could tell by. I received several scratches by being thrown down by the fierce wind that blew. As bad as it was so far I had not seen the worst yet. I stumbled around blindly, and the first person I heard and saw was my eldest girl. Her arm was broken, but so great was her courage that she said she was not hurt, bidding me look for the others. The next one I found was my wife. She did not know me at first, neither would I have known her except for a little bit of clothing which I recognized. She was injured terribly. I found the rest of my family that night, with the exception of one, which I recovered the next day."

Mr. Engstrom lost two children.

Mr. P. Heffron: "I left the Willow River Co.'s lumber yard and started for home. When I got about to the center of the wagon bridge I saw that to go further meant certain death, and ran back and went into the mill. This place appeared to be but a poor refuge, so I thought to make the Central depot.

I traveled about half the way when I saw that the cyclone was coming directly toward me. I then ran back and into the shingle yard, and tried to cross a wire fence, but was so exhausted from running that I dropped down beside it. I lay there and saw the cyclone pass about eight rods away, and fully expected to be taken up with it. It appeared to be a solid wall, composed of boards, trees, cattle, horses and human beings. I lay there about half a minute. When I arose the smoke stack of the mill was just being carried off. I thought from the terrible roaring sound that the cloud was making a channel through the earth, grinding up all the rocks in its path."

Mr. Alex. Leverty: "I was in the mill yard and tried to get into an old boiler which had been taken out of the mill. The flue was too small, so I had to give it up. The clouds were dark, like black coal, and were like two revolving columns. I saw balls of fire flash from them. You might imagine the figure of a man, with an arm extending toward the east. We stood on our feet until we saw the cars leave the track, then I slid down the sawdust banks to the edge of the water. There was little wind—not enough to blow my hat off, being about twelve or fifteen rods from where the cars were leaving the track. As it passed by there was slight suction, stirring the sawdust around considerable. When the sawdust quit blowing I crawled up the bank, and looked around for Engstrom. He was about four rods west of me, in the dump, lying in the block wood. I saw that there

was no water near me, but that the water stood like a winrow of hay in the middle of the pond. I looked at my watch at that time, and saw it had been but one and one-half minutes since I had seen the first buildings start. They appeared to rise up about as high as the upper windows, and then go to pieces. When I got down to the Link place, near mine, I saw Mrs. Link, her mother and their little boy. Then I saw Mr. Burden's folks. He said that he had taken his children to the cellar, and 'sat down on them, before the house went.' Mrs. Burden asked me where my wife was. I did not know. There was nothing where the house had been. Supposing they had gone across the street in the direction of the storm, I went that way. I saw Mrs. Otto Engstrom. Her leg was broken. I helped her up on the floor of her house, and placed half a door behind her to keep the rain off, and a pillow behind her head. I went about twenty or thirty feet further, and found her little girl. I picked her up and laid her head in her mother's lap, where she died in a short time. I found Anthony Lynch trying to protect Mrs. Legard behind some stuff he had put up for protection. Her eye was cut and her arm broken. He asked me to go to his cellar and inform his folks that he was all right, as he had left there a few moments before the storm. I did so, and found fifteen in that cellar, all well. Then I started back to my own place, and found my wife sitting near where the barn had been, with the baby, close to the ice house, which was left. I took some

doors which I found and made a shelter for them, then put my hat and coat on my wife. Her head was badly cut. While I was working around there a hand reached up out of a cellar and pulled my pant leg. It was like a hand coming out of the earth, and scared me—gave me such a feeling that I felt like yelling. It was Mr. Montfort and his wife, who wanted to be helped out of a cellar. I found Dr. Johnson sitting on a radiator which had been upstairs in the house, and was now in Jameson's yard. He had a comforter around his shoulders. He wanted to know what had happened. I said, 'Oh, nothing has happened!' for there was more to do than to tell what had happened. He wanted to know, 'where he was at?' 'If he wasn't in Jewelltown?' I saw he was out of his mind. I made him as comfortable as I could, and picked up my wife's parasol, which I found,—not injured in the least,—opened it, and told him to hold it over his head. My brother-in-law and I took Mrs. Dunbar and her daughter (who were lying close by in a pool of water), and put them near some trees where it was drier. I found some blankets, and wrapped these around them, as their clothing had been nearly stripped from them. Mrs. Dunbar then wanted me to let her lie down, for I had placed her in a sitting posture. I found some wisps of straw and hay, made a pillow, and placed her head upon it, and she said she was all right. Sarah asked me to raise her arm, which lay at her side. I did so, and found it broken. I laid it across her lap and went back to my folks. I could

not take all at once, so I started with the doctor. I met Mr. Wm. Burden, who said he would take the doctor to the Hoover House. I went back to my wife, and found there Mr. Carroll and Mr. Whipple. Mr. Carroll helped Miss Minier, whose home had been in the Tunis house, and I took the baby, and went with Mr. Carroll to their rooms in Mrs. Libby's house, where we got dry clothing and where I left my wife and baby. I then went to the Hoover House (picked up a hat on the way, which I put on) to see Dr. Johnson. He again inquired 'where he was at,' and if he was not 'in Jewelltown.' His daughter's husband came and took him to his house in the country. Looking after members of my own family in different places, I could not get to the Dunbars until about five o'clock the next morning. Mrs. Dunbar was lying as I had left her, but she was dead. Sarah and her father had been moved during the night."

After about three days Dr. Johnson was sufficiently recovered to come back to town. He said: "I cannot tell where I was about six o'clock. I can't remember, but I think I must have been sitting by the west window reading, as I frequently sat there and read when at home. Mrs. Leverty, who was the housekeeper, was getting supper. She thinks she had picked the baby up and gone into the buttery. She does not remember whether she had started the kitchen fire or not. Probably she had, as she is a prompt housekeeper; but it made no impression upon her mind." Both Mrs. Leverty and her baby and Dr.

Johnson were found by Mr. Leverty a short time later.* Mrs. Leverty said she indistinctly remembers that her baby was under a plank. Someone came and tried to move it, then gave it up and went away. These people evidently did not notice the approach of the storm, and afterwards were entirely unconscious as to what happened before arriving at the place where they were found. The doctor says he does not feel as badly about losing his house as he does about the loss of a suit of clothes he got in Canada the last time he was there. He would like his buffalo robe and his rifle and rifle case, too; because he thinks someone else has them,—took them after the house went to pieces, —and hopes (although it may not be right) that the man who picked up the rifle will get hit in his shooting eye the first time he tries to fire it off. He hopes the bullet will go backwards instead of forwards. He says: "I have learned one thing, and that is that I can cry. I am seventy-six years old, and do not recollect ever shedding tears before. But this calamity has made me cry."

The family of Mr. Thomas Porter were much concerned for their son Dwight, whom they knew had been in from the farm that afternoon. Mrs. Porter says: "I knew that if he had not gone home he would have driven into the Methodist church shed. Of course, when we got down there and saw the sheds were all gone we didn't know where to look. We searched a long time in the direction we thought he

*See account of Mr. Leverty.

would have been carried, but nothing could be found. I asked many if they would help me, but all seemed to pass on and look for their own. Mr. Porter searched all night. I went home thinking I ought to be there to take care of injured ones. I lit up my house for people to come in. About four o'clock I went out again. Mr. Porter had found Dwight's whip (a peculiar one, which had been presented to him) near the site of the shed. Between six and seven he was found, two or three hundred feet northeast of the church foundation. The church had been thrown northwest. He must have been killed instantly, as his brain was bare. The horse was found dead not far from him, without a bit of harness on and not a strap lying near him. The buggy has not been found. It all came so suddenly that we can hardly realize it."

Mrs. Cummings: "Speaking of cyclones, my mind turns back to the year 1884. I was then living at Clayton, a small town twenty miles north of New Richmond, in the lumber district. We were just washing dishes when all at once we heard a terrible roar, like the falls of Niagara. We soon discovered a terrible storm creeping upon us, and had hardly time to shut the windows and doors before it struck us. In less time than it takes to tell it seventy-five lights of glass were broken by hail. Then I supposed most of the storm was over, but after some work at picking up, I stepped out on the south porch, and was surprised to see a second storm, still greater than the first, coming with great rapidity. I shall never forget

the introduction. It had then formed into sections, each section pitching and driving, as if trying to see which could get to us first and do the most destructive work. It was black as ink, and soon struck, accompanied by a waterspout. Darkness had settled over us, and only as flash after flash of lightning came could we see the damage being done by the storm. At one flash all the trees were standing around our home; at the next flash every tree had been torn up by the roots. We could not see the grass, as it was covered with water; and at every flash of lightning it seemed as though we were in mid-ocean, and the waves were dashing to and fro in the terrific wind. The front of our house was torn from corner to corner, nearly a foot from the walls at the center. This storm began at twenty minutes before eight o'clock p. m. and lasted until eight, each gust of wind being harder than the preceding one. We thought we could never witness a worse scene than presented itself the next morning; but how little we know what awaits us in the future!

"Just seven years from the next September, at five o'clock p. m., Mr. Cummings came in, and said: 'We are going to have a cyclone now. Come, and let me convince you.' I went out. Oh, the stillness! Not a breath of air stirred the leaves. It seemed as if the stillness could be felt. Away in the southwest was that ugly cloud—a sort of grayish-greenish color. Not a sound of wind was heard as it came creeping, creeping—up, up; then widening, widening; then

creeping again. We went to make everything as secure as we could. We stationed ourselves in the kitchen, as it was not so high as the rest of the house, and thought we stood a better chance for our lives if the house went down, because there was not so much above us. There was not a sound of rain until the house was struck. Then in a half minute's time one hundred lights, small size, of glass were broken by hail and the whole house deluged. It only lasted seven minutes, but it seemed a much longer time, as we were expecting every instant to be blown away. The front of the house was torn so far from the walls that a clock upstairs was heard ticking behind the wainscoting in the office on the first floor. I thought I could never pass through a worse storm and live, but these experiences were only a drop in a bucket compared with the New Richmond cyclone.

"About six o'clock p. m., on June 12, 1899, I was lying down in my room on the southeast side of the house. My daughter came to my room and said: 'What noise is that? Is it a train? or is it in the sky?' I very deliberately went out on the south porch. The sky was hidden from view by trees. I said to myself: 'That sounds like a long, very heavily loaded freight train, running wild, at lightning speed, down grade, and shaking like a fanning-mill hopper.' I listened some moments, and the noise grew louder and louder, —the train moving, as I supposed, faster and faster. I turned and went into the house, as unconcerned as if I had really seen the train. Mert Bigelow (a boy) came

running in and said: 'Get to the cellar! There is a cyclone.' My daughter, Mrs. Davis, had already decided that it was best to go to the cellar before young Bigelow came in. We all ran to the cellar, none too soon, as the broken glass came in on the last ones going down. In one minute after starting for the cellar a portion of a tree came into my room, through the east window, took a turn north and carried off the foot of the bed where I had been lying. It then turned west, taking out the end of a commode, and then took from its hinges a door on the west side of the room, a little to the south of the commode, making kindling wood of the lower half, and knocking the partition one and one-half inches into the other room. The door and tree landed exactly where I stood when the boy ran in. A plank shot through a west window into the house and out at an east window. Those moments of horror can never be erased from memory. In the cellar it was dark as midnight. The timbers of the house creaked, shutters, windows and window-sash were crashing, and all were expecting every second to be blown away. No tongue can tell, no pen describe, the experience. God grant none of us may be unfortunate enough to have such another! I never saw such destruction as was wrought by this cyclone upon New Richmond and the adjacent country."

Mr. Ripley saw the cloud and heard at the same time the terrible roar. He says: "I went out to close the barn door, and as I turned from the barn I was in full view of the cloud, which appeared to be

coming directly toward my barn. I first got my family into the cellar, then took my position under a tree. The cloud moved slowly enough, so that I intended to watch my chance to make the cellar; but after sweeping through Mr. Welsh's place it veered more in an easterly direction, took Mr. Alexander's place, then farther to the east, and we were safe. I called them from the cellar to watch the great monster (to me it appeared to be the very representation of hell), as it traveled within a half mile of our place, tearing up everything in its course. It was black as it came towards us, funnel shaped, and of monstrous size. It seemed to have two motions, one turning and twisting, and another reaching from the clouds (by which it seemed to feed) to the earth, and throwing off from the outside what was taken up inside. We watched it for several miles, as it went bellowing like a dozen monstrous engines all at work at once across the prairie. It is a sight I hope never to witness again."

G. W. Ripley says that when Mrs. Ripley first looked from her window, attracted by the noise and darkness, she had just put some eggs on to boil. The time was five minutes to six. She thought then that it was New Richmond going down. The coincidence is striking that this was the exact time noted by Miss Doty, before she went into the cellar at Boardman. There is no question of the veracity and exactness of either. The time pieces may be at fault. At Mr. Welsh's place a granary was thrown south, and the

DESTRUCTION OF DR. EPLEY'S HOME.

FOUNDATION AND CELLAR OF DR. JOHNSON'S HOME.
HOUSE DISAPPEARED.

grain dumped out; then thrown north again, where it was found.

Mr. Chas. J. Phillips: "The evening after the storm seems like a dream to me. When I hear it said that certain things happened at seven o'clock or nine o'clock I cannot recall the succession of the hours. It seemed like one long midnight from the time that we left the Epley home until daylight came again. Stepping forth from the window to the porch, and turning to assist Mrs. Epley, I said: 'You must come to our house.' 'How do you know you have any house, Charlie?' she replied. How many times I have recalled the picture of that little group, hastily throwing about them whatever could be found, framed in the space left by the window, crossed here and there by broken boards. As I stepped out, and Hoyt ran for Jack to the blacksmith shop, leaving a group of ladies and children in the dining-room, I wish I could paint the expressions of those faces. As Mrs. Epley spoke, she put around her shoulders a gentleman's coat, and hesitated just a moment in the act, while the whole group, with myself, seemed to be thinking: 'Sure enough! How do you know that you have a home?' Everything seemed to be floating before me, as I thought of mother and father and the other inmates of my home. However, the destruction in that direction was not as great as to the west, so I did not think they had been hurt; but I turned and ran clear home and into the house, to make sure with my own eyes, that the people were all right. I didn't merely

use my judgment, and simply look to see if the house was there, as my brother Frank did. The floors were wet and covered with broken window glass, but the house was all there. The second wind was just coming up, and mother was trying to hold the south door shut. I told her to let the door go, and get down cellar, for I thought we were going to get the tornado again. I thought perhaps it had returned, as its name indicated. Father was up in the attic holding onto the scuttle door, to keep it from blowing away. I shouted to him to come down, but he said: 'The rain will drive in and wet everything—spoil the house.' I shouted: 'The people down town haven't any houses left; ours may go, too.' But I couldn't get him to budge. He is quite deaf, and, of course, the house didn't go, though it got a good drenching through the broken windows. Then mother asked me about things down town, and she said: 'Oh, you must go and bring people here. You must go and look after our friends.' I ran down the street. I don't know why I ran. As I ran along past Mr. Densmore's I saw a man lying in the street near the Methodist parsonage. Ralph Bently came along from the opposite direction, and (without speaking to each other) we both approached the prostrate form, lifted him up, carried him in to Mr. Densmore's, and laid him on the floor. The people there began to do for him, and we went out again, each going in different directions, not saying anything. This was Mr. P. Newell, who was afterwards taken to St. Joseph's hospital in St.

Paul, where he died. Later in the evening two ladies stopped in at Mr. Densmore's, and seeing Mr. Newell there, apparently in a dying condition, went after the priest, and succeeded in finding him, which was the singular part of their perilous trip across the dark fields and a maze of entanglements. This I learned afterward. When I left there I ran down to Main street. There I saw poor Mrs. Gillen, sitting up against a wad of tin roofing, in the mud. She was dying. I felt frightened at what I saw, I suppose, but I didn't call it that. I was sort of apart from earth—seemed to be sailing along over a strange country, and not conscious of myself. I saw men carrying bodies, saw the fires burning and heard strange cries, and ran on to the southwest. I passed Mr. Rowe's, and saw him going about and picking up some things, and his wife lying in the yard. I heard him say to me: 'This is the last of my poor wife.' 'What?' I said. He repeated his words. 'Oh,' I said, not half understanding what he meant—not offering a word of consolation. I found our friends alive, and later in the evening I helped all I could in the rescue work. I could not stand the sights long."

There are two little boys, Howard Glover and Frank Bannister, who will probably always remember their narrow escape. Howard was with his father, near the west end of the store, by the stairway. But he remembers most distinctly the tea box, which seemed to be his only protection. He says: "I had just time to get behind a tea box when the thing

struck." Tea boxes will always be very suggestive to him. Frank was in the photograph gallery, back of Mr. Dawley's confectionery store. Peanuts were his favorite relish, and by chance he fell in with the peanut roaster, and bags of roasted peanuts. When uncovered he was found comparatively uninjured, and he held up a bag of peanuts to be taken out first. When hauled out himself he demanded his booty, and on reaching home said: "I got a bag of peanuts, anyway."

There are two girls, also, who will recollect having received the most lively hustling that will ever fall to their lot. Miss Emma Minier and Mary McShane were on the street, hastening homeward. A young man, whose real name I have not learned, but who is called "Swift," hurried Emma along, up the rise of ground, as she neared her home, almost exhausted. She saw the shingles flying from the barn, and trees furiously lashing the ground, before she entered her home with a bound, and her father caught her and jumped down the cellar stairs at the instant the house crashed down. Mary was hurried—fairly dragged, as her strength gave out—by Mr. Jay Densmore into his cellar. There, panting and excited, when the din rolled by, and where later refugees were driven in by the second blow, the cry was raised, "There's another one coming!" little Mary cried out boldly to Rev. Mr. Tull: "Pray! Pray! Why don't you pray?" It seemed to her that if anyone had any standing at the throne of grace, now was the time to use it.

It was not easy to laugh during those days, but there were a few things which we were obliged to see the ludicrousness of. Mr. John Snowbanker, who is not easily disturbed, was sufficiently aroused on this occasion to drive into the livery stable, jump out off his milk cart and dive into the oat bin, below stairs. The barn went away, leaving only the floor. Mr. Snowbanker crawled out of his hiding place, and found his horses and milk cart right side up, on the street—not a milk can upset. He drove home, and his only comment to his wife was, "I guess we had quite a wind up there."

One of the homes which was looked upon that night as "all right" will serve as a sample of all, each one being sufficiently disturbed to make a startling column in the daily news, in an account of a severe wind storm. Mrs. Allen and Miss Thayer felt their house tremble, and the dining-room appeared to lift as they passed through to the cellarway. (The house was actually moved about three inches north on the foundation.) A moment later thuds were felt upon the walls, and the joists creaked and groaned. On coming upstairs from the cellar, they found their west windows blown in, the casing and the panel below moved into the room several inches, plants, chairs and other furniture thrown across the room, and glass and mud spattered about. The rain began to beat in, and getting together the cake board, the ironing board (the only boards available), and the step ladder, they tried to fix them at the windows. A neighbor

came in, frantically wringing her hands, followed by her two children. One of the children immediately had a chill. Placing one on the couch, and catching the other up to save her from being cut by broken glass, Miss Thayer inadvertently placed her on the reclining chair, upon a pile of broken plant jars. Then, feeling the draft from upstairs, she ran up, exclaiming, in her perplexity, "Oh! Oh! Oh!" A heavy barn sill was thrust in the roof, penetrating the ceiling, and water was pouring down it into the room. The windows were broken, furniture tossed about, and choice paintings blown from their frames. She made several journeys up and down stairs in the effort to secure the household goods from being spoiled by water. For an hour and a quarter they continued this work. They heard people screaming and running, the lions roaring and the elephant trumpeting on the circus grounds, and the time seemed a sorry one for them. One and another put their heads in at the door, and, stopping only to say, "I'm glad to see you are all right," went quickly away. Dr. Epley came, and asked if anyone was hurt there. "No, they were not hurt." The doctor's face was very pale. Mrs. Allen said: "Are you sick, doctor?" "No," he said, "I am well. We are all well," and vanished like a ghost of himself into the rain and darkness. Mrs. Allen was greatly concerned because Mr. Patton had not been in to see them, as was always his custom when they were in trouble, and as soon as she could get away, started to go to the Patton home, not knowing it was gone.

No one had told her Mr. Patton could not be found, or that their home was gone. Making her way as soon as she was able, between wires, broken branches and pieces of roofing, she ascended the rise of ground toward the Staple's (Tobin) house. There stood its ruins, black against the fire-lit sky. Looking toward the Patton place, where in the morning she had seen a row of cozy cottages, with happy children playing about, she saw silent gray heaps, reaching to the river, and the broken and barkless trees in Mrs. Avery's yard, guarding the trackless space. Groups of horses, four abreast, ran up the street, splashing the mud. She was conscious of this picture being presented to her, then her strength failed, and she returned home. People came in whom she could help. She did not know until morning what the destruction had been, nor where Mrs. Patton was.

CHAPTER VIII.

Looking Over the Situation.

O, woe is me
To have seen what I have seen; to see what I see.
—*Shakespeare.*

Adjutant General Boardman and Surgeon General Edwards were ordered to New Richmond. The following telegrams were reported June 14th:

"Arrived here at 11. Temporary wants of destitute and sick supplied. Greatest want now in ready money for clearing wreckage and cleaning, or sickness will follow. Am arranging for organization to handle work.—Boardman."

—*The Minneapolis Times.*

"New Richmond, Wis., June 14.—Governor Scofield, Madison, Wis.: The work of relief progressing rapidly and becoming more systematic. City crowded with sightseers and some suspicious characters, but Company C is doing good guard duty, and the sheriff is swearing in deputies to supplement work. Dead

are being rapidly buried, and worst of the injured are being sent to St. Paul. Laborers are scarce, but have made arrangements to have fifty sent here and have ordered tents and supplies for them. Finance committee has received, so far as I can learn, about $5.000, mostly from Minneapolis and St. Paul. Much more will be needed. Price, Mosher and Bell are in charge of the finance. Doyon handles the quartermaster and commissary departments, and the work of cleaning up has been placed in responsible hands. Dr. F. W. Epley is in charge of medical department. The newspaper reports of the situation are accurate. Will stay here until to-morrow, unless you direct otherwise.—BOARDMAN."

—*The Minneapolis Times.*

"Madison, Wis., June 15.—(Special)—Governor Scofield to-day received the following dispatch from Adjutant General Boardman:

"'New Richmond, Wis., June 15.—Governor Scofield, Madison, Wis.: Everything here is progressing as satisfactorily as can be expected. Supplies are pouring in. All energy should be directed towards raising money, as that is the greatest need.—BOARDMAN.'"

—*The Evening Wisconsin.*

Both lines of railroads running through New Richmond were very prompt and generous in our behalf. Their agents at this place and prominent officials gave evidence of their interest. Mr. Cummer of the Wisconsin Central had been planning a vaca-

tion, to begin Tuesday, and the agent to take his place was already here. Mr. Cummer did not go, and there was plenty of work for him, this agent, and five other additional helpers, for several weeks. The Northwestern work was also done at the Central depot, until a box car, for which a side track was built opposite relief headquarters, could be utilized as a temporary depot. The early telegrams sent by Division Superintendent Horn have been mentioned. In many ways he showed his personal interest in his many New Richmond friends. Crews of men were sent, with boarding cars, or with dinner pails, by both roads. Fifty Italian trackman, from the Central force, were sent to aid in burying the carcasses of animals, which it soon became imperative to dispose of. A large trench was dug near the river, northeast of town, for the purpose, and hundreds of horses, cows, pigs, dogs, etc., were hauled off and buried there. One hundred men from the Hudson saw mill, headed by Mayor De Long, and two hundred from the Omaha shops, headed by Superintendent Preston, made a telling raid on the ruins. All wore badges, "Hudson Helpers," and each carried a willing heart as well, and offered assurance of a hopeful future in store for us. One gentleman, who had come as an individual helper, looked upon the splintered furniture, chairs, pianos, bedsteads, torn curtains, etc., of a home he had known, all piled in a promiscuous mass, with the parts of the house, and said, jokingly: "I don't think much of your housekeeping, Mrs. ——." "Well," she replied,

trying to rise to the spirit of the remark, "you see I have broken up housekeeping, and shall probably know more when I begin again—if I ever do," she added, ruefully. The crews of men mentioned gave gratuitous service, and also some other individuals; but as a rule, laborers were paid out of the funds subscribed at their places of residence.

General Manager Scott was here in person, and sent the following telegram:

"St. Paul, Minn., June 14.—Governor Scofield, Madison, Wis.: Until the helpfulness of sympathetic humanity is made effective, the village of New Richmond can be erased from map of Wisconsin. One of the most thriving business communities is so thoroughly storm-swept that nothing is left of its business, and but little of its residence section. From personal interviews on the ground with a large number of those who escaped, I found them courageous and strong in this adversity; but much distress necessarily prevails among the many who have lost their all, and what is being done for them under your guidance in the home state and by the sister State of Minnesota is so well directed that all appreciate the calamity at New Richmond has few precedents.

"W. A. Scott,
"General Manager, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway."

By transportation of freight and passengers and generous contributions in labor and relief measures, these railroads showed themselves fully alive to the

situation. Additional crews were sent to clear the tracks and lift the derailed cars from the river. The work of the great derrick was of interest to sight-seers.

In their report, now completed, the relief committee state that the American and National Express Companies and the Western Union Telegraph Company also rendered free service to sufferers.

The postal service was greatly impaired, owing to the destruction of the postoffice and the necessity of putting up with cramped quarters and lack of facilities, on the north side of the river, accessible only by a bridge temporarily constructed on the mill dam, running partly parallel with the track. Wagons, carriages, bicycles and foot passengers were compelled to make their way across as best they could, in some danger of being hurt by horses frightened by the passing trains. The distance was considerable, and the road hard to travel. For a time no mail could be given out, because the keys to the mail bags were lost, and it was necessary to wait for an inspector to open the mail. For many days (weeks even) the postoffice presented a very confused appearance. Mail was stacked upon the floor, and it was next to impossible to sort it in such limited space. Both the postmaster and his assistant had lost members of their families, and Assistant W. T. Lambdin had been painfully hurt. Residents failed to receive letters sent them, and the outgoing mail was slow in reaching its destination. Day after day newspapers remained undistributed, it being simply impossible to unsnarl the tangle.

Added to the local hindrances in the matter of securing mail and getting letters sent was the fact of the tremendous rain storms which had prevailed throughout Northern Wisconsin, making bad washouts and delaying trains. According to the weather bureau, "During the first fifteen days of June the rainfall was 5.18 inches. The average for the entire month during the past twenty years is 3.90 inches. The entire month's fall in 1897, the year of the great floods, was nine inches." The first messages calling for relief had to be sent in a roundabout way. Much delay was consequent upon the increased number of messages, and the destruction of one telegraph station here and also one at Boardman. Friends in distant places became greatly distressed. I have in mind a lady in New York, awaiting information after the first report in regard to Mr. H. H. Smith, and a family in Los Angeles, who received the first (erroneous) reports of Dr. Epley having both legs broken, nothing being said concerning their families; and others quite as disquieting. Inquiries received such tardy answers that a gentleman writing from Clark county says: "Am informed that it is useless to try to wire you." This was on the 16th. The lack of information led to the belief that the ones from whom no response was received had been disabled, or were among those whose fate had not yet been ascertained. Newspaper reports gave lists of dead and injured, but invariably stated that search for bodies was still going on, and thus gave intimation that there might be omissions,

and, in fact, noted some errors from day to day. These were unavoidable in the confusion, and because the reporters were not widely acquainted with the people and place. Though this was true, the reports were in the main correct, and in no sense an exaggeration.

The Western Union Telegraph Company had connected up their wires on the evening of the 13th, by stringing them on fence posts, or any available support. Insulation was imperfect, and the wires did not work well when wet, which was frequently the case, and sometimes failed altogether. It was several days before the repairs were completed, as nearly every part of the line had to be rebuilt from North Wisconsin Junction, and poles and wire could not be obtained promptly.

It was known that there had been considerable damage done in the country towards the northeast. Farm houses had been destroyed, and barns and outbuildings splintered or swept away. The cloud had become more fragmentary after passing the mill pond on Willow river, and had not made such a clean sweep of everything in the line of its progress as previously; but it still retained great force and fury wherever it struck the ground.

Messrs. O. F. and Frank Heminway viewed the cloud from its northwest side, as it threw up what appeared to be a spray of mud; as would be the case if a stream of water were projected forcibly from a nozzle into a bed of dust, causing it to fly up. They observed the cloud to divide, one part continuing about

in its former course, and the other part driving a little to the westward, and then scudding off, parallel to the first and a little distance from it. It would appear that the more westerly portion struck Clear Lake, Pineville and Clayton, and that the other portion continued on to Barron.

Following are the press reports of the damage done at Clear Lake, Pineville, Oakland and Barron, and in Dr. King's report will be found losses mentioned at Clayton and Richardson, and in adjacent country:

"Barron, Wis., June 13.—This city and surrounding country was last night visited by a severe tornado, which did untold damage. The storm came up about seven o'clock, and for several minutes was watched with fearful apprehension. The scene was awful to behold. The storm started by a cloudburst, which drenched everything. The Norwegian church was totally wrecked. The Barron Heading Company's mill was partially wrecked and the stock scattered badly. The residence of J. W. Gillett was badly wrecked, and penetrated in six places by planks blown from adjacent lumber yards. Gus Soderberg's residence was moved from its foundation, and the kitchen roof penetrated by a flying board. John Post's residence was badly wrecked, and his barn and sheds are down. The dwelling of W. P. Howard was turned over on its side. Mrs. Howard was injured so that her recovery is doubtful. Mr. Howard received slight injuries. The large, half-completed residence of Bert Finnimore

and S. F. Filmore was entirely destroyed. Barns and buildings without number are wrecked. Nearly every store front on East Third street was blown in. The theater block and opera hall are slightly wrecked. John Martin's bicycle shop was wiped off the earth. The upper half of the front of A. E. Horstman's furniture store was blown out. Mrs. L. C. McNurlin's millinery store suffered likewise. The front of E. Nelson's store, in the opera house block, was blown in. The Third ward schoolhouse was moved from its foundation, and nine box cars were blown off the tracks. Mrs. Crandall's residence was wrecked, and numerous other dwellings and buildings are out of plumb as a result of the storm. The electric light and telephone wires are down. Up to four o'clock no casualties were reported."—*Pioneer Press.*

"Clear Lake, Wis., Special, June 15.—What would, under ordinary circumstances, be considered a cyclone, but which was so completely overshadowed by the horrible affair at our sister town of New Richmond, occurred here Monday evening. The same storm that leveled New Richmond also swept through here, but with less force, and only in places was its fury unloosened, and, at those places, death and desolation is the result. The main portion of the wind traveled about one mile from the village in a northeasterly direction, through a small settlement called Pineville. At this point the most damage was done.

"The home of Sam Olson was blown down and Mr. Olson instantly killed, his wife probably fatally

injured and one son badly hurt. Adjoining his place was the home of Torger Torgenson. This also was completely demolished, but the family, who had taken refuge in the cellar, escaped injury. Next was the home of J. C. Walsworth. He and his family escaped death in a marvelous manner. The family had taken refuge in the cellar and were scarcely in when the house was lifted off and destroyed. Mr. Walsworth, who is the general agent for a farm machinery company, had a number of mowers and binders and rakes on the premises, and a number of these were blown into the cellar, completely filling it; but every member of the family of seven escaped with scarcely any injury.

"The next was the home of William Lewis. The house, with his barn, was destroyed. A large town hall next met the same fate. North of this about a mile and a half were the homes of John and Reuben Hale. Both, together with the barns and other farm buildings, were leveled to the ground, and a Mr. Rosenquist seriously injured. Fred Kennetz's home was the next. Everything he owned was demolished and Mr. Kennetz killed.

"The home of P. L. Taylor, one mile north of town, was also blown down and Mr. Taylor very badly hurt. Directly west of the village the home of Hans J. Johnson met the same fate. The family lost everything. The school house, two miles north of town, was blown to atoms, and the home of Mr. Grant, forty rods in the rear, destroyed.

"East of the village the storm was also terrific. One family, whose name has not been learned, had the greater portion of their home lifted off over their heads, but of the family of six none were injured. The father was blown twenty rods, and when he recovered his feet was surprised to find a son deposited alongside of him. Both went toward the house to meet the mother with three children looking for a refuge. The large barn of John E. Glover, at Willowville, was demolished. Many horses and cattle are killed.

"At least fifteen families are homeless, and some are absolutely destitute. Barns and windmills are blown down on nearly every farm in this vicinity. Many people are in need of immediate assistance, and a movement in that direction was begun to-day. A telegram was sent to Governor Scofield, calling his attention to the state of affairs."

"Cumberland, Wis., Special, June 15.—News reached this city to-day from Arland, an interior farming section of this county, that Monday's cyclone did untold damage in that region. The small village of Arland, with half a dozen business houses, was wiped out of existence and twenty or thirty farmers in the vicinity suffered great loss of buildings and stock. Two children were picked up by the wind and carried nearly half a mile, but neither was killed. Many people were injured, but no deaths are reported.—*Pioneer Press.*

General Boardman detailed Dr. C. F. King, surgeon of the Fourth Regiment Wisconsin National Guard, to visit the track of the storm adjacent to New Richmond, and in Polk and Barron counties, investigate conditions of suffering, and give surgical aid to the injured. Following is the report of Dr. King:

List of sufferers, with the amount of their estimated losses, in Clayton, Richardson, Clear Lake and adjacent territory, and in Polk county:

Carl Becker, lost house and barns (has eight or nine children), $500.

John Smith, lost one cow and barn (has three children), $75.

Fred Hass and wife, lost house and stables, $200.

John Eggert, lost house and barn (has wife and one child), $500.

Carl Sass, lost barn (has wife and four children), $50.

Herman Smith, loss on barn (has wife and three children), $50.

John Ludwig, loss on house and barn (has wife and five children).

John Plahn, lost everything (has wife and ten children, destitute), $400.

John Shafer, lost barn, $50.

Moritz Pabst, lost everything (wife injured), $1,500.

Jacob Kododa, lost barn, $50.

H. Meyer, lost roof of house and barn, $100.

Joseph Vonda, lost house (has two children), $100.

Charles Parlo, lost barn, $50.

August Buergstrom, lost barn, $250.

Ole Buergstrom, lost barn, machinery, cow, granary, $500.

A. G. Anderson, lost house, barn and machinery, $350.

RICHARDSON.

Fred Kicker, lost everything.

Frank Nichols, lost everything, $500.

Butler Hulburt, lost everything (has wife and one child), $1,000.

Gust Robinson, total loss (has wife and four children), $800.

Gust Raskie, total loss (has wife and three children).

Canute Everson, total loss (has wife and four or five children).

John Hale, lost everything, $200.

A. M. Rosenquist, total loss (has wife and two children), $250.

Ruben Hale, third loss, $1,000.

William Lewis (has wife and three children), $300.

Simon Lewis (has wife and five children), $300.

G. H. Felland, total loss (has wife and eight children), $1,000.

John A. Paulson (has wife and six or seven children), $600.

William Larson, total loss (single man), $450.

Mrs. Sarah Gullickson, total loss (widow, destitute, three children).

H. G. Lee, total loss (has no children), $150.

Emma Hermanson, total loss (eighteen years old, caring for seven orphan children, destitute).

C. W. Swanson, lost house and barn, $300.

Chris Olson, total loss (has wife and two children).

John Allickson, total loss (has six children).

Alex Knudson, total loss (has five in family), $200.

Halvor Lee, total loss, $300.

Andrew B. Kittleson, lost house and barn (has wife and one child), $200.

Olaf Anderson, lost barn, granary, etc., $300.

D. W. Hurlbut, lost barn, house damaged, $275.

Chris Peterson, lost everything (has wife and four children), $1,500.

Gust Raske, lost everything (has wife and four children), $1,500.

ADJACENT TO CLEAR LAKE.

P. L. Taylor (widower, has two children), $600.

Andrew Grant, lost everything (has wife and four children), $800.

Torger Torgerson, total loss (has wife and five children), $400.

Hans J. Johnson, total loss (has wife and three children), $600.

E. R. Tomran, lost barn, granary and implements (has wife and four children),

Fred Magnuson, lost barn, $250.

Chas. Sandberg, lost granary, etc., $25.

Sam Olson family, lost everything, $500.

Ole Hagen, lost barn and granary (has wife and two children), $200.

Ole Ostenson, lost barn, $100.

Thomas Bodiner, lost barn and damaged house, $100.

Jeff Wadsworth, total loss (has wife and five children), $1,200.

Charles Swanson, lost barn and implements, $200.

Mike McDonald (has wife and five children), $200.

Fred Kennetz family, property loss about $500.

KILLED IN POLK COUNTY.

Fred Kennetz.
Sam Olson.

INJURED IN POLK COUNTY.

A. M. Rosenquist.
Mrs. Sam Olson.
Ole Olson.
P. L. Taylor.
Butler Hurlbut.
Mrs. Caroline Pabst.
Gust H. Peterson.
Total property loss, $22,336.60.

The following additional losses in Clear Lake are recorded by Thos. Stout, Jr.:

"H. A. Schulze (heaviest loser), sawmill damaged, three or four barns.

A. J. Fennan, two colts, windmill, etc.

H. A. Davis, roof carried across street.

Kavanaugh & Co., glass front, awning, chimney, signs and stock damaged.

Masonic Hall (lower story occupied by W. R. Ingalls), glass front, stock damaged, dwelling damaged and lost shade trees.

T. Stout, Jr., store roof blown nearly off (a new iron roof), postoffice, and goods exposed to rain, dwelling damaged.

N. T. Rogers, windmill.

Dr. Goodwin, water tank and windmill.

Mrs. Paulson, home and contents (has a large family).

Elias Grimes, barn and grain.

Windmills and trees were damaged or blown down in the town of Clear Lake, and trees were twisted and stripped of leaves for a distance of one mile west.

The total estimated damage in the town was fifty thousand dollars. The inhabitants say this is the third time the place has been struck by a 'cyclone.' The one previous to that herein chronicled resulted in much financial loss, and three people were killed. These were the wife of Mr. Peleg Burdick, Willie Cavanaugh and a Mr. Saunders. The two latter were hit by flying boards as they ran out of the W. R. Ingalls store and along beside it."

It will be observed that the destruction does not compare in degree with that experienced in the earlier path of the tornado, as far as the village of Clear Lake is concerned, the greatest destruction in that vicinity being to farm houses further east.

The condition of the farming people who had lived in this somewhat sparsely settled region in Polk county was pitiable in the extreme. Many of them had possessed but the simplest shelter for their families, either log or small frame cottages, and low straw thatched sheds for their cattle. Although industrious and frugal, they had barely subsisted on the products of their few acres of land. Dr. King relates the case of a young woman who had been working away from home, but had lately returned for a visit, bringing with her a number of articles which she had purchased by her labor, and which were to have been her wedding outfit. Her much-prized wardrobe had been packed in a trunk, together with about one hundred dollars, in money, which she had saved. She had taken refuge in the cellar with her father's family. The house was carried away, and a reaper thrown into the cellar. Fortunately there were no deaths among the number, but some bruises, and the trunk mentioned, with its contents was gone, leaving the young woman with nothing but the one garment which the wind had failed to strip from her person.

At one place Dr. King saw a family of orphan children cared for by an older sister. The oldest member of the family was a boy, but his mind appeared to

be impaired, so that he was no help to her. The young woman had put some boards over the cellar to shelter the children. There was nothing left to eat except some wet flour. The girl had at last milked a cow and got some milk. (It is a fact known hereabouts that many cows were so affected by the storm that they did not give milk for a day.) She had stirred flour into the milk, and given it to the children, in a dish which she happened to find. At some distance from neighbors, and supposing that they were all in equal distress, she knew nothing else to do but to stay there and try her best to keep the little ones alive.

It will thus be seen that, both north and south of New Richmond, the farmers, upon whom so much of the prosperity of that market town depends, were also impoverished and afflicted, and in all the calls for help and distribution of supplies and money they had a right to their proportionate share, and were included.

The number of lives lost outside of New Richmond, to the southwest, was four, and to the northeast two. The property losses of farmers to the southwest were proportionally greater than the losses of those to the northeast, as years of cultivation and improvement had enabled them to put up more substantial and valuable buildings.

DWELLINGS DEMOLISHED IN THE CITY OF NEW RICHMOND.

Avery, Catherine, residence, First street.

Ball, George, residence, Fifth street; tenant, H. Wells.

Bell, Charles, tenement, near L. Taft place; tenant, F. La Point.

Bell, M. S., tenement, Fifth street; tenant, C. H. Knight.

Bell, Robert, estate, tenement, Sixth street; tenant, Elvin Levings.

Burden, L. W., residence, Arch street.

Beal, Angie, residence, Fifth street.

Benjamin, Ella, tenement, Arch street; tenant, Mrs. George.

Bartlett, F. W., tenement, Second street; tenant, D. W. Kuhn.

Bartlett, F. W., tenement, Second street; tenant, A. G. Boehm.

Burton, Wm., estate, tenement, Green street; tenant, L. V. Springstein.

Burton, Wm., estate, tenement, Third street; tenant, Timothy Noonan.

Brown, Andrew, residence, Arch street.

Brown, Andrew, tenement, Green street; tenant, Mrs. M. Brown.

Clifton, A. B., residence, Fifth street.

Crowley, James, tenement, Fourth street; tenant, J. Brass.

Casey, James, residence, Fifth street.

Cosgriff, Mrs., residence, Fifth street.

Childs, H. A., residence, Fifth street.

Casey, M. J., residence, Green street.

Clapp, Betsey M., residence, Fifth street.

Denneen, Andrew, tenement, Arch street; tenant, — Dunbar.

Evans, Mrs. J. G., residence, South Main street.

Elgee, J. H., residence, First street.

Early, Anthony, residence, Fifth street.

Engstrom, O., tenement, Green street; tenants, Engstrom and Monfort.

Epley, F. W., Dr., residence, Third and Arch streets.

Farrell Thomas, residence, Fourth street.

Foster, Hiram, residence, First street.

Frisk, Mathias, tenement, First street; tenant, E. H. Maskrey.

Frisk, Mathias, tenement, Second and Green street; tenant, J. R. Henderson.

Gross, David, residence, near Baptist church.

Gould, Mrs. W. S., residence, First street.

Hughes, Wm., residence, Green street.

Hawkins, S. N., residence, Fourth street.

Hawkins, S. N., tenement, Fourth street; tenant, George Stack.

Hawkins, S. N., tenement, Fourth street; tenant, F. C. Sherman.

Houston, estate, tenement, First street; tenant, Mrs. McMahon.

Houston, estate, tenement, Third street; tenant, Jas. McClure.

Hathaway, W. J., residence, Fifth street.

Horn, Samuel, residence, on Taft place.

Hough, Charlotte, residence, Fourth street.

Hopkins, Wm., residence, First ward.

Hollinbeck, F., residence, southwest part of First ward.

Jameson, H. M., residence, Main street.

Johnson, J., Dr., residence, Arch street.

Kane, Richard, residence, Fifth street.

Kelly, Mrs. Michael, residence, Main street.

Knapp, L. L., Dr., residence, Third street.

Lynch, Ed., residence, Green street.

Lewis, J. H. W., residence, Main street.

Link, Wm. H., residence, Arch street.

Link, Jas. H., residence, Second street.

Lynch, A. H., residence, Green street.

Lanphear, Charles, residence, Third street.

Legard, Mrs. Anton, residence, Arch street.

McDermott, Mrs. Margaret, residence, Fifth street.

McNally, W. F., residence, Arch street.

Murdock, H. N., Dr., tenement, Arch street.

McCartney George, residence, southwest part of First ward.

Methodist parsonage, Green street.

McHenry, Sarah, First ward.

McHenry, Sarah, tenement, First ward; tenant, F. Letellier.

Martin, Gertrude, residence, Green street.

Minier, D. H., residence, Arch street.

Manufacturers' Bank, tenement, Main street; tenant, L. Turnow.

O'Brien, Jas., tenement, Second street; tenant, S. C. Boardman.

Oleson, Sevren, residence, Green street.

O'Brien, M. N., residence, Fourth street.

Perry, E. H., residence, First ward.

Peterson, Iver, tenement, Second street; tenant, Mrs. McCarty.

Phillips, Jas., residence, Fifth street.

Rowe, T. N., residence, First ward.

Rowe, T. N., tenement, Green street; tenant, Geo. Oakes.

Rowe, T. N., tenement, Green street; tenant, Jno. Patton.

Rowe, T. N., tenement, Green street; tenant, N. W. Edwards.

Rowe, T. N., tenement, Green street; tenant, D. W. Cummer.

Rosebrook, estate, residence, Main street.

Roberts, Griffith, residence, Fourth street.

Rutty, J. L., residence, Fourth street.

Roberts, H. W., residence, Fourth street.

Rosebrooks, M. B., residence, Arch street.

Richards, Thomas, residence, First ward.

Scott, Jane, residence, Fifth street.

Staples, estate, tenement, First street; tenant, A. Tobin.

Smith, G. N., estate, tenement, Fourth street; tenants, Doty & McGrath.

Smith, G. N., estate, tenement, Third street; tenant, Mr. Odgers.

Smith, G. N., estate, Fourth street; tenant, — Davis.

Smith, G. N., estate, tenement,Fourth street; tenant, Jno. Clark.

Starr, M. E., residence, Arch street.

Treasur, H., residence, Green street.

Thompson, O., estate, tenement, Second street; tenant, J. Joyce.

Thompson, O., estate, tenement, Second street; tenant, C. Casonava.

Taft, Leon, residence, First ward.

Taft, E. H., residence, First ward.

Taft, Emmet, residence, First ward.

Tunis, Mrs. Frank, residence, Arch street.

Williams, Margaret, residence, near Omaha depot.

Wells, Mrs. Annie, residence, First ward.

Wells, George, residence, Green street.

Ward, Catherine, residence, Sixth street.

There may be some omissions.

Barns, shed and icehouses were destroyed to the number of forty.

BUSINESS PLACES DESTROYED.

Ward S. Williams, general store.

William Bixby & Co., furniture.

Bank of New Richmond.

E. O. Kaye & Co., drug store.

Padden & Hughes, hardware.

J. B. Hicks, groceries.

H. W. Fink, bakery.

O. J. Williams, hardware.

B. E. Aldrich, drugs.

M. J. Scott, restaurant.

Mrs. J. J. Gavin, millinery.

Dr. L. L. Knapp, office.

M. E. Starr, jewelery.
Phillips & Densmore, harness.
Mrs. Fay Johnson, vacant building.
Bigelows, photograph gallery.
Mrs. P. H. Ryan, millinery.
L. C. Tatro, barber.
Pat Parden Estate, groceries.
Powell & Lounsbury, books and stationery.
C. H. Nelson, restaurant and bakery.
Mrs. Brockbank, notions.
E. A. Glover, Jr., general store.
Manufacturers Bank.
D. H. Minier, livery.
Nicollet House.
Tom Johnson, harness.
T. M. Mulrooney, seeds.
J. E. Avery, tinner.
Berg & Dodge, general store.
L. M. Winter, shop.
Olson & Legard, tailors.
California Wine House.
F. T. Bannister, gallery.
E. A. Dawley, confectionery.
T. P. Martin, barber.
Johnson & Co., saloon.
M. J. Casey, furniture.
E. J. Thompson, clothier.
Telephone Exchange.
Patton & Carey.
Dr. McKeon, library and instruments.

Dr. Sherman, dentist.
Casonava & Co., saloon.
Smith & Oakes, lawyers.
Cullen & Greeley, saloon.
McCarty & Tanney, groceries.
Odd Fellows Lodge.
W. H. Frissell, paint shop.
Andrew Denneen, general store.
C. O. F. Lodge.
Sam Johns, boots and shoes.
John Hagan, opera house block.
M. N. O'Brien, barber.
J. H. W. Lewis, blacksmith shop.
Mrs. Lewis, millinery.
Andrew Tobin, general machinery and carriages.
R. W. Bentley, bicycle repairs.
Patrick Henry, Farmers Hotel.
Rose Early, dressmaker.
Mrs. McCarty, dressmaker.
Thomas Farrell, carpenter.
H. Beal & Co., groceries.
Barrett & Henry, saloon.
McGrath Brothers, blacksmiths.
Omaha depot.
Merchants Hotel.
Dr. Epley, office.
St. Croix Republican.
P. B. Day, express.
A. G. Boehm, cigar factory.
Dr. F. S. Wade, office.

Courtesy of Haas Bros., St. Paul.—Copyright.

WATERWORKS AND ELECTRIC POWER STATION, LOOKING SOUTHWEST DIRECTLY AGAINST

I. Peterson, shoe shop.
M. S. Wells, dentist, office.
John D. Lotz, meat market.
W. F. & M. P. McNally, lawyers.
Postoffice fixtures.
Lem Leith, machinery.
J. G. Evans, shoe shop.
T. M. Harrington, blacksmith.
Alvin Demmick, carpenter.
Yep Ke, laundry.
William Fitzgerald, groceries.
Hawkins & Hawkins, lawyers.
J. E. Gifford, livery.
Bell & Smith, meat market and fruits.
H. M. Jaggers, city novelty works.
Noonan & Burden, blacksmiths.
The Voice office.
Masonic Lodge.
I. O. G. T. Hall.
Roller mills office.
Power house.
Henry Joyce, shoe shop.
Public library.
Methodist church.
Baptist church.
Episcopal church.

CHAPTER IX.

Work to Do.

"What seest thou else?"

—Shakespeare—"The Tempest."

"What were the people doing?"

—A question asked of one who had visited New Richmond upon his return home.

Some of our merchants found a little salvage, where the fire had not run through, and tried to take care of it, by spreading it out in open places, where it could be sorted, dried and cleansed, and storing it in sheds or barns—scarcely obtainable near by. Soon a medley of soiled, sulphur-scented goods were displayed on porches and shed roofs. Some were gathered into tents. Permanent and reliable help was hard to get. To some extent, the moral sense appeared to be overtaken by the confusion which reigned supreme. A woman, who had carried home silverware to a not very distant city, was reprimanded by one of the men in the family, who said: "You have no right to this. Why did you take it?" She replied: "Those people will have no use for such things. They have no homes." The police of St. Paul had acted at

first on their own cognizance, until the sheriff of the county had sworn in a number of deputies. After the arrival of Company C, Tenth Battalion National Guard, under Captain Hartwell, the deputies acted in conjunction with the militia for a couple of weeks, when the guard was removed, and the enforcement of the law returned to local authorities. During the two weeks a picket line was established around the business blocks, and at intervals a guard was seen outside this portion; but thieving was not altogether prevented. Even when the ruins were ransacked by "clear-up gangs," under foremen, some cases of dishonesty were suspected. By detective service some were brought to justice, but it is thought that articles amounting to considerable in value were taken away. Indeed, this is certainly known. There were instances where strangers took goods and cleaned them, and then restored them to rightful owners. One person, desiring to do just right, fared ill in the attempt. Looking over the ruins of one of the oldest homes, he found a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress." He hunted up the owner, and paid two dollars for the souvenir. Afterwards he found a large Bible, for which he offered to pay ten dollars. Not having the money with him, he promised to send a check, which he did. He also removed and returned a "Family Record," which was in the Bible. Being seen with the books, however, before leaving town, he was arrested, he says; but on asking to be taken before the former owner, he was released.

Miss W. McClellan was told that someone was seen picking up silverware about the home of Mrs. Geo. Wells, who was at the bedside of her father. Having been an inmate of the Wells home, Miss McClellan hastened to the spot. She saw a person putting different articles into his pocket which she recognized as belonging to Mrs. Wells. Working her way toward him, and joining in his occupation, she thrust her hand into his pocket, and said: "Let's count what we have. Mrs. Wells will be so glad to get these." She seized his plunder so adriotly that she had it well in her somewhat trembling possession before he could clap his hand onto his pocket, which he tried to do. Others arrived at the place just then who were known to Miss McClellan, and the fellow made off without protest.

One person, having secured a nice painting, blown from its frame, went boldly into a house on the outskirts and asked for a paper to wrap it up in, evidently unconscious of doing any wrong. Those who owned nothing in the world except what lay scattered over the country would rather have had the privilege of examining the articles themselves, worthless as most of them appeared on the surface, and began to feel somewhat unkindly toward the souvenir hunters who infested the place, as it was only in isolated cases that permission was asked to take things away. There were really enough illustrations of the extraordinary force of the storm without taking unauthorized articles of value. A group of persons were heard discus-

sing their findings. One had a "cute" silver ornament; another had "only some melted silver." The one who overheard the conversation did not know exactly how to proceed to have these degenerates arrested, but could not forego the satisfaction of saying: "I think you might leave for these people their bits of melted silver. I call this robbery of the vilest sort."

As by far the larger proportion of our visitors came to us with earnest sympathy, which filled their eyes and choked their utterance, we try to forget any who made our loss their gain in the most groveling sense, remembering only the generous offer of help and the contributions of every description given in kindness and love.

Hospital and medical supplies were sent to the schoolhouse on Tuesday, and arrangements made there to take care of all patients not otherwise provided for. This work was in charge of a volunteer corps of physicians and nurses. A good many reported there for treatment for a week or two, but the number gradually fell off, as many were removed elsewhere, and the hospital was discontinued. But for a time the schoolhouse was a sort of arcade, sheltering diverse kinds of business. Dispensary and hospital work began while yet dismembered portions of human bodies lay there unburied. In an adjoining room meals were prepared for patients and nurses. During the time that the hospital was kept up I am told that certain persons living outside the city sent daily donations of fruit to be dispensed to the patients. New

garments and bedding, sent by the Jobbers' Union of St. Paul, had at first been given out at headquarters, and it was no uncommon sight to see ladies, who had been fastidious in former days about the style and fit of their garments, clothed in a "relief wrapper." One remarked, "We all look alike;" and, indeed, it seemed as if all had committed some misdemeanor, and had been put into reform school attire. Surely, a doleful sisterhood!

Later on, clothing and furniture of all sorts were given out at the schoolhouse, under supervision of Mr. J. A. Andrews of Hudson, at first, and later, under local management. Ladies of the local Women's Relief Corps did efficient service here, especially Mesdames Ripley, Loomis and M. Brickley. Mrs. C. F. Talmadge assisted in this, and any other way possible, deeming it a privilege to work, rather than to give way to her sorrow. If anything could be more wearisome than sorting, matching and trying on for a nervous throng, bewailing their necessity for appearing in the ranks of the needy, I have yet to learn what it is. The collection of garments was such, I suppose, as is usually seen where the need exists for collecting so many in haste, and was both useful and interesting, especially in the number and variety of its shirtwaists. There were a few which showed a strict conformity to recent styles, but those with the really mammoth sleeves bore so plainly the mark of "the schoolhouse" that it was difficult to dispose of them. "You were too proud," it will be said, and was said. In defence

of more than reasonable pride manifested, I can only say that the role of pauper was an unexpected one to these people, and they were not prepared to act it properly. None of them were at that time supporting an establishment which would give them social standing, and their personal appearance was their only aid in that respect. The remark was heard, "Seems to me, if I had lost everything I possessed, I should be glad to get any old thing;" but the author of such sentiments has sunk into oblivion, not applying for a copyright. Much better at that time would it have been to observe a Cranford-like silence to pecularities of dress, and pretend to feel ourselves quite properly attired, notwithstanding how we might appear to others. This perhaps we could have done more gracefully if the garments had been taken from the recesses of our own garrets, or if such indifference were as prevalent in the west as in some of the sequestered nooks of long-settled New England, where one may wear what he pleases if he belongs to a good family. This leads me to reflect on the uselessness of storing away out-dated clothing in this changeable age. The garments which in the hot summer days appeared cumbersome were laid aside by the farsighted for remodeling when wintery winds should find us reinstated at our own firesides, and sewing machines and conveniences had been restored to us. If the donors could know what satisfaction many such gifts have afforded, and with what thankfulness they have been received, it would ground them deeper in

their conviction that it is better to pass worth-while garments around to those who can make use of them, rather than store them away where moth and rust do corrupt and make them unfit for thieves to steal. We feel certain that, in the bestowment of such charity, some must have found themselves in the condition of the dear old Irish lady, who, having received a small fortune, expended it for one and another of her friends, whose small wishes she desired to gratify, leaving until the last the purchase of a warm cape for herself. But when she had provided for others, her money had been spent, leaving her more than satisfied in the pleasure she had given. The intention of a lady living in the southern part of this state was commendable. Soliciting clothing, she was answered by one whom she asked: "I don't know that I have any old clothing to send." "Old clothing!" exclaimed Mrs. W—. "I do not want old clothing. I want such things as you like to wear and use yourselves. You must remember, that some of these destitute people were, a short time ago, living and dressing as well as you do." It is needless to say that her dainty collection was a boon and a delight to those who received it. But in the strict adherance to such a rule, at such a time, the average collector might miss in quantity what was balanced by quality. The circumstances peculiar to the sort of calamity experienced here seemed to call for ready-to-use articles, in the absence of utensils for cleaning and repairing. This was thought of by some donors, and those who made

the work of preparation systematic and thorough, as well as ascertaining as far as possible the suitability of parcels to individuals, afforded comfort by their forethought. The Commercial Club of St. Paul, the Red Cross, church societies, and others, gave attention to this, distributing some parcels from the schoolhouse, and some through the agency of Mrs. Bartlett and other representatives.

Sewing machines were few in proportion to sewing to be done, and the few dressmakers who offered themselves could not be kept at work for this reason. Freight orders were so indefinitely delayed because of the rush of business that nothing could be brought to hand at a given time.

A number of men and boys assisted at the schoolhouse, in handling furniture and heavy articles, giving out men's clothing, unpacking boxes, and getting ready packages to be sent to Clear Lake and to the adjoining country, both north and south of New Richmond. Furniture of various kinds was supplied by the clubs, by individuals of each of the Twin Cities, and also by firms in our own state, who forwarded new furniture and graniteware to the relief committee, to be distributed by them. This was all finally handled at the schoolhouse.

The problem of starting in business forced itself upon the business men—to be solved, and solved quickly. It was important to formulate some line of action before outsiders, attracted by our misfortunes, should come in and occupy the ground. Although

the outlook was dubious, the country trade was bound to come here as before, and fresh parties could easily have driven our financially-ruined merchants from the unequal contest. Taking into consideration the loss sustained by so many, would future prospects warrant starting in on borrowed capital? Could they borrow? With only the foundation of their stores left, the encouragement was small. If any had vacant lots other than one that he should select to build on, he could not hope to get much for them. Mr. Yep Ye, the Chinese laundryman, seemed to think the matter of his abiding here had been decided adversely. He was a great deal frightened and somewhat hurt in the fall of his laundry, and he and his son were cared for at the residence of Mr. Blancher. As soon as he came to himself, he said, "New Lichmon go, I go;" and then he added, as if to excuse himself for his departure, "New Lichmon stay, I stay." But those whose longer residence here had attached them to the place did not wish to be separated from their companions in distress. Like sailors who had faced perils together, they were willing to try their fate again in the same boat. Their circumstances would be known and understood better here than elsewhere, and their former standing would attach to them their former friends. Whether the retrospective view of so much that is disastrous and sorrowful will prove beneficial, remains to be proved, but there were few who felt able to venture into untried fields. The intentions expressed differed; some were upon conviction, and others caused

by distraction, according to varied temperaments. Some declared they had no interest in accumulating property, which might at any time be snatched away; but because they must have something to live on, would do so, and would spend as fast as earned every cent for transitory comforts. They regarded the promise of life as small. Others were more hopeful of long life in just this place than anywhere else in the world. They declared it most unlikely that a great calamity—certainly not a cyclone—would visit here for a term of years. Notwithstanding this specious logic, all hours of the day and night found these latter sages ready to get below the surface of the earth on short notice, and throughout the summer, heavy rains, accompanied by rumbling thunder and vivid lightning, often followed by cumulating clouds, would send them scudding to their rendezvous with those who had openly expressed their fear.

A few hastily built sheds, of which Mr. E. O. Kaye's drug store was the first, caused numerous comments on the courage of our business men in resuming business. Surely it did imply courage; but the kind of buildings did not reconcile us to the loss of those whose places they occupied, and our streets bid fair to take on a far-western boom-town appearance. After scores of workmen had come and gone, some impression had been made upon the debris. Streets had been only sufficiently cleared to allow teams to get through. Some trees had been hauled off, and poles and snarls of wire moved aside. There was still very

much more to be done before permanent buildings could be started. Even where what had originally occupied the ground had been carried off other debris encumbered it, and must be carted away and burned, and the cellars and grounds scraped as a sanitary measure. Farmers hauled away some splintered timber, fit for wood, and said they could have done all the cleaning up if they had been given a chance at it before they had to attend to their corn. They, however, kept at work even at a disadvantage to the corn, as many preferred the assistance of men known to them. Residents who had homes left also manifested as much interest, perhaps more than their own affairs would warrant. For illustration: The family of Mr. O. F. Heminway rose at four or five o'clock each morning, and the men went out to work at once—to the dining tent; to Star Prairie, for supplies; home to breakfast, with a large family of homeless ones whom they had taken in. Then, again, at noon, the younger members of the household, with such others from out of town as they came across willing to perform the service, repaired again to the dining tent, to wait upon the laborers who took meals there, and then home again for their own dinner. So it was, meal after meal, and day after day, as long as they could be of use in that way. They entertained, besides, numerous people who came to look up friends or act for societies, and two or three workers from the schoolhouse. Their team and wagon and horse and buggy were in almost constant use, hauling debris, or carry-

ing people about to and from relief stations, postoffice, express and freight offices, and so forth. It will be seen that their personal affairs must have been neglected, or have received only such hasty attention as their regular occupation of caring for others allowed. Their home, which was some distance east of the unpleasant scenes in the center of the city, was a haven of rest.

Homes of which parts had been rendered uninhabitable had to remain in a dismantled state for several months, workmen preferring to take work where there was likely to be a long job. This was the general predicament of hospitable residents, and yet their "Welcome!" motto always appeared to us in bold and cheering outlines. If it were ever repaired in secret, we never knew it, though we were well aware that the pleasure of our company, at a time when we were so much concerned about our own affairs, was in no way a compensation to our overworked entertainers.

In spite of the general desire to get things straightened out again, there was so little to reckon by of an assured or substantial nature that, at best, every definite stand was a venture.

Of the two losers either of homes or business who held cyclone insurance, *Dr. H. M. Murdock and Mr. Sevren Oleson, the former had paid his premiums a good many years, and only the very day on which he was to realize from his long tenacity he had urged others to take out policies. "We'll catch it some-

*Since deceased.

time," he declared. Mr. Oleson had but a short time before six o'clock, on the 12th of June, secured his papers, which brought him a good sum of insurance money.

Wind storms of great destructive power are infrequent in this section of Wisconsin. It has been rare even for chimneys to be blown down. Although at long intervals this has happened, the area covered was small and the results in no ways comparable with what has taken place here. Sufficient alarm has not been felt to impress men with the expediency of insuring against this particular element.

By the 1st of August the work of rebuilding permanent buildings was well under way. Premises were cleared, over and over again; first, of the larger stuff that could be picked up; then of the slivers that could be raked up, and the smoke of bonfires scented the air; and then came the layer of earth, that must be scraped off or else covered over. Low places were filled in with broken brick and plaster, and earth hauled over them. "Boss" carpenters and builders were the nabobs of the hour, and white-capped stonemasons and hodcarriers were given the right of way. Stone-boats and wagons crossed where lawns had been, or anywhere, through the labyrinth of building material. There was much shouting of drivers, backing and hawing, as they dumped their loads. Then arose the fragrance of slacking lime and fresh paint, rejoicing our hearts as a harbinger of home. It will be doubtful if we ever see as much work done here in

the same length of time again. Main street was destroyed by fire some years ago and then rebuilt, but it was done more gradually. Where can another city be found whose entire business portion has been built and equipped with modern appointments in three months' time? About one-third of the homes destroyed have been rebuilt, and others will be. In reinstalling the electric power, from the time that Mr. E. H. Maskrey, superintendent and engineer, pried the horses out which were wedged in between the machinery at the central station, to the completion of construction, he has reveled in obstacles and hinderances sufficient even for his energy. He himself lived in a tent with his little family until the chilly winds of autumn drove them into their still unfinished house.

This reconstruction was made possible in its initial steps by the charity of individuals, largely supplemented by the generous interest of societies, and consummated by the pluck of the inhabitants, many of whom have had a great financial struggle, not yet over. Each one has endeavored to reinstate himself in his former place. This has been the rule, and there has been very little tendency to crowd each other, or take unfair advantage of the untoward situation. The general tone is that of kindliness and helpfulness among our business men.

I wish some device had been evolved which would have enabled us to make buildings tornado-proof. Their character perhaps averages better than those destroyed, although there are marked exceptions

in both directions, some being decidedly better and some decidedly poorer. As to being secure from such a visitation as we have experienced, we do not think it possible. We almost believe that, like lightning, tornadoes do not strike the same place twice, though we do not know that anyone is sufficiently informed to assure us of this. Possibly we might have constructed underground dwellings, where we could hie ourselves away, coming to the surface occasionally for light and air, and, after the manner of prairie dogs, hard beaten paths, extending from one underground dwelling to another, would have showed us both social and neighborly. Or, since the bank vaults remained intact, we might perhaps have constructed small iron-framed and brick-covered houses. Brick buildings of ordinary size went to pieces completely and disastrously. However, no one appears to have made any notable innovation upon the conventional methods of architecture. You know people prize nothing in this world so much as what they have lost. Our homes never seemed so dear to us as when we noted their absence, and each desired to recall the home snatched away, and at the same time to be sufficiently comfortable to forget the abjectness of the "Cyclone Summer." So the new house usually has the changes in arrangement which each one thinks conducive to that end. There still remain some hulks of buildings, some cluttered lots, and some unsightly stumps which we do not like to see.

FEATHERED REFUGEES. VIEW LOOKING NORTHWEST ACROSS MAIN STREET FROM EAST THIRD STREET.

CHAPTER X.

State Aid.

"Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."
—*Book of Common Prayer.*

As "he that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill," so the gravity of the outlook aroused the energy of our people. Meetings were held, and various propositions discussed, whereby aid could be furnished to a definite extent. While acknowledging that great generosity had been shown by individuals and by communities, and expressing the deepest gratitude for having present necessities supplied by demands upon the ready benevolence of interested friends and neighbors, to continue to depend upon such charity was humiliating and uncertain. Press notices, to which we were so much indebted, would soon give place to later happenings, and contributions to the relief fund, which was at the end of a week entirely inadequate to even provide shelter for the number of homeless people so widely separated from each other, would probably cease. Confidence was expressed in the ability and intention of the state to restore to us, in a measure, the comfort and prosperity from which we had been deposed by an accident of nature—an accident for which no human

forethought could prepare us, and from which no invention of man could shield us. St. Paul's delegation of business men again came to the rescue, as heartily as though they had forgotten whether the changes in boundary of 1846-47 had left New Richmond in Minnesota, or St. Paul in Wisconsin, and offered information, drawn from their knowledge of similar emergencies, always with becoming modesty and with no desire to interfere with any scheme originated within our own borders. The business men and citizens assembled at the residence of Mr. M. P. McNally, and made Assemblyman Mosher their representative in the matter of the appointment of a state committee, to be made up of men from several different neighboring cities, and Mr. Channing Seabury, of St. Paul, accompanied Mr. Mosher to Madison to ask for its appointment. The local committee had been informally constituted, and it was believed that the appointment of a state committee would give new life to the relief movement, as well as be a guarantee of the judicious disbursement of the fund, preclude any charge of favoritism, and place us in the more secure attitude of a state rather than a local charge. The governor's second appeal to the people followed, and, June 19th, the committee was appointed which had in hand the matter of distribution and disbursement of funds and supplies to the end of the work:

A PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR.

"To the People of Wisconsin:

"Now that the full extent of the disaster which a week ago befell the city of New Richmond and sur-

rounding country is known, and the fact has been ascertained that by that terrible visitation a million dollars' worth of property and nearly 150 lives were destroyed, and 400 families were rendered homeless and destitute, it becomes necessary to effect a more compact and thorough relief organization.

"To that end I hereby appoint A. E. Jefferson, president First National Bank of Hudson, O. H. Ingram, president First National Bank of Eau Claire, Leslie Willson, president of Chippewa Valley Mercantile Company of Chippewa Falls, W. J. Boyle of Milwaukee, and O. W. Mosher of New Richmond to constitute a general executive committee, which shall receive all contributions made for the storm sufferers in the three counties visited by the cyclone of June 12th, and have absolute control of the distribution of the same, and when the work of relief is completed, make a detailed report of receipts and disbursements for publication, that contributors will know how the money and goods were disposed of. The members of the committee are selected upon the recommendation of the citizens of the respective cities to which they belong.

"The money and other contributions already raised will be placed in their hands, and all the future contributions will be subject to their disposal.

"It should be known that the contributions already received and promised fall far short of what will be needed to relieve the destitution in the cyclone district, and I recommend that a public meeting be held in every city or village in the state, in order that the

people generally may be informed of the extent of the disaster worked by the storm, and the demand which is thereby made on their generosity and sympathy. The first reports of the cyclone did not, as is usually the case, exaggerate the damage wrought; in fact, they have only half told the story, which, as we learn it now, proves the storm of June 12th to be the most serious disaster that ever befell Wisconsin, or that has even been known in the West.

"Money is needed above all, but building material and hardware also are required. I am confident that when the people of the state come to understand clearly the devastation wrought, the needs of the unfortunate sufferers will be fully and generously met.

"Until this committee has organized and made other arrangements, contributors to the relief fund are asked to continue sending their donations of money to the First National Bank of Hudson.

"EDWARD SCOFIELD,
"Governor."

On the 22d of June sub-committees were elected by and from business men of the vicinity, with power to employ help, and all to look to the state committee for instructions. The sub-committees were as follows:

Police (to have authority over ruins, and to keep the time of laborers employed in excavating and clearing ruins): Thos. Wears, mayor; M. P. McNally, Jas. O'Brien.

Relief and Hospital (to have charge of allotment of food supplies and stores): Andrew Denneen, Alex Russell, Chas. Phillips, Mrs. G. W. Ripley.

Emergency Refreshment (to have charge of furnishing temporary meals): M. S. Wells, Mrs. J. B. Hoxie of St. Paul, and Mrs. Hallett.

Building committee (to have charge of repairing and erecting buildings for needy sufferers): Thos. Mulrooney, M. S. Bell, G. A. Wells, J. W. Church. Henry Trasier.

Information Committee (to make a thorough canvass of the city of New Richmond, and the entire area damaged by the storm, in St. Croix, Polk and Barron counties, and make record of conditions, past and present, of each family that suffered loss): H. C. Baker, Hudson; John Sakrison, Deer Park; Arthur Spencer, Boardman; Thos. Stout, Jr., Clear Lake; Geo. Oaks, Waldo Mosher, O. G. Libby, Thos. Mulrooney, New Richmond.

After the appointment of the state committee greater hopefulness prevailed, and more activity was manifested in putting up buildings. People encouraged themselves with the hope that about one-third of their loss would be made good to them in average cases; although, of course, the larger the loss the less the proportion would be. Very few, as a matter of fact, did receive such proportion of their loss, but this was just after the daily papers near the seat of state government had mentioned favorably the calling for such a sum as would do this. We took courage to hope that we should at least have places to lay our heads again, and that buildings sufficiently substantial to suit our purposes for business would take the place of temporary shanties, and felt assured that some

money would be given to aid the most impoverished ones. The idea had gone forth that the preference of our state was to take charge of the matter, and the opinion was quite general that she should make adequate provision for a certain amount, say $350,000 to $500,000, which would cover one-third to one-half actual loss, leaving out of consideration loss of time in business. This could be apportioned among communities according to population, or according to valuation of property; the latter, of course, finding less favor among large property owners than small ones. It was believed that the situation was so unusual that the state should make an appropriation to aid her stricken and impoverished subjects, and at that time, so great was the flood of sympathy, and so earnest and whole-hearted the desire of the masses of people to see a community which had suffered so untowardly in the loss of its members restored to its former standing, so far as charity could do it, that an arrangement of the kind would have met with very general approbation. Other plans were discussed; I cannot say who originated them. One was that the state trust fund might be available for loans secured on the property to be improved. One gentleman suggested that a concert be given in every city, large and small, on a day appointed by the governor. Not with the notion of being tenacious of any given plan, but with a great desire for definiteness on the part of those who were to reëmbark in business, the Business Men's Association called a meeting to suggest ways and means of raising money, as the committee appointed by the

state disclaimed any responsibility in that matter. The following account of the meeting is given by the Minneapolis Tribune:

"The work of relief is now so well organized and systematized that the business men of the town are able to consider ways and means for getting on their feet again. The committee of five which Governor Scofield will appoint will be concerned mainly with the equitable disbursement of relief funds. Hard as that committee's work will be, it will not be as hard as the getting of sufficient funds to distribute.

"It was to consider the latter proposition that a meeting of about thirty representative business men of New Richmond was held at the home of W. S. Williams yesterday afternoon.

* * * * * * * *

"The plan which Dr. Epley proposed was not stated to the meeting in complete detail, for the reason that it was not prepared in detail. It provided, however, for a systematic canvass of the larger cities and towns of the state, and even among the cities of neighboring states, to interest the wealthy and influential business men in the cyclone victims of New Richmond.

"The doctor knew that no newspaper account of the work of the storm and the condition in which it left the town business men could make the impression on a man as a sight of the wreck, even as it will appear a month or six months hence. He will go to business men as a business man, and, if possible, will induce them to visit New Richmond, as the scene of the worst cyclone ever recorded. He will appeal to them,

as business men, to assist a set of other business men who are embarrassed beyond hope of self-redemption by an act of God which no business acumen could avert.

"By such appeals, and by organizing in other towns, if possible, he hopes to secure enough cash contributions to place New Richmond practically where it was before the storm destroyed it. Dr. Epley is prepared for discouragements and rebuffs, but he has the interests of his fellow townsmen so thoroughly at heart, and is possessed of such unfailing enthusiasm, that he may be successful above what his friends hope or expect.

"The meeting was given permanent form by electing M. P. McNally president and L. A. Baker secretary. Dr. Epley was given full credentials as a representative of New Richmond, and he started on his pilgrimage at once, taking the afternoon train for St. Paul, whence he will go to Chicago and thence to Milwaukee and other Wisconsin cities. As a former president of the state medical society, and a contributer to many of the prominent professional journals, he will have no trouble in obtaining respectful hearings wherever he may go.

"Later on his plans will include a national cyclone fund for the relief of all who suffer from cyclones or hurricanes."

All funds were to be deposited in the First National Bank of Hudson for the use of the state committee, and to their credit. Armed with letters and credentials from the mayor and members of the city

council, and other citizens, this messenger set out on his mission. Two or three days were spent in conference with members of the Jobber's Union of St. Paul, Mr. Lowry, Father Cleary, Senator Davis, Hon. M. E. Clapp, and other Minnesota gentlemen. The note system, by which money for emergencies had been raised in that state, was favored by them. Those taking the responsibility were reimbursed at the next session of the legislature. Of these gentlemen, two whose names are familiar, Father Cleary and General Clapp, were willing to give their time and talent in speaking on the subject throughout the state, if desired. Letters were given Dr. Epley by well known men, and different railroads furnished him with transportation over their lines for the furtherance of his work, on the assurance that he held no state office.

The measure of success resulting from his efforts, and the reasons for their discontinuance, may be drawn from the following synopsis, as reported to the business men by Dr. Epley:

"On Friday, the 23d of June, I called at the capitol, and met Mr. Anderson, the governor's private secretary, who informed him of my mission. Mr. Anderson took me at once to the governor's room, and introduced me. I told him that I was there in the interest of the New Richmond sufferers, and had called to urge a decision upon some definite plan for raising adequate funds to assist in rebuilding the city. The first point to be decided was how much should be raised. The governor here stated that he had investigated the matter, and from authoritative sources had

received information by which he was convinced that we ought to have at least three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The plan, which in the judgment of my counsellors promised most, which had been adopted by Minnesota on several occasions, and had proved successful and perfectly satisfactory, was then rehearsed to Governor Scofield, as follows: Let each county raise its proportionate share on the assessed valuation of its property, the cash to be obtained by individual notes numerously signed, so as to make them bankable, the banks to advance the money to the state on these securities. Then, on the recommendation of the governor, the next legislature would be expected to levy tax to raise funds with which to pay these amounts. The governor immediately took the matter under advisement, and, at my request, asked the secretary of state to prepare a tabulated statement of the amounts which would be required from each county according to the last tax levy. This list, when completed, was handed me, and is as follows:

Adams	$653.54	Dunn	2,574.92
Ashland	2,869.94	Eau Claire	5,462.48
Barron	1,257.95	Florence	663.40
Bayfield	3,049.74	Fond du Lac	10,278.20
Brown	5,045.08	Forest	748.55
Buffalo	1,473.87	Grant	5,162.05
Burnett	440.92	Green	5,440.27
Calumet	3,475.06	Green Lake	2,836.43
Chippewa	4,338.26	Iowa	4,234.52
Clark	2,315.13	Iron	832.95
Columbia	6,551.16	Jackson	1,313.08
Crawford	1,462.53	Jefferson	6,923.38
Dane	15,575.28	Juneau	1,549.18
Dodge	8,413.49	Kenosha	3,917.53
Door	1,609.02	Kewaunee	2,398.86
Douglas	5,347.26	La Crosse	9,006.42

Lafayette	3,636.92	Richland	2,207.82
Langlade	1,362.16	Rock	12,485.98
Manitowoc	6,963.20	St. Croix	3,605.64
Marathon	$3,307.89	Sauk	5,499.77
Mantiowoc	6,963.20	Sawyer	726.00
Marinette	3,529.64	Shawano	1,918.61
Marquette	935.45	Sheboygan	11,112.79
Milwaukee	76,349.67	Taylor	953.63
Monroe	2,290.50	Trempleau	2,345.91
Oconto	1,767.12	Vernon	2,492.30
Oneida	2,023.26	Vilas	453.57
Outagamie	5,824.70	Walworth	9,384.93
Ozaukee	4,011.27	Washburn	394.55
Pepin	669.57	Washington	6,738.68
Pierce	2,646.43	Waukesha	11,093.35
Polk	1,516.59	Waupaca	2,958.10
Portage	3,442.37	Waushara	1,335.43
Price	872.83	Winnebago	11,159.39
Racine	11,102.72	Wood	1,944.22

"This, the governor said, would only require a levy upon the taxable property of one-sixth of a mill. He then left for Oconto, to attend to personal affairs connected with his lumbering business, requesting a meeting at Hotel Pfister, in Milwaukee, on the following Monday.

"I then telegraphed Dr. Mackie of Milwaukee, requesting him, with other members of the medical profession, to assemble at the Plankington, at nine o'clock in the evening. On my arrival I found a number of Milwaukee's most influential physicians, who arranged for me meetings on the following day with many of Milwaukee's most prominent business men, such as Mr. Wilkins, manager of the Milwaukee Mercantile Club, and Mr. F. H. Bigelow, president of the First National Bank. These men, without exception, indorsed the plan which had been outlined to the governor, and each expressed a willingness to become one of the signers of the proposed notes.

"According to agreement, I met the governor on Monday morning, June 26th, and, at his request, again in the afternoon, with his private secretary. At these interviews Governor Scofield explained that he could not see his way clear to adopt the note plan for raising the $350,000, but that he would make a strong appeal to each county to raise its share of that amount, and that he felt perfectly confident they would respond with even more than the sum asked. He knew his own county (Oconto) and Winnebago, and others which he mentioned, would do so, and that enough others throughout the state would do so that the pressure would be so great that the whole state would fall in line. At these interviews, which lasted fully three hours, he seemed much moved, and just before I left him he held my hand while assuring me again of faith in this plan, and that it should be acted upon, with a strong appeal, immediately."

So our official efforts were pigeonholed, and all our hopes for aid commensurate with the calamity centered in our governor.

This was Governor Scofield's plan, as outlined by the Milwaukee *Journal*:

"Let a committee of responsible men be formed who shall determine what amount is immediately wanted, and how much in all. Let them then apportion the sum among the various communities of the state. Then the organization should be extended for the purpose of influencing each community to raise its share, and a little more, to meet deficiencies. The newspapers should be active. Every one would then

feel that he is called upon to do something. Whatever is given in this way and in this spirit will be without taint, immediate and acceptable to all."

Further quotation from the same columns say:

"In opposition to the plan to provide for an appropriation, it is stated that such a move would cut off many donations by individuals, that the plan is wrong in itself, and that the state as a state should not be called upon to repair losses that should appeal to the generosity of the citizens as such.

"In regard to the matter Dr. Epley said to a *Journal* representative as follows:

" 'I believe that something should be done at once for the relief of those poor, stricken people of our city. I proposed the state-aid plan, because there was not sufficient aid extended under the present system, or lack of it. I am not tenacious of the appropriation plan, but in the event that the present system fails to provide adequate returns, as it has so far, I believe that we are justified in urging that an appropriation be made. For instance, I was talking to one of the most prominent men in Milwaukee in regard to subscriptions. He said that he noticed that in all cases in which a call was made for subscriptions, the burdens fell upon a certain few, while others just as able to make contributions as those who did make them went free. This is not right, he said, and it would be more equitable to have an appropriation made and the appropriation come out of the taxes, which are levied upon all alike.

" 'I think that about $350,000 should be raised by appropriation by the state, and about the same

amount by private subscription. It is very hard to convince the people in general of the utter need of the liberal appropriations that are sought. For instance, it will take over one-third of all the money received thus far to clear away the debris of the tornado. Fifty-eight city blocks were destroyed, and of these fifty-eight blocks of buildings, twenty-eight were so utterly demolished as to make the debris fit only for kindling wood. The destroyed portion of the city covers 175 acres.'"

Dr. Epley's report further continues:

"At my first interview with the governor I asked him if there was not some fund upon which he could draw for the relief of sufferers by such a calamity as this. He said: No; that the only emergency fund was one of $50,000, subject to the order of the state board of health, for the prevention of the introduction of Asiatic cholera or other dangerous and infectious diseases into the state. I said I could see no good reason why some of this could not be used for clearing up the city, as there certainly would be great danger of epidemic disease if the filth could not be got at and removed. After some thought he said he was inclined to believe it could, and unhesitatingly said that he would endorse its use if the state board of health authorized it. On Saturday, the 24th, I called upon Dr. Wingate, secretary of the board, and found he had just received several letters from Hudson, detailing the unsanitary condition of things in New Richmond, and wiring the board of health to act promptly, to prevent pestilence being added to the awful calam-

ity. Upon my explaining to him the governor's position regarding the use of the emergency fund in the hands of his board, he at once sent a letter to the attorney general, asking his opinion as to the legality of such use of the fund, to which reply was received that, 'in his opinion, it would be legal and perfectly justifiable.' This opinion was afterwards repeated to Mr. Mosher and myself in Oshkosh by the general himself.

"It being impossible for the state board to meet in New Richmond for several days, and the necessity for prompt action being urgent, the president and secretary commissioned me to act in their stead until their arrival.

"Following are the telegrams recalling me to New Richmond:

"'New Richmond, Wis., June 24, 1899.—Dr. F. W. Epley (W. J. Boyle, Plankington House): Come here at once. We need, and must have, your help—C. A. CHAMBERLAIN, Secretary.'

"And later the same day came this message:

"'McNally's letter read. You are needed for sanitary measures and general advice. Fill appointment with governor; then return.—C. A. CHAMBERLAIN.'

"Upon my arrival at New Richmond, June 27th, a crew of twenty-five men, with three teams and a foreman, were set at work. A few days later the state board met here in a body (only two members being absent), approved the steps already taken, and agreed upon plans for a thorough cleaning up of a filth of every description. The force of workmen was in-

creased to fifty or sixty, and kept at work with few intermissions until the 12th of August, when all work by the board of health ceased. The work authorized by the state board and accomplished by the local board was the removal of all rubbish necessary to enable the workmen to get at and remove all animal and vegetable matter, and scrape and disinfect the surface of the ground wherever any filth was found in the track of the tornado, and all such matter either burned or buried.

"The pay rolls for this work were paid by the relief committee, and the amount charged against the city, which in turn made duplicate bills and presented them to the state board of health for payment out of the emergency fund. The bills aggregated $8,950.30, but owing to a technicality only $3,862.27 was paid out of this fund, leaving a deficit $5,088.03, which came out of the relief moneys contributed. This represents the sum total of all moneys received through official channels."

On July 13th Governor Scofield issued an appeal to the seventy county boards of the state, a copy being sent to each chairman, stating that $75,000 more was needed to furnish important and necessary relief. It was stated that all the committee proposed to do, or would do, was to help those who had become totally destitute by the storm to get into a position where they could become self-sustaining. After the date of this appeal, $19,000 was contributed to the relief fund.

The work of the state and sub-committees was burdensome and intricate, as it had to do with the con-

sideration of every kind of material and supplies, and all sorts and conditions of men. But all their duties were performed for purely humane considerations and gave very general satisfaction. Different members also made large contributions to the fund. Their brief report is interesting, and I take the liberty to make some selections from it:

"After having relieved the immediate necessities of all for food and clothing, and provided temporary homes and business places, we did not attempt any apportionment of funds until the information committee had finished its canvass, when the losers were classified, selecting from them as a preferred class those who were entirely without resources, and who, by a resolution published, were made preferred claimants upon the funds in our hands. We found many worthy people who had been large losers, but who still had ample resources to secure them against suffering. Some of these insisted that the fact of their great loss should entitle them to a share of the funds in our hands in proportion to their losses, and to such it was a great disappointment, and to some it seemed even an injustice, that their claims should be denied; but in this matter, as in fact in all matters coming before us, our committee was found unanimous in its decision that it would regard the funds as a trust for charitable distribution according to needs, and not an insurance fund for losses.

"From the character of the homes destroyed, and the fact that in most cases a good foundation remained upon the lot, it was early decided that we would not

attempt to build dwellings, but that we would apportion to each needy loser a certain amount in money or material, and trust to each one to plan and superintend the erection of his own work, and so avoid the disagreeable sameness necessarily seen where a number of houses are built upon similar plans. It was found that a number of lots were mortgaged, and where such mortgages were in excess of the value of the bare lot, we insisted in every case, before giving any aid toward building upon it, that the amount of the mortgage be reduced to the value of the lot after the storm, it being our opinion that the owner of the mortgage should suffer such share of the loss as the impairment of the security would occasion him if he were to foreclose. In almost all cases we found that the owners of the mortgages were entirely in harmony with us, and that they voluntarily reduced the debt even more than we would have demanded. In cases where the mortgagee was not so willing, we advised the loser to abandon the property to the mortgagee, and in such cases we aided in the purchase of new building sites, as we did not believe that a generous public had contributed these funds for the benefit of the well-to-do owners of these mortgages.

* * * * * * *

"One hundred and fifteen persons were killed in the storm, two lost an arm each, one lost the sight of one eye, and seven lost the use of one leg and are now upon crutches. Two hundred and thirty-three persons, residents of New Richmond, registered with us as losers, representing in their families eight hun-

dred and forty-three individuals. One hundred and forty-eight persons registered from the country, representing seven hundred and twenty-nine individuals. The property loss as registered foots $624,763.13; to which must be added a large amount lost by those who made no application for aid and offered no record of losses.

* * * * * * *

"Those merchants who were owing the wholesale dealer unpaid bills for goods found, without exception, their creditors as generous as they could possibly ask, canceling in full many debts, settling others at a small percentage, and extending liberal credit for new stock of goods; and, in addition to doing all this, the jobbers, as shown in the statements herewith, were among the largest cash contributors to the general relief fund.

"We did everything possible to keep the business of New Richmond in the hands of the former business men, encouraging them to start in at once, and turning over to them all lines of business as fast as they were able to undertake them.

"At first, with the smaller amount of money at our disposal, and while large quantities of clothing, bedding and furniture were being received, such goods were allotted to all sufferers, and no money given to those losers who had been living in rented houses; but later, with increased funds, we were able to allot about one hundred and fifty dollars in money to each such needy family, and also increase the allotment to needy losers of dwellings, giving to some of

these, who had but little earning capacity, as much as eight hundred and fifty dollars for rebuilding residences and furnishing same, and to some merchants as high as seven hundred dollars toward establishing them again in business.

"The city, with half its taxable property wiped out, its waterworks, city hall, electric light plant and bridge ruined, and no money in its treasury for these public necessities nor for the public schools, was, from the first, a source of concern. It was early resolved that we rebuild the pumping station and water tower, as an immediate necessity for health. The city bridge was later on repaired and erected again, through the liberality of the Chicago Bridge & Iron Company and the railway companies, at a comparatively small expense to us, and aid was given in restoring the electric lights and in the opening of the public schools. All of this work was of pressing importance, and the committee, seeing the city with no resources, no power to borrow the necessary funds, and no possibility of raising them by taxes, could do no less than it did; for if the city was to have a chance with neighboring towns, its merchants and property holders must not be over-burdened with taxes, and newcomers must not be frightened away by the prospect of heavy taxation. We have left the city with its bonded indebtedness up to the five per cent legal limit, but otherwise in good condition.

"Throughout the entire period, we were mindful of the unfortunate ones who were to come back from the hospitals, with the probable loss of the use of

limbs for life, and we held always in reserve a fund to be apportioned among them. This was done at our last meeting, and if any other loser thinks he was not so liberally treated as some of these, let him remember that any one of them would gladly give all he has, and more too, for the use again of a paralyzed limb.

"We found in the city of New Richmond many fire insurance policies, but only two tornado policies. As previously narrated, fire was undoubtedly set by lightning in the storm, and this spread through about one-half the wreckage of merchants' stores, destroying all the goods which were left in the basements, and these had been mostly uninjured; also, all the goods left among the debris of the upper parts of the buildings, which goods were valuable, as proved by the salvage from stores where no fire spread. A carefully prepared statement of the damage by fire to merchandise covered by the fire insurance policies shows a loss by fire of $46,325.00; and yet, in spite of the fact that these sufferers had paid their money for insurance against loss by fire, they were unable to get payment from the insurance companies for their fire losses. We invited the managers of twenty-four insurance companies, having policies upon these goods, to meet us in St. Paul to discuss the matter; but at the meeting only six companies were represented, and these by men who were not, as a rule, authorized to bind their companies to do anything. It was thought that in Chicago a meeting of the managers could be had, and we, as a committee, went to Chicago, visited several

managers of the interested companies, but could not induce them to join in a general meeting with us, and so we were obliged to abandon the attempt to have these companies recognize a moral, if not a legal, obligation for the damage by fire. One loser only by fire, Mr. O. J. Williams, in whose store the fire was set, secured by compromise twenty-five per cent of his fire insurance, and this is the only such loss paid even in part, so far as we have been able to learn. We would have been pleased to have carried one of these cases of fire loss to the court of last resort, but a careful examination of the law, kindly made for us by Attorney General Hicks, led us to believe that the obligation could not be legally enforced. That defect in the wording of the standard fire insurance policy of our state which makes it possible for the insurance companies to avoid the payment of these losses calls for such legislation as will correct this matter, and we trust that the governor may recommend this to our next legislature. The fact that cyclone insurance policies do not insure against subsequent fire loss makes it now impossible for such sufferers as those at New Richmond to protect themselves, even if they were to take out both fire and cyclone policies."

In closing the committee say:

"We have been called together for ten separate meetings at New Richmond, besides one in St. Paul and one in Chicago; and have spent sixteen days in session, and in all our decisions have been unanimous. We cannot claim to have been infallible, nor, in all cases, equitable, in our awards among the dif-

ferent applicants for aid; but we have striven hard to get facts upon which to base our decisions, and acting upon the facts as we had them, have considered the funds in our hands as a sacred trust, to be distributed in such way as the donors would approve. We are pleased to have found the greater number thankful for the benefits received, as well as mindful of the needs of others.

* * * * * * *

SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS.

RECEIPTS.

Cash received from United States, except Minnesota and Wisconsin	$4,752 55
Cash received from Minnesota	49,854 18
Cash received from Wisconsin	65,043 08
Cash received from parties whose addresses are unknown	262 31
Donations of lumber, brick, furniture, clothing and labor	16,547 70
Licenses, and sales of meals and refreshments	946 31
Total receipts	$137,406 13

DISBURSEMENTS.

Cash aid given to 76 persons to rebuild dwellings (greatest amount given to any one person, $750)	$32,376 91
Cash aid given to 21 persons to repair dwellings (greatest amount given to any one person, $400)	2,522 59
Cash aid given to 74 persons to refurnish dwellings (greatest amount given to any one person, $300)	7,908 54
Cash aid given to 41 persons and firms to rebuild stores (greatest amount given to any one person, $700)	14,547 01

Cash aid given to business men who did not own store buildings (greatest amount given to any one person, $800)		16,447 66
Cash aid given to 23 cripples (greatest amount given to any one person, $850)		6,525 27
Cash aid given to property losses in the country:		
To 47 persons in St. Croix county district (greatest amount given to any one person, $600)		7,100 00
To 78 persons in Polk and Barron county districts (greatest amount given to any one person, $200)		4,535 00
Temporary relief, provisions	$4,558 18	
Temporary relief, shelter	758 55	
Temporary relief, repairs made by committee	2,201 24	7,517 97
Outfitting (stoves, furniture and clothing)		9,603 18
Undertakers' bills	1,027 20	
Hospital and doctors' bills for 123 patients	3,665 34	4,692 54
City of New Richmond:		
Bridge	$1,495 73	
Tower	2,430 59	
Power House	2,065 85	
City Schools	2,024 05	
Electric Light	3,500 00	
Miscellaneous	340 92	11,857 14
Clearing away debris		9,716 69
Administration expense		1,544 80
Balance on hand (to be paid to destitute parties and to cover expense of report)		510 83
Total disbursements		$137,406 13

CHAPTER XI.

In Memoriam.

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath,
Is but the suburb to the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

—*Longfellow—"Resignation."*

When called upon by death to part with members of the family, and the time comes for us to place their bodies in the tomb, there is some solace in the thought that every possible mark of respect has been shown them, that loving friends have offered tribute to the memory of the departed; and that, in their taking off, recollections of the good they have done still hover about and prove incentives for others. For this end are the ceremonials of burial performed —the sacred consolations of religion offered. The sweet ministrations of friends to soothe the hours of loneliness sometimes prove the saving power which, after a time, makes life seem lovely again, and worth the living. How different the quiet laying away, as one by one they pass to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns," from the circumstances of this time! The same ready friends who furnished needed articles for the living also anticipated the necessities required for laying the dead to rest and assisted in the neces-

sary arrangements. General service was given for the greater number. The words spoken were few, and sympathy was manifested more by silence than by speech. There were little bands of mourners whose particular affliction had drawn them together, but in the presence of such common woe none felt like saying, "My trouble surpasses any other." Each one seemed mindful of the desolateness of the other, and the common impulse was one of tenderness and affiliation. The unspoken thought seemed to be: "We have suffered by the same cause, together we face the blankness of life. It is the divine will." There was very little demonstration of the grief which seemed too deep to find relief in tears. The saddened countenances showed such lines as hard experience sometimes traces in months or years; this was the expression of the sorrow and despair crowded into the hours of a night and a day. When the last sad rites were over all quietly returned to their trying labors.

The second day, and the third, and succeeding ones, had similar burials, with an occasional one from the homes where arrangements could be made. The funeral cortége, pitifully small, moved along in the midst of a procession of teams bent on various other missions. It is true that rapid sequence of events prevented the performance of many acts of condolence to the afflicted ones, but, as the years go on, the memory of those who left us at this time will be cherished, their virtues extolled, and their sorrowing families will be the recipients of deeper pity than words can express. The peculiar circumstances of their

death will be more widely known than perhaps those of any others that ever have or ever will take place here. But to each heart bereaved there is its secret burden of bitterness or sorrow which will be lifted only when the gentle hand of time has erased the last remembrance of their companionship and affection. Will such time ever come? Is it not rather resignation that calms the mind, and dictates that the attention be turned to the duties of the present and the care of the friends who remain with us.

LIST OF VICTIMS OF THE TORNADO.

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	Place of Birth.	Age.	Burial Place.
Bixby, W. W	New Richmond..	Maine	71	New Richmond.
Blatz, Mike	Stillwater		35	New Richmond.
Butler, Miss Cora	New Richmond..	Wisconsin	19	New Richmond.
Brockbank, Bernard..	New Richmond..	Hammond	15	New Richmond.
Brockbank, Josie	New Richmond..	Hammond	9	New Richmond.
Brockbank, Essie	New Richmond..	Hammond	11	New Richmond.
Berce, Charles	New Richmond..	Maine	60	New Richmond.
Biglow, Harold H	New Richmond..	New Richmond..	22	New Richmond.
Brown, Karl	New Richmond..	Wisconsin	14	New Richmond.
Brown, Walter	Richmond	New Richmond..	37	New Richmond.
Barrett, Dominick	Richmond	Erin	24	New Richmond.
Bridge, Lottie	Star Prairie			
Cosgrove, Catherine...	New Richmond..	Ireland	74	Hudson, Wis.
Callahan, Wm	Richmond	Erin	45	Erin.
Carey, Edmond J	New Richmond..	Vermont	34	Battleboro, N. Y.
Cameron, Mrs. C	Pewaukee	Pepin, Wis	26	New Richmond.
Casey, John	Richmond	Erin	30	Erin.
Clough, Nattie	Emerald			
Dunbar, Henry	New Richmond..	Ireland	78	Erin.
Dunbar, Mrs. Henry..	New Richmond..	Ireland	76	Erin.
Engstrom, Effie	New Richmond..	New Richmond..	8	New Richmond.
Engstrom, Roy	New Richmond..	New Richmond..	6	New Richmond.
Early, Anthony G	New Richmond..	Ireland	55	Erin.
Early, Fred	New Richmond..	New Richmond..	14	Erin.
Early, Miss Kate	New Richmond..	Erin	26	Erin.
*Early, Patrick	Richmond	Ireland	80	New Richmond.
Early, Michael	Richmond	Wisconsin	27	Erin.
Farrell, Walter	New Richmond..	New Richmond..	7	New Richmond.
Fowler, C. F	New Richmond..	Pennsylvania	40	New Richmond.
Gould, W. S	New Richmond..	Maine	55	New Richmond.
Gorman, Pat	New Richmond..	Ireland	50	New Richmond.
Greaton, Mrs. Sallie...	New Richmond..	Maine	97	New Richmond.
Gillen, Mrs. John C...	New Richmond..	Ireland	42	New Richmond.
*Goheen, Patrick	Stanton	Wisconsin	40	Stanton.
Gunderson, Ole	Richmond	Norway	57	New Richmond.
Hawkins, Freddie	Hammond	Wisconsin	16	New Richmond.
Hawkins, Mrs. N. S...	New Richmond..	New York	50	New Richmond.
Hawkins, Miss Millie..	New Richmond..	New Richmond..	18	New Richmond.
Hawkins, Evangeline.	New Richmond..	New Richmond..	16	New Richmond.
Hawkins, Walter	New Richmond..	New Richmond..	13	New Richmond.
Heffron, Mike	Stanton	Wisconsin	25	Stanton.
Hicks, J. B	New Richmond..	New York	50	New Richmond.
Hollenbeck, Mason...	New Richmond..	Wisconsin	20	New Richmond.
*Hollenbeck, Archie..	New Richmond..	New Richmond..	10	
Hughes, Willie	New Richmond	New Richmond..	14	New Richmond.
Heffron, Mrs. David...	St. Joe	Ireland	55	Hudson.
*Henry, John	Richmond	Wisconsin	45	New Richmond.
Harrington, M	Richmond	Ireland	78	New Richmond.
Hennessy, Miss Lillie..	Erin	Erin	12	Erin.
Hurd, Mrs. G	Boardman	Pennsylvania	70	New Richmond.
Henry, Patrick	Cylon	Ireland	85	Cylon.
Johnson, Hjalmer	New Richmond..	Wisconsin	20	New Richmond.
Jennings, Frank	Richmond	Wisconsin	22	New Richmond.
Johnson, Matilda	Alden (Polk Co.)	Wisconsin	22	New Richmond.
Keaten, Pat	Cylon	New Richmond..	14	Cylon.
Kelley, John	Stanton	Stanton	5	Stanton.
Kennetz, Fred	Polk county			
Larson, Carl	Baldwin			

LIST OF VICTIMS OF THE TORNADO—*Continued.*

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	Place of Birth.	Age.	Burial Place.
Legard, Anton	New Richmond..	Norway	33	New Richmond.
Legard, Miss Ida	New Richmond..	New Richmond..	6	New Richmond.
Lambdin, Miss Vinnie	New Richmond..	Green Bay	19	New Richmond.
Lewis, Mrs. J. H. W.	New Richmond..	Pennsylvania	40	New Richmond.
Lewis, Frankie	New Richmond..	New Richmond..	5	New Richmond.
Link, Mrs. Jas.	New Richmond..	.....	60	New Richmond.
Michael, Fred	Richmond	Wisconsin	40	New Richmond.
McClure, Mrs. John	New Richmond..	Utica, N. Y	68	.....
McGrath, Nellie	New Richmond..	Wisconsin	26	Chilton, Wis.
McGrath, Lillie	New Richmond..	New Richmond..	6	New Richmond.
McGrath, Marion	New Richmond..	New Richmond..	2	New Richmond.
McMahon, Miss Edna.	New Richmond..	Hammond	20	New Richmond.
*Martin, Thomas P.	New Richmond..	Pierce county	26	New Richmond.
McKinnon, Miss Katie	New Richmond..	Hudson	16	Hudson.
Monahan, Miss Mary..	Hudson	River Falls	30	Hudson.
McCabe, Thomas	New Richmond..	Hammond	22	New Richmond.
Nooman, Timothy	New Richmond..	Wisconsin	38	Stillwater.
Newell, Patrick	Stanton	Ireland	50	Stanton.
Neitge, John	Deer Park	.....	....	.....
Nelson, Nels	Alden (Polk Co.)	.....	....	.....
O'Connell, Henry	Richmond	Ireland	48	Erin.
Olson, Sam	Polk county	.....	....	.....
Patton, John G	New Richmond..	Minnesota	35	Plainview, Minn.
Porter, Dwight	Stanton	Hudson	30	New Richmond.
Pardon, Nicholas F.	New Richmond..	Erin	27	New Richmond.
Pryor, John	Richmond	Wisconsin	21	New Richmond.
Rosebrook, Alvin	New Richmond..	New York	80	New Richmond.
Rosebrook, Mrs. Alvin	New Richmond..	New York	69	New Richmond.
Rosebrook, Miss Cora	New Richmond..	New Richmond..	38	New Richmond.
Ring, Miss Laura	Erin	Erin	24	Erin.
Ring, George	Erin	Erin	28	Erin.
Ryberg, John	New Richmond..	Sweden	28	New Richmond.
Rowe, Mrs. Thomas	New Richmond..	New York	66	New Richmond.
Sheady, Mrs. James	Richmond	Wisconsin	40	New Richmond.
Sheady, Irene	Richmond	Richmond	8	New Richmond.
Sheady, Florence	Richmond	Richmond	6	New Richmond.
Sheady, Reynold	Richmond	Richmond	4	New Richmond.
Stack, George	New Richmond..	Wisconsin	34	New Richmond.
Stack, Mrs. George	New Richmond..	Wisconsin	33	New Richmond.
Stack, Thomas	New Richmond..	New Richmond..	4	New Richmond.
Shumaker, Jack	Stillwater	.....	....	New Richmond.
Stevens, Mrs. Allen	New Richmond..	Ireland	66	Erin.
Stevens, Thomas	New Richmond..	County	20	Erin.
Talmadge, Charles F.	Stanton	Minnesota	25	New Richmond.
Vail, James	New Richmond..	Wisconsin	38	Stanton.
Wells, John	Richmond	Ireland	50	Erin.
Wells, Stephen	Richmond	Erin	15	Erin.
*Wallin, Lester	New Richmond..	New Richmond..	12	New Richmond.
Wells, Willard	New Richmond..	.....	40	New Richmond.
Wills, John	Erin	Ireland	50	Erin.
Wills, Patrick	Erin	Erin	22	Erin.
Wears, Miss Gertie	Richmond	Boardman	13	Boardman.
Williams, Miss Abbie..	New Richmond..	Stanton	23	New Richmond.
Williams, Hazel	New Richmond..	New Richmond..	4	New Richmond.
Unknown, four	Unknown	New Richmond..	....	New Richmond.

I will not dwell upon the distress of those who sought longest for their relatives, nor the scenes which transpired as the last hope of finding them living was given up. Mr. Patrick Early, a young man whose parents lived some miles from town, took shelter in the O. J. Williams store. Neither of the three persons who escaped with their lives from that building had recognized him definitely when he stood by the stairs, but afterwards recollected that a tall young man was among their number. After the interment of the body supposed to be that of Mr. Henry another body was found in the basement of the building (June 27th) which certain articles seemed to indicate was that of Mr. Henry. It was then developed that the articles found with the former body were effects of Mr. Early, so much defaced as to be recognizable only by careful examination, but unmistakable when such scrutiny was made.

Messrs. Thos. Martin and Lester Wallin were among the later ones located, and Archie Hollenbech was not certainly found. Mr. Martin had been cast into a building other than his own, thus baffling the searchers. Lester had been down street, and probably ran in back of the Gillen building for shelter. Archie had been in the market (Mr. Smith had seen him there), but the fire prevented overhauling the ruins. For their afflicted ones, "steeped to the lips in misery," nature spent itself in the direction of suffering. Day after day Mrs. Early paced the road near her country home straining her eyes in the direction of town, hoping to see the rescue party coming with definite news. Day after day Mr. Holenbeck fol-

lowed every suggestive clue without success. He was at last forced to conclude that the body of his son had been claimed by others and taken away. Others too had distressing hours of anxiety and trial.

It may seem strange that I should speak of this here, when words of consolation should more appropriately be said. But all these sad circumstances are indelible. That we know of them and join in the sorrow is all the consolation possible for us to offer. That which sanctifies bereavement must come from within, and be born of the Spirit.

CHAPTER XII.

Conclusion.

> The heart may give a useful lesson to the head,
> And learning, wiser grow, without his books.
> —*Cowper.*

It seems to have been demonstrated that the safest place of refuge from a tornado is the cellar of a frame building, on the side nearest the approaching cloud. Although there were terrible injuries (some resulting fatally) inflicted on people in such refuges, notably the Early family. In the case of the Early family, it may be that the board partitions were the cause. In the basements of brick and stone buildings some escaped destruction, and Mr. Glover and his companions, one McGrath family, and others mentioned, saw the superstructure go to pieces, while they remained, but little if at all injured, upon the floor.

Elderly people were averse to seeking refuge in the cellars. Mr. and Mrs. Rosebrooks, Mrs. Link and Mrs. Rowe are said to have been opposed to such procedure; and it is reasonable to suppose that these elderly people, who had been years in the place without seeing any very serious results from wind storms, did not appreciate the alarm that younger people and

newer residents felt. It is said that the expression of Mrs. Link's face when last seen in her house, just as the family went below, was perfectly calm and unconcerned, and she had declined to yield to the earnest entreaties of her husband to accompany them. In fact, she said, in regard to the noise, "It's a freight train." When recovered, some time after, quite a distance from the house, she said: "What's all this about? What is the matter? I need some medicine!" Something was given her, but she soon passed away. It has been said, that, as Mrs. Link was her own banker, and had quite a sum of money in the house, she may have remained to secure it. But all such surmises are mere conjecture. It is much more likely that she was not alarmed. We are told that we should heed the warnings; the clammy atmosphere, the gusts of wind from the south, etc. We did not have any gusts of wind more than we have hundreds of times without noticing them. Also, that, when a tornado is coming, "it is hard to breathe." This is so, but not so noticeably that the sign would be sure until the tornado is right upon us. A silence is said to precede it, and then a roaring comes, and you should run. That's the way we feel about it when we hear it—not before.

It is said: "If you run west or northwest you may avoid it." If those on the east side of this one had started west at the time they heard the roaring, at all hampered by feeble ones and children, most of them would have been in the worst of it. They could not have reached its western limit. The Misses Barrett

ran west to the residence of Mr. M. N. O'Brien. It was not far enough, but they dared not go further. They were spared injury, though the O'Brien home was destroyed.* Those east of the river could barely have reached the bank, where a shower of fragments were hurled, both from the east and the west. Some saved their lives here by running east, happening to calculate the limit of destruction correctly.

It is true that there are now many comments on the peculiar stickiness of the air, and the stupidity which it caused, but this would not have been attributed to external conditions had not such good reasons for it been brought.

I do not wish to appear frivolous in my treatment of so serious a matter, but really, in the absence of a more lengthy warning, we could have done but little more than we did—just huddle into the nearest basement, and ask the good Lord to save our souls. If we had time for it, a pillow or something of the kind might be wrapped about the head and face. (Mrs. Hollenbeck's sight was destroyed by particles of sand, driven into the eyeballs.) But if some chance should force the pillow against the face, and keep it there, we should be smothered, although it might have protected us from bruises on the head.

We should not be too anxious to close the house, on account of the delay it would cause, and because of the danger of being hit by flying missiles. Mr. C. F. Talmadge lost his life while attempting to perform

*This house (rebuilt) was afterwards burned, with all its contents.

such duties about the premises of a home northwest of the line of destruction. He was probably hit by boards which had been thrown off and then drawn back towards the center of the vortex, as he was on the northwest side of a heavy stone residence, which remained intact except for windows broken on that side.

There can be no doubt of the extraordinary power of this particular occurrence, especially in the suddenness of the attack, and the incredible swiftness of the transit at this point. Such a blending of unfavorable features is infrequent, though the separate constituents may be found in other phenomena of its kind. The funnel shape of the cloud was not sufficiently defined to appear to all. Mr. Casca Straight, whose view was from the southeast side, says the end or tail of the funnel trailed on the ground, swinging around, as would the lash of a whip if held in the hand and moved in a circle on the ground. Mr. Michael Williams, who viewed it from the same direction, says the column of cloud seemed to drag its lower part, trailing it on the ground "like a big black rag." They also report hearing an additional crash when the city went down. I am aware that some of the later contributions to these pages, written after the interval which had passed allowed a retrospective view of the hours preceding the tornado, note the various signs which are the supposed forerunners of the typical tornado. These have no doubt been recalled after some study, but were not sufficiently marked or unusual to cause general apprehension at the time. I

have yet to hear of one who said, "The signs point to a tornado," before their attention was attracted to the peculiar formation of the cumulating clouds. Even then there were few who felt sure of what was to happen, most regarding the signs as forerunners of hail or rains storms, accompanied by wind, probably; but very few said or thought "tornado" or "cyclone" until the blood-curdling roar seemed to cry out a warning. From the point of observation in the extreme southwest the rapid changes can be followed by the various descriptions, some observing one feature, some another. The coppery light, which a lady in Hudson said appeared to be reflected upon the northern horizon from the advancing cloud, was here observed. A last glimpse of our own smooth lawn showed such a splendid green that the children exclaimed at it in passing the window. Mrs. Fink, my neighbor to the eastward, saw the brilliant red and green on separate edges of the cloud as it lowered to the street, just by the Congregational church. Mr. Hillier noted the electrical demonstration as "balls of fire;" also seen from the mill yard. Mrs. Edwards speaks of "luminous balls." Mrs. McShane's thought, to which she gave utterance as she joined the Chapman family, was: "That looks like the moon when it is red. It must be some heavenly body coming toward us. This must be the end of the world."

The whirling motion was from left to right, and the center of the column appeared to draw up into itself all objects, and then throw them forth in whirls, after grinding them to fragments. Along North Green

and North Arch streets the disseminating force was most marked, many fragments being whirled past each other. During the passage of the "wall of cloud" across the wide spread, the funnel shape became less well defined. The linear progress of the tornado was at an average rate of about five-eighths of a mile a minute, although between Boardman and New Richmond the speed must have been as much as one mile a minute. Trees, buildings, etc., on the southwest limit of the totally destroyed portion of our city fell to the south and southeast, gradually changing direction to east and northeast, and mud, uprooted grass and timbers were thrown into the south side of houses left standing outside this portion. Where windows were left they were frescoed with a plaster composed of these various ingredients. On the western edge of the totally destroyed portion trees, etc., fell toward the east and southeast and houses were broken into or plastered with mud on the north side. Mr. S. N. Hawkins speaks as follows of the upward draft which he experienced:

"I thought I would run home and help the family, and I started on the run. In passing the stairway leading to my office, which was in the second story of the solid brick building over the Bank of New Richmond, I ran up several steps and called to my oldest son, Fred, to close down the windows, as the storm was coming, and I would run home and help the family; then I started down the stairway again, and on reaching the foot of my stairs, everything was flying, and I was struck by flying brick around

the head and face. I dodged back into the shelter of the stairway, and in another instant I was sucked up the hallway of my stairs like a feather and slapped against the roof, then down came the building with a crash, and myself and son were buried five to seven feet deep under the brick, and I was struck with the scantling, etc., of the roof and upper story, and pinned down so I could not move hands or feet. A board slipped in from my office and covered my face, so I had a breathing place."

One whose opinion would probably be very weighty in most matters of the kind has advised leaving windows and doors open upon the approach of a tornado, for the reason that in the center of the tornado cloud a vacuum exists into which the house is more likely to be sucked up and exploded by pressure from the air inside the closed house. If the houses are left open, he says, they will not be blown away. Our experience must also be exceptional in this respect, for we are cognizant of the fact that many houses here were taken with open doors and windows. Besides, there was the steel bridge taken up, twisted and thrown a hundred feet or more. That was certainly open enough, and we can not believe that any house, or anything, would have been spared on this occasion, however open it might be, if in the tornado's track. Our own home, on the eastern limit, had its eastern and largest part taken, with windows and doors open, and its western part left, while the woodshed adjoining the west side was taken, leaving the pile of wood, a clothes rack and other light stuff in place.

To show something of the degree of destruction, I will specify in regard to our own dwelling, which was situated on the eastern limit of the totally destroyed district. Neither the disintegrating nor the disseminating force which reigned in the center was manifested here in its extreme. The house consisted of the square main portion, having seven rooms, besides halls and clothes presses, with a large porch east and south, and an ell containing kitchen and dining-room arrangements, bath room, and chambers above. The main portion of the house was entirely broken up, and the fragments thrown down, mostly in the yard, some plaster and light pieces in the cellar, and portions, which were easily recognized were found one, two and three blocks away. There were no floors, timbers or walls left in place, no part of the roof was ever seen, and the pile left in the yard consisted of separated portions which were piled about four feet high. Now, in the night, when we returned to the place, we discovered that the bay window, which had been on the southwest side of the house, had been ripped off entire, except that the window glass was broken, and it lay northeast of the former site of the northeast corner of the house. Within it were shades and curtains, torn and spoiled, of course, but still hanging to the rollers and rods. "Now," said my eldest daughter, "my room was right over the bay window. I am going up on the pile, and see if I can find my watch, which I left on the chiffoniere when I went down to tea." She mounted the ruins, and located some articles which had been in her room, lying quite on the

top of the heap. The chiffoniere was broken to pieces, and all the little articles which were upon it gone, as may be supposed; but, easily accessible, lay a skirt box, from which she took her white organdy graduating dress, quite unharmed. She had recently put it in order, expecting to wear it the following week to a wedding at Chetek. I need not say that she was unable to find the necessary accessories to dress herself for a wedding on the day set, or for many a day after. Every garment found outside the box was wet and grimed with lime and mud. My daughter also discovered her writing desk, which was of oak, and lay unbroken near enough to the top so she could tell what it was. Some one held a lantern for her while she hauled out a few wet garments which she thought might be of use, but which daylight showed so discolored by lime and some yellow stains having the appearance of iron rust as to render them useless. Near here lay an old-fashioned castor, which had been in a flour sack, stored on the top shelf in a clothes press, next to my daughter's room. It had fallen with the house. It was a castor about fifty years old—an heirloom, with cut glass bottles, set in silver cups. An examination of the contents of the sack on the following day revealed the fact that the castor had received no damage by its fall. The location of these things, which were all we found there that night, seemed to show that the house had been moved bodily northeastward, and then collapsed. No pieces of furniture fell into the cellar. On the following day it was discovered that our piano (a new Anderson) lay on its

back on the lawn northeast of the house, covered by a portion of the outside south wall. When this wall was lifted the piano was found in excellent condition as to the wholeness of the case, being only slightly broken in the front (which was open, as we always kept it), and the key-board forced somewhat back. It was taken up with difficulty by six men, loaded onto a dray, and carried to Mr. Oscar Heminway's. The dampness had destroyed the voice of our much-prized companion, but after some days of drying and cleaning it sung for us again, in a tone much like that which it had in the dear past days. Near the piano were found an iron-frame, leather-covered Turkish chair, whole; and, marvelous to tell, an old-fashioned mirror, measuring, with frame, thirty-four by about seventy inches, which had been hung by means of two screw eyes upon two corresponding hooks screwed into the studding of the south wall of the parlor. This mirror had been wrenched from the wall and flung on its back, breaking pieces from the frame (which was first carved of wood, then covered with composition, and finally with paint of gold leaves), but leaving the glass intact. As these articles lay on the ground I think the east wall must have gone outward and away with the porch just before the furniture was swept from the rooms. Carpets were ripped from the floors, and, in nearly all cases, pictures from their frames. Further search under the bricks of the chimney (a large one, having three flues, and thrown, excepting a small part of it, outside the foundation wall) revealed some articles which had been crushed under

it. The pieces of an oak bureau were all there, crushed to fragments except the top board, on which sat my jewel case containing a few articles, a pasteboard box (containing a little silver Waterbury, which my youngest son had been successor to from his brother), and a glass necktie box, all entirely whole. This was a surprise equal to that of Miss Clapp's at finding among the ruins of her home some china and plants in bloom, unbroken. Further search among the lime brought to light articles of clothing, entirely on the ground, not, as a rule, very badly damaged by being torn, but thoroughly soaked and spoiled by the lye which had filtered through the lime of the broken plaster and mortar. My eldest son found his watch among the remains of his room, although the heavy roll-top desk (upon which he had left it in the afternoon because I advised him not to wear it to the circus) was entirely torn to pieces. Bedstead, chairs and other articles were in the same condition as the desk, while a folding screen remained as good as ever, only the cloth being ripped out of the openings. There were dozens of families who were so much less fortunate that I make this an example of the most hopeful of conditions, in which people found themselves. True, there were a few conveniences for our use, if we had been possessed of any house where we could place them, or of any money with which to rent or build, but in the absence of store-room they were an encumbrance. During the night every vestige of the Wm. McNally house, next to us, was entirely obliterated by fire. I picked up a piece of timber, about five

feet long, the next morning, along which the fire was creeping towards our own debris, and threw it back into the ashes. That was the last of my neighbor's house. She had been too much occupied with the injured members of the family to pay any attention to it. It is quite likely the fire caught from the kitchen range, which lay in the yard in many pieces. The force of the storm was continuous, nearly every building being demolished the instant it was struck—first lifted and then dashed down. In only one instance which has come to my knowledge did the dwelling appear to be twice rent and twisted before the final spasm carried it away. This the home of Mrs. D. W. Cummer. Some houses appeared to have passed each other on crossing tangents. One span of horses and the fragments of a house had actually changed places, and portions of furniture, carpets, etc., were torn apart and carried in opposite directions. The Bible from the Methodist Episcopal church was found several miles away. A note from the Kate Heffron farm was found at the Burrow's place, three miles away. Parts of the Douglas Reid buildings were found within our city limits, having been brought over the fields.

It was no uncommon thing to find that our belongings had traveled three or four blocks. Even the sausage cutter from the market, on Main street, was found four blocks away, in Mr. Heminway's corn field. About half of the millinery sign from the Lewis place was seen in Mr. Foster's field, having gone four blocks and a half. Near here was also a twenty-foot 12x12, from the water tower, which had been carried

fully three blocks. These examples could be added to indefinitely. Perhaps one of the most remarkable flights was that of a buggy, from Mr. Tobin's store, about four blocks, to the northeast, and there was enough left of it to show whose it was.

Numberless articles found far out in the country, scattered over the fields or lodged in trees, could be identified. A diploma was taken from the corner of third and Arch streets and left on the Warner farm, four and one-half miles distant. Here a roll of bank notes was also found. A photograph from the Foster home, and a bolt of ribbon from the W. S. Williams store were found on the Jenkin's farm, seven and one-half miles distant. The fields were dotted with photographs for miles, as well as large pieces of timber and heavy, as well as light, articles of wearing apparel. A life insurance policy, taken from the Sherman home, where it had been packed in a trunk with other articles, none of which were recovered, was found at Ormes Station. A stamp from the Bank of New Richmond, bearing the name of F. W. Bartlett, was found at Deer Park, eight miles distant. The deed of Mrs. Richard's place was picked up by C. H. Weeks, four miles northeast. Letters from the Van Meter printing office were found a mile and a half south of Clear Lake, and a bolt of cloth, cut and useless, bearing the trade mark of one of our merchants, was found at Richardson, six miles beyond Clear Lake, by Mr. Courtright.

The effect on horses, as noticed by many, was to tame them, and make them seek the protection of

men. Mr. O. H. Epley went to find "Jack," usually a lively, dancing and independent little chestnut horse. He was in the ruins of the blacksmith shop, which had been moved and jumbled up with the horses which had been inside. When a portion of broken roof was lifted up Jack scrambled to his feet, and leaping over the dead horses piled around him, came close to his rescuer, trembling violently. As he was led along, the strong gusts of wind and rain caused them to seek shelter beside the stumps of willow trees, in Mr. Brown's yard. Jack crowded so closely to his friend that he was obliged to change his position to avoid being crushed against the tree. Jack was hitched up that night, but would not go when in the harness, although he followed obediently when led. The poor fellow seemed to suffer from shattered nerves for weeks afterward, just as the people did. Any unexpected noise, especially the rumbling of trains at a distance, set him into tremors of fear. The Burrow's horses are said to have been at the barnyard gate, waiting to be let in, when hurled away and killed. I have yet to learn of any peculiar signs of sagacity on the part of animals in avoiding the path of the tornado. It has been stated that dogs left the place, and returned afterwards. Of this I have been unable to secure proof. A dog belonging to Mr. Link was stated to be among those who went away, but Mrs. McMahon thinks she was the last one to go into Mr. Link's and that the dog went in with her. Other dogs huddled close to their masters all day. A good many dogs were killed.

A loft of white Scotch fan-tail pigeons, whose home was carried blocks away (where a small portion of it was found), took to roosting on the wreck of the house. When this was moved off they went with it about half a block, then came back and roosted on the barn, hastily rebuilt. Here they stayed nights for awhile, as long as we ourselves made the barn our family headquarters; then, when we took up lodgings in the office (repaired), they, too, moved to the office roof, and when the nights were stormy we could hear them cooing and scrambling about, evidently disturbed, like ourselves. Later, when a room in the woodshed was sealed up to make a temporary kitchen for us, we frequently found one of the poor little creatures sitting just outside the door, as if waiting to come in. Nothing could induce them to remain in a loft built on the site of the old one. The flock of forty, which we had before the tornado, was reduced to twenty-three, some of them reappearing, with their feathers burned off. They would not feed nor roost in the loft, and they gradually died off until only three were left, which were sent to a gentleman in Eau Claire.

We have learned some lessons which could not have been presented to us more forcibly. We know now that "the 'poor' are like ourselves in all their common necessities, and that great stress brings the strongest elements of character to the surface, whether good or bad. We know that there is a deep and tender spirit of charity in the hearts of men and women; that convulsions of grief often wake the better parts

of our nature, which may have been obscured by the bustle of business, or desire for personal enjoyment, and that when distinctions of wealth and station are lost sight of, there is a great bond of sympathy between all Christian people. Love of home and family, and the sweet sentiments which have clustered around the home hearthstone, are understood by all civilized people. During that interval, which is like a division line between an old tried life and an uncertain new one, the writer joined an outdoor group of the oldest residents, who were discussing the question, "Were we afflicted for a purpose?" The more radical in the matter of conscience believed that we had not lived up to our duties according to our enlightenment, and that there could be found reasons for bringing the community most forcibly to its senses if one took an orthodox interpretation of the biblical standard of excellence. True is it, indeed, that people have gone so far in the service of false gods in this day and generation that the ideals of goodness do not stand out very markedly to us, but, on the whole, I think it was concluded that we had not been so notoriously bad as to serve the purpose of an example. We, however, acknowledged remissness in many respects. There are individuals in every community whose acts are open to denunciation, and others whose outward life seems to conform to a course of action explainable only by an inward conviction of right and duty. We could not believe that we had a predominance of the former class. Whether the visitation which we have experienced will serve to raise

the moral tone of our city above the ordinary or not, remains to be proved. We had really claimed a good position previously, perhaps with too much pride. Who can tell? It is so human to err by exceeding, either on the one side or the other, the point of pride which exactly conforms to proper self-respect. We confidently asserted that the experience which comes to each may be to him the chastening rod, which "makes perfect," and left unsettled the decision of the main question. The forces of nature will continue to work out their conservative power to the end of time, and the accident of our situation may cause our annihilation by them, but we believe that the Creator "doth not willingly afflict his children." The subject was too intricate for us, and we were unable to think long consecutively at that time of confusion, so the conversation turned upon other topics suggested by surroundings. One said: "I shall miss the shade trees more than anything else. The buildings can be replaced, if not by us, some one is bound to come in here and build up a city again, because the location is fine, and it is a center of trade for the surrounding country. Of course, we have had a tornado, but we are no more likely to have another one than hundreds of other places. We shall have a nice little city again some day. I may not live to see it, but it will be here. I should be happier if I could sit under my old trees, and see the work go on. That fine butternut tree, which was uprooted in the corner of my yard, I set out when I was a boy. That was in the days when Case Gorsuch and I used to go to Hudson with

an ox team. Hudson was at that time quite an emporium, being on Lake St. Croix, and accessible by the Mississippi steamboats, and we went there for supplies. We used an ox team, because there were no horse teams here. Mr. Russell had one horse, and Mr. Foster had one horse, which we boys used to get and hitch up together sometimes; but they didn't go very well together—were not a very good match. As Case and I came plodding along from Hudson one night (the road was rather dreary) we passed the 'lone tree,' about the only landmark on the way, and remarked the scarcity of trees, and how lonely it seemed without them to people from the East. 'Yes,' Case said, 'it is lonely, and why did I come way off up here to live? New Richmond will never be a market place while I live.' A few years later, when I kept a general store here, he used to bring maple sugar in to sell from his farm at Black Brook. New Richmond had got to growing then, and it kept on growing. I used to remind him of the time when he said we should never have a market here, and told him I could sell ten times as much sugar for him as he could make. Well, there were cottonwood trees here then. Mr. Russell set them out around a large tract of land, intending to build a mansion in the middle of it, but afterwards sold it off. There were other cottonwood trees set out because they grow so rapidly, and a great many of them grew up to large trees and were cut down, other trees of slower growth, such as elms, evergreens, butternut and box elders having become large enough to afford

sufficient shade. The trees are a loss which cannot be quickly replaced, and I was attached to mine because I set them out and cultivated them and watched them grow." So we passed from one theme to another, not dwelling long on any, perhaps unstable in the matter of continuity of thought, but on the whole retaining some part of the common sense of ordinary people notwithstanding all. And it seems that all through the past days and months, full of hurried preparations for living again, we have been flittering both mentally and bodily from one part of a tangled maze to another. First the dreadful days of excavating the ruins for the most precious treasures,—the bodies of our dead,—and the care and concern for their proper laying away, and the anxiety for the injured; then the gleaning of the promiscuous heaps for some token which had been treasured for the fragrance of its memory, rather than intrinsic worth; then the lack of storage room, which caused us to lose many articles once discovered; then the weary trailing about for one purpose or another, feeling impoverished and discouraged. Then we spoke of the good friends who came without ostentation, and who remembered that there were individuals in that band of refugees with wants, emotions and pride akin to what they themselves would feel under the same conditions, and that there was suffering not worn on the sleeve or seen of men except by its impression on care-worn and aging faces. Out of all this we gather lessons of humanity. May we, too, recognize the silent sorrow and environment of others similarly afflicted, else we have not ex-

perienced the refinement born of adversity. So much of our sympathetic self has been spent in viewing the wearisome struggles for health and sufficient of this world's goods to make a decent subsistence that it has preyed on our vital energy. Plans had to be hastened in order to conform to the policy of the relief committee in their disbursements, making the results sometimes not altogether what would be desired. Such haste was business-like and commendable, and would probably have been manifested sooner had it been more definitely known to the committee what would be at their disposal. The spirit of the age is often too much on the side of push and rush, but at this juncture was very proper. Very proper, also, was the requirement for every applicant for aid to specify all his past, present and hoped-for resources, although in cases somewhat embarrassing on account of their meagerness. It is said that the ancient Campanian city of Herculaneum, with which we compare in points of oppositeness as well as of resemblance, was buried by a violent volcanic eruption. The inhabitants fled to the sea, which was their only hope of escape, and it is supposed that a stream of lava had filled up the little harbor, rendering it inaccessible to the Roman soldiery who would otherwise have rescued them. Even the exact date and manner of the catastrophe are unknown. Tradition records the name of one lady of some rank who succeeded in getting an appeal for succor to the outer world. Such indefinite knowledge of places and events cannot now obtain. The peoples of all countries join hands around the great circle

of civilization by means of the electric current, and, although this means of communication may be for a time suspended, it is not in keeping with the progress of the century to leave the wretched long in suffering, existing difficulties long unsurmounted, or treasures unexploited. From adversity we may draw treasures of knowledge not found in books, and the truest knowledge is that which makes men happier as well as better. When an oppressed and captive race in our land cried to us, "Am I not a man and a brother?" one-half our nation forgot the ninety-and-nine ties of kinship with the other half, and spilled their blood to free the one brother from his fetters. When Cuba cried, "Enough of Spanish rule!" our husbands and sons, goaded by a mysterious act of treachery, faced the pestilence of the torrid clime to preserve our nation's honor, and put an end to unhumane warfare. And thousands on thousands of dollars have been burned up in booming guns or used to rehabilitate the islands, devastated by their misfortunes. Could not—should not—such a humane nation make provision for her loyal subjects when overtaken by dire disaster? Should not her states have in reserve a few of the thousands from her people to return to her people when they have met with exceptional calamities? Should she not provide definite assurance of relief commensurate with the nature of the calamity? This would not only add to the efficiency of the work of the distributing bureau, but also lift the burden of uncertainty and despair from the minds of its victims, and encourage them to formulate plans for the future. In what way

this could be done and with what policy of administration, let our wise lesgislators decide. It has oftimes seemed that they were able, if required, to fetch the golden apples from the far Hesperides. They will surely be equal to this. We believe that the idea is a feasible one, and that some humanely disposed one, possessing the necessary talent, will one day so place it before our humane and sovereign people that the measure desired will come to pass. The poor have proved that they are usually ready with their mite to relieve the pangs of those who for the time belong to their class; the well-to-do can understand that sudden and complete poverty falls with more crushing and bewildering power upon those who by years of patient industry, gathering here a little and there a little, have attained to a modest degree of comfort, than upon the careless and unthrifty who whisk gaily around on the wheel of fortune—now up, now down—without taking thought for the morrow; and as to those who are rich beyond the point of peaceable possession, they would perhaps as well enjoy being relieved of a share of their burden of wealth by organized charity as by that which is desultory and harassing.

No arrangement looking toward definite financial relief upon the occasion of exceptional calamity need interfere with the healthful flow of benevolence and generosity for relieving temporary distress. It should at all times be difficult to tap the public till, and a proper amount of "red tape" should accompany its disbursements, but if any were to be a preferred class in such disbursements, it would be more fitting

that those afflicted and despoiled through no fault of their own should be included in it rather than the rich or politically great. When we recall that night, when a column of mighty wrath from the heavens descended upon us and smote us so sorely, when despair shrouded us, and the face of the Lord seemed turned away from us, when the elements raged against us, and we had no abiding place; when we think of the dismal waste wherein lay buried our earthly hopes, and of ourselves casting about fearfully, like wraiths upon some unknown shore; when we remember the strange gloom and distraction, the sorrowful faces flitting past us, the funerals, the crowds, the wagons with their motley loads never ceasing by day, and the rap, rap of hammers that was our evening lullaby and the reveille at morning, for many weeks before the late winter set in and stopped much of the work; it all seems like a long, troubled dream. But the work we had to do was our salvation, and bridged over the time of our keen distress. The sympathy and tender consideration which we received saved us from bitterness. There were those who fainted by the way; there are prematurely bowed forms and whitened heads; there are homes where the hours pass too quietly, and where the final gathering together emphasized the vacancies—to some beyond endurance. I have in mind mothers whose children come no more to their longing arms; fathers, the light of whose homes has gone out; and widowed homes, whose orphaned children miss a guiding hand. I see a lack of zest in social life and a shrinking from social gath-

erings; but there is no moroseness. There is now a contented and industrious spirit,—a desire to make home-life pleasant for the ones who are left, and I believe that earthly possessions in excess of actual needs are prized less here now than ever before. The cares which treasure brings are looked upon as wearisome, and to live is more to live for each other than heretofore.

My great fear for the future is that this sort of close communion with our families, while there is in it no spirit of unsociability with others (though some are a little mindful of the humiliation of having been objects of charity) may lead to unsociability in the letter. What we need is a project of common interest and common benefit to work for, while we still feel how much good one can do for another—co-operative work of some kind, calling for such talent, time and money as each can give, so that the favors which we have received may pass on, blessing others, whereby men shall know that we "love one another."

In concluding this record I wish to make personal acknowledgment to one of the noblest of professions for timely and munificent illustration of fraternal spirit and human sympathy. "This wes a kind thocht and rael weel dune."

INDEX FOR ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. New Richmond before the Storm (during the G. A. R. encampment), looking North on Main Street..... *Frontispiece.*
2. Bird's-Eye View, looking Southeast across Point where the Storm Entered the City—Relief Headquarters in the Foreground at the right..opp. page 17
3. Bird's-Eye View, looking Southeast across the Storm-Swept Business Center of the City.....opp. page 33
4. Bird's-Eye View, looking Northeast from Top of Flour Mill across Point where Storm left the City. opp. page 33
5. Looking East from Corner of Main and Third Streets —Portions of Lewis Residence, Dr. Epley's place in the Background.....opp. page 49
6. "Silhouetted Against the Sky".....opp. page 65
7. Cottonwood Shade Trees Denuded of Bark.....
7½ Rescue Work.....opp. page 81
8. Second Street—Principal Business Street during the Summer of 1899.....
8½ Frank Harding (center foreground), Captain of Coffee Brigade.....opp. page 97
9. Main Street, New Richmond, Wis., looking North from Third Street, June 15, 1899.....
9½ View Showing the Assemblage of the Throng of Spectators as One of the Dead Bodies was Recovered and brought to the Guard Lines.....opp. page 113
10. A Widow's All.....
10½ The Doty Home.....opp. page 129
11. Ward S. Williams Co.'s Stone Store.....opp. page 145

12. Second Street, looking West across Main Street.....
opp. page 161
13. "Foster's Home," Oldest Residence in Town.....
opp. page 177
14. Ruins of Methodist Episcopal Church.....opp. page 193
15. First Street, looking West from Waterworks over Ruins of Nicollet Hotel.....opp. page 209
16. Destruction of Dr. Epley's Home.....
16½ Foundation and Cellar of Dr. Johnson's Home—House Disappeared.....opp. page 225
17. Waterworks and Electric Power Station, looking Southwest directly against the Course of the Tornado.....opp. page 257
18. Feathered Refugees—View looking Northwest across Main Street from East Third Street.....opp. page 273
19. Ruins of Steel Bridge, looking South up Main Street.
opp. page 305
20. Snap-Shots after the Storm.....opp. page 321

CONTENTS.

DEDICATION 4

PREFACE 5

CHAP. I. DARK SHADOWS FALL..... 10
The Meeting of the Clouds—Descriptions of Dr. O. F. Thomas, H. Huntoon, Mrs. Geo. Martin, Edw. Hyde, Wm. McShane, Dr. Degnan, and Progress and Destruction of Cyclonic Clouds from Hudson through Boardman.

CHAP. II. ONE BEAUTIFUL AWFUL SUMMER DAY..... 28
New Richmond a Place of Pretty Homes, Prosperous Business, and Happy People—Monday Morning, and All is Well—A Circus in Town Today, and Country Friends and Residents View the Parade—Pleasant Hours Pass—A Storm is Brewing—The Cry of "Cyclone! Flee to Your Cellars!"—Moments of Agony—Devastation and Death.

CHAP. III. THE ROLL CALL..... 41
Are We All Here?—Fires Break Out in the Ruins—Where are the People Who Thronged the Streets?

CHAP. IV. RESCUE AND RELIEF..... 57
The Peculiar State of Mind—No Familiar or Homelike Sounds—Confusion—"Lord, Help Us!"—Search for Friends and Recovering Bodies from the Wreckage—Hudson, Chippewa Falls, St. Paul, to the Rescue.

CHAP. V. COME AND HELP US..... 75
Messrs. Beebe, Frizzell, Lambdin and Burrows brave Difficulties and Dangers to Secure Help—Doctors and Druggists, Nurses and Friends to the Rescue—Dispatches Sent East and West—Special Relief Trains.

CHAP. VI. THE DAYS AFTER THE TORNADO..... 92
A Gray Morning, and Fires Still Burning—"Blank and Strange!"—Crowds Heading toward New Richmond—Dispatches to the Governor—Food and Clothing Arriving—Recovering More Bodies—Sunday Finds the Work Still Going On.

CHAP. VII. STORIES OF THE PARTICIPANTS..... 109
Douglas Reid — Mesdames Webster — A. B. Clifton—Gross—Anthony Early—Richards — T. L. Rutty—Doty—Warner—E. J. Scott—Messrs. Geo. Hough—B. Blancher—H. Beal—Chas. Price—I. Lotz—Thos. Haley—W. Mosher—H. Constance—H. H. Smith—W. F. McNally—L. Prentice—W. T. Lambdin—Wm. Frizzell—W. H. Lounsbury—E. A. Glover—Sydney Foster—E. O. Kaye—Wm. Densmore — Miss Tatro—Mesdames Tobin—Jameson—Knight—Cummer—Edwards—Geo. Wells—Oakes—Boehm—Cummings—Messrs. C. and F. Phillips—S. Oleson—Alex Leverty—Geo. Ripley, etc.

CHAP. VIII. LOOKING OVER THE SITUATION..... 232
A Batch of Telegrams—Helpfulness of the Railroads and the Press—Difficulties in the Way of Communicating with Friends—Destruction at Clear Lake, Pineville, Arland and Barron—List of Dwellings Demolished—List of Business Places Destroyed in the City of New Richmond.

CHAP. IX. WORK TO DO..... 258
Police and National Guard—Ransacking the Ruins—Confusion of the Moral Sense—Work at the Schoolhouse—Distributing Furniture, Clothing, etc.—Temporary Buildings—Clearing Up—Hospitable Residents—Reconstruction.

CHAP. X. STATE AID..... 273
The People Aroused to Action—The Governor Appoints a Committee and Issues a Second Proclamation—Sub-Committees—Business Men's Association Appoint a Representative to Raise Funds—Selections from Report of Relief Committee.

CHAP. XI. IN MEMORIAM..... 297
List of Victims of the Tornado.

CHAP. XII. CONCLUSION..... 303
Safest Place of Refuge—What Shall We Do When a Tornado Comes?—Extraordinary Characteristics of the Occurrence—Its Motions and Velocity, and Disseminating Force—Effect on Animals—Lessons We have Learned—National Emergency Fund — The Past Like a Troubled Dream, but the Sorrows are Real.

AD 38

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

DOBBS BROS.
OCT 1968

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 570 537 A